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AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE MAGAZINE FALL 1990



REFLECTIONS
ON A NEW WINDOW

Mary Alverta "Bertie" Bond '53, tells about the time Dr. Wallace M. Alston ended up holding the bouquet for an Agnes Scott bride while her maid of honor searched for the groom's ring.

That moment is telling. In spite of his own demanding schedule, Dr. Alston was there. A Presbyterian minister as well as Agnes Scott College president for 22 years, he made time to officiate at numerous ceremonies or to celebrate with students and alumnae.

"To Dr. Alston it mattered: whether it was your birthday, whether your mother was ill, whether you made Mortar Board, whether you had a date or not," says Miss Bond, administrative assistant to the president.

"His friendship with students did not end when you graduated. He performed their marriage ceremonies. He baptized their children."

Growing out of that legacy of friendship and concern, Dr. Alston continued to secure quality educators and facilities for students. The book value of the endowment when he retired in 1973 was 12 times greater than when he came in 1951.

He was also a careful steward who anticipated needs and gave generously of himself. "And," says Miss Bond, "he expected you to do your best, to use well the gifts God had given you."

Among his unfinished dreams was a chapel for the campus.

The Class of '52 knew he wanted a special place for ceremonies—lovely, accessible and more intimate than



Gaines Auditorium in Presser Hall—a quiet corner for student prayer and introspection.

Under the administration of Dr. Ruth Schmidt, that dream began taking shape when in 1988 an upstairs room in the Alston Campus Center (the former Bucher Scott Gymnasium) became the Mary West Thatcher Chapel. Amish woodworkers crafted the pews which seat 70—and that year a small pipe organ was constructed for the room.

This year the Class of '52 combined resources to replace the clear plate glass window at the end of the chapel with stained glass.

On September 21, faculty, administration, alumnae and members of Dr. Alston's family

gathered in the chapel. Dr. Schmidt offered the welcome: "We trust this will be a blessing to you." Patricia Snyder, the first full-time chaplain at Agnes Scott, wrote a litany for the occasion.

"To the glory of the Lord of Light, we dedicate this window," read the audience.

"This many-faceted God who leads us in rekindling hope among all creation and offers clarification for complicated lives, also comes to us through the dedication of human beings. One such person was Wallace M. Alston," read Sally V. Daniel '52, pastor of Grant Park-Aldersgate United Methodist Church.

"As a faithful steward of his gifts, he helped in many ways to focus the glory of the Lord of Light for Agnes Scott College. . . ."

May that generosity of spirit and pure light guide all our giving as we enter this holiday season.

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Cover photo: Michael McKelvey.

Just a word to tell you how invigorating to the thought-life was the Fall (1989) issue of the *Alumnae Magazine*. Most people believe in the golden rule and other good ideas but are not very enthusiastic about such philosophies. All of the articles in this magazine rekindled my thinking, especially the article by Robert Coles on "The Moral Life of Children."

Mary Elizabeth (Heath) Phillips '27
Knoxville, Tenn.

I have a couple of minor contributions: the mysterious buildings in the rear left on p. 32 (Winter 1990) were probably the physical education building and the steam plant (see pp. 72 and 80 of Ed McNair's book, *Lest We Forget*).

Second, the pictures on pp. 36 and 37 are of different floors of the library, as you can see by the windows. The old one is of the floor below the street level which was called the Reserved Book room. Nearly everybody studied there, because that was where special reading for one's classes was shelved.

Eleanor Hutchens '40
Huntsville, Ala.

Enjoyed the Centennial issue of *Alumnae Magazine*. But thought you might like to "re-file" the basketball photo on p. 13. It's from 1958, not the 1940s. Martha Meyer and myself and Lang Sydnor (Mauck) at right. Good memories!

Pinky (Marion McCall) Bass '58
Fairhope, Ala.

I remember the building nearest Rebekah shown in the picture on p. 32 of the Winter (1990) issue of the *Alumnae Magazine*.

When I was about 10 years old my older sister Elizabeth Moss Mitchell of the class of '29 took me to Miss Emily Dexter's child psychology class to be given an I.Q. test. . . . The class was in a room on the McDonough side of that building. . . .

The building must have been torn down shortly after that, because I remember playing with other children around the construction site of Buttrick. . . .

Nell Moss Roberts '40
Atlanta, Ga.

Agnes Scott Alumnae Magazine

AGNES SCOTT

Fall 1990 Volume 68, Number 2

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A Meeting of Minds

by Celeste Pennington



What happens when Fuller Callaway Professor (and gadfly) Richard Parry introduces Socrates to the MTV generation.

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Stained glass for Agnes Scott College from the class of '52

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Exceptional Vision

by Mike D'Orso

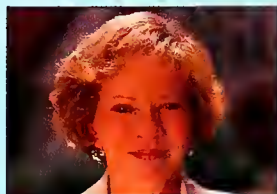


It's easy to forget that Harvard-educated lawyer-linguist-musician Karen Gearreald '66 is also blind.

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Rosalynn Carter Connection

by Faye Goolrick



For the third year, former First Lady and ASC Distinguished Lecturer brings a political insider's vantage to global awareness.

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My Favorite Student

by Jane A. Zanca



In some classes it's just harder to tell who is the student—and who are the teachers.

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Building for the future —hotel designs with a woman's touch

Sensitivities to people's needs can give women a clear edge in the field of architecture, believes Helen Davis Hatch, '65, design director and principal in Cooper Carry & Associates Inc., one of the largest architecture firms in the country.



ASC's Hatch: "A lot of people work together on a building."

Among other projects, she designs a number of the leading hotel-resort-conference centers for the Marriott Corporation—at a time when the travel industry is increasingly concerned with catering to the business-woman.

The percentage of women business travelers has grown from single digits in 1970 to 39 percent today. Marriott and others in the hotel industry are anticipating that by 2000, women will comprise 50 percent of all business travelers.

Security is a primary issue, leading to additional lighting in hotel parking lots, corridors and elevator lobbies, to

more closed-circuit television cameras and to new lock systems (from keys to cards).

A woman traveler's needs, as well as Mrs. Hatch's designs, are giving shape to a wider range of hotel services and comforts. Her hotels include spas or health clubs, indoor pools and more spacious rooms. "Business hotels will have more of a residential feel," she says. They also will offer services such as secretaries, fax machines, computers and extensive recreational facilities.

One of her most recent Marriotts, at the Crocker Center mixed-use development in Boca Raton, Fla., was selected by the American Institute of Architecture (AIA) for display in the institute's national traveling exhibit: "Many More: Women in American Architecture."

Mrs. Hatch is one of two women principals in the 12-partner firm of Cooper Carry. She leads a team of architects and other professionals through the months-long process of developing a hotel from concept to working blueprints in the field. "It takes a lot of people to put together a building—a lot of guiding, working with people, teaching." In addition to her firm's production team, each project involves consultants: engineers, interior designers and others. "In a hotel," explains Hatch, "you even have kitchen consultants and laundry consultants. It's a lot of coordination among people."



Crocker Center in Boca Raton, Fla., is an award-winning mixed use development with shops, restaurants and meeting places.

Mrs. Hatch is from a family of architects; her mother was the first licensed woman architect in Alabama. Her father and husband are architects as well.

And although she em-

phasizes the team approach and uses phrases like "working with"—the fact of the matter is that, in her own low-key, unpretentious way, she's the boss—and she is one of the most successful,



Memphis Marriott (left and above) displays Mrs. Hatch's flair for placing modular design elements in a dramatic, but subdued setting.

better-known women architects in the country.

Her hotel designs have drawn among the highest occupancy rates in the industry. She's also a well-respected, trail-blazing minority player in a field that's still only 10 percent female.

For Hatch, however, the "you-can-have-it-all" success story takes a back seat to the more practical side of architecture: It's a good profession for women, whatever their ambitions or stage of life.

"I don't want to be snobbish about this, but I think there are certain sensitivities that women have that help a lot in architecture, in designing for people," she says. "And there are so many different areas women can go

into. You can make architecture a full-time profession, or it's easy to make it a part-time profession, especially in smaller-scale residential design." When asked if women might get pigeonholed into residential, more "female" endeavors such as designing kitchens, she laughs, then responds slyly: "No—but I think we're pretty good at it."

When her son Charles, now 11, was younger, Mrs. Hatch worked part-time with her husband in their small firm, Rabun Hatch. Her introduction to design for the hospitality industry, however, was with Atlanta-based Thompson, Ventulett Stainback & Associates Inc. when Hatch designed the

auditorium and conference rooms for the Georgia World Congress Center (in the Omni complex in downtown Atlanta).

Since joining Cooper Carry in the early 1980s, Hatch has concentrated on hotel and resort design, a corner of the profession that she particularly enjoys because "it's an ever-changing challenge—you never do the same thing twice—and it's very people-oriented."

"While you have to satisfy the owner of the facility and meet the budget, you always approach design—especially hotel design—based on how people will use the structure. I'm constantly putting myself in place of the people who are going to be using the hotel."

Mrs. Hatch believes her

liberal arts background contributes to the more humanistic, "people-oriented" side of the profession which she ranks equally with her more technical skills of architecture.

She was a math major who taught school for several years at the Westminster Schools in Atlanta before switching fields. Her liberal arts degree was a stepping stone to graduate-level study in architecture

at the Harvard Graduate School of Design, where she earned a master's degree in 1973. (Most architecture schools offer only a five-year, technically-oriented bachelor's degree.)

In retrospect, although she didn't plan her curriculum at Agnes Scott with the Harvard Graduate School of Design in mind, her career preparation was clearly solid—and flexible enough to accommodate her future choices in graduate school and beyond. "As a matter of fact," Hatch observes, "I think every architect should have a liberal arts background—because there's so much more to architecture than just drawing pretty pictures and building buildings."

—Faye Goolrick

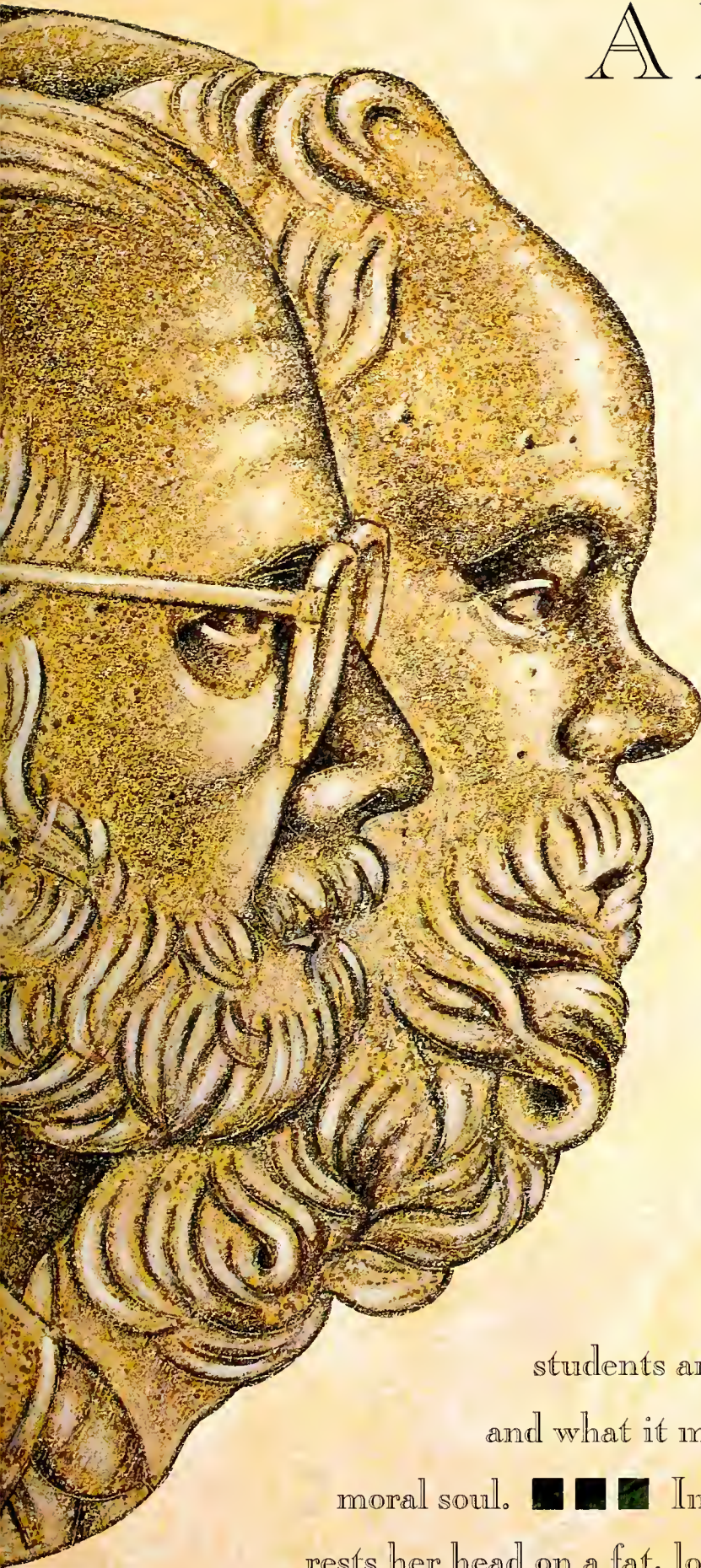


A MEETING OF MINDS

BY CELESTE PENNINGTON

Illustration by Ian Greathead

Photography by Laura Sikes



It's early in the morning, and Dr. Richard Parry's philosophy students are studying Socrates, El Salvador, and what it means to have a compassionate and moral soul. ■ ■ ■ In the incandescent light, a student rests her head on a fat, looseleaf notebook. Another with a

thatch of fly-away red hair chases sleep with a swig of Classic Coke from a can.

Roughly 20 other students pore over recently returned and graded philosophy papers. "I got an 80. I always make Cs," half laments/half brags a student seated sideways in her desk. "C.C.C.C."

Quickly moving into this throng is a modest man in gray tweed: Richard D. Parry, Ph.D., Fuller Callaway Professor of Philosophy.

Plastic glasses circle his eyes. Neat beard and thinning hair rim his face.

He clears his throat and grabs a piece of chalk.

"What is justice?" he asks. "Is justice more profitable than injustice?"

"Profitable," he offers as an aside, "means is it *good* for you?"

Those acquainted with Parry know this is not merely a question posed for discussion, but a concern with which he wrestles, personally.

GOD ORDERS ME
TO FULFILL THE
PHILOSOPHER'S MISSION
OF SEARCHING INTO
MYSELF AND OTHERS.

Socrates, Apology

It's a roughly 2x3-foot cross of unfinished wood lathing. In the sunshine of a crisp January day, Richard Parry carries this cross which bears the name of a murdered El Salvadoran woman.

Her death is one of a string of murders dating back to 1980 with Archbishop Romero, then four North American churchwomen and now six Jesuit priests, their housekeeper and her daughter.

So today, Parry and about 20 protesters walk around outside the Russell Building in downtown Atlanta, while an Irish priest from their group delivers a petition for U.S. Sen. Sam Nunn. In-

stead of meeting Nunn, the priest has an audience with an aide who says he knows little of El Salvador.

Justice—and so, El Salvador—is a cause with Parry.

His 15-year-old Amy teases that her dad has many causes. In the interest of justice, she says, "We are not allowed to buy from G.E. Or Nestles. Or Exxon."

She giggles. "He has far too many causes. While we're still eating dinner, he's off to another meeting. He says, 'I hate to eat and run, but . . .'"

Parry, who cooks the evening meal for his own family, monthly dishes up lunch for the homeless at the Open Door Community.

Pax Christi, an international peace organization for Catholic laity, is one of his causes which also engages Amy. "I decided to join the group," she says. "It's something I have done on my own."

"Last night at a Pax Christi meeting and my dad was talking," Amy grins. "I just wanted to go up and hug him."

It was Quakers standing silently and almost shoulder-to-shoulder along Franklin Street in Chapel Hill, N.C., protesting the war in Vietnam that first focused Parry's concern for peace. He, a grad student completing his dissertation (*The Agent's Knowledge of His Own Action*) at the University of North Carolina, decided to join them. "The Quakers," he says, "are the shock troops of the peace movement."

By the winter of 1967, Parry, a new Agnes Scott philosophy professor, was standing with several other faculty at the bottom of the steps in front of the dining hall in another demonstration against the war in Vietnam.

"When I first came to Agnes Scott I was both aggressive," comments Parry, "and offensive."

The wry comments which spark his conversation belie the force of his commitment, which on this January day in

In the quiet solitude of a secluded corner on campus, Parry pauses to reflect. But he is equally willing to be involved in group protest, too.

"I call him," says a colleague, "the conscience of the college."

1990 draws him to the steps of the Russell Building to protest the war in El Salvador—whether anybody seems to notice, or not.

"It's always kind of discouraging," Parry admits.

"On the other hand, I read about six Jesuit priests who were murdered and mutilated. I feel like I want to do something."

WHO ARE THE TRUE
PHILOSOPHERS?
THOSE, I SAID, WHO ARE
THE LOVERS OF THE
VISION OF TRUTH.

Socrates, Republic

"Even if Sam Nunn is not going to talk to us about it, I get the ritualistic consolation that at least I and some other people have expressed our disgust." Back in the wide and marbled portico of second-floor Buttrick, Parry weaves in and out of rows of classroom desks.

The students are women. Their togas are jeans with T-shirts or sweaters or bright-colored sweats.

"Socrates says, 'Justice is good in itself and good in its consequences.' But the many say, 'be immoral—if you can get away with it . . .'"

It is not lecture so much as repartee that bristles with Parry's questions and oblique humor.

"If you surrender to your passions and eat that third piece of chocolate cake, what happens?" he asks and pauses for response. "You get halfway through the third piece of chocolate cake and you feel a revulsion."

"Your spirited side says, 'See, I told you.'"

"Later, reason says, 'Remember the time you ate the third piece of chocolate cake?'"

With analogy he drives these 20th



For Agnes Scott's Socrates,
the students are women,
the togas are jeans and T-shirts.
In his teaching, he rummages
through the treasures of the mind,
using the past to light the future.

century students to the crux of Socrates' bid for balance—in passion, spirit and reason.

And there are the questions, always the questions. He leans toward the class. "Let me ask you: 'Would you like to have this kind of ordered soul?'"

NEVER MIND THE
MANNER WHICH MAY
OR MAY NOT BE GOOD; BUT
THINK ONLY OF THE
TRUTH OF MY WORDS
AND GIVE HEED TO THAT.

Socrates, *Apology*

It's a guise Decatur student Elizabeth Fraser won't soon forget: Dr. Richard Parry striding into class dressed in his son's camouflage jacket and aviator sunglasses to present an hour-long argument for nuclear deterrents.

"I hammed it up," admits Parry, mischievously.

"I couldn't get a speaker, so I assumed the persona of someone from the Department of Defense.

"Humor is very important," he insists. "A year or so later the student won't remember the course name—but they do remember the joke."

A few years before that he made another memorable entrance—disguised as a rabbit at his daughter Amy's sixth grade party. "He came hopping down the stairs. He introduced himself as the Easter Bunny," reports Amy. "It totally humiliated me in front of my friends."

"He is unpredictable," surmises Fraser.

"He's a crazy person," counters Amy.

"He's incredibly playful," says Donna Sadler, Agnes Scott assistant professor of art history who recalls Parry "in Plato baseball cap and tacky shorts" actually leading a group of Agnes Scott College

students through the streets of Athens, looking for Socrates' prison cell.

That playfulness served them well as she taught art and archaeology of the ancients and Parry taught the dialogues of Socrates. It also came in handy when Sadler lectured students among Greek ruins and her two-year-old Lauren needed a friend. "Richard would whisk Lauren away, tell her the worst jokes you have ever heard. She loved it."

That playfulness also takes the edge off situations that require discipline. "What strikes me about Richard," says Sadler, "is the lightness with which he treats certain situations. In his aw, shucks, throat-clearing manner, he got across to the students that this behavior would not be tolerated."

Says Parry's son Matthew, 20: "My Dad's never been really strict—but he is definite on morals." His wife Susan calls Parry "the moral fiber of our household."

As an Agnes Scott faculty member, his commitment is to a strong liberal arts curriculum. "He is able to analyze complicated issues and condense them down to manageable choices," says Gus Cochran, associate professor of political science who serves with Parry on the faculty executive committee.

As chairperson, Parry insists on exploring thorny issues and looking at all the angles. "He raises this voice: 'Is this the *right* thing to do,'" notes Sadler. "He may stop procedure to ask that one question.

"Under the cuff," she says, "I call him the conscience of the college.

"And in the classroom? He questions, always questions. Sometimes I want to take him by the lapels and say, 'What do you think?'"

"It's apparent how much he values the students in this way he teaches. His teaching is not hierarchical.

"He gets in a circle of students. He engages them."



IF THE DIFFERENCE
CONSISTS ONLY IN WOMEN
BEARING AND MEN
BEGETTING CHILDREN, THIS
DOES NOT AMOUNT TO A
PROOF THAT WOMAN DIF-
FERS FROM MAN IN RESPECT
TO THE SORT OF EDUCATION
SHE SHOULD RECEIVE.

Socrates, 470-399 BC

"Reason. Order in life. This is what I strive for," asserts a student near the front of class.



Interrupts another, "But this happens in the dorm all the time: You have a paper to write. You want to do something else. So you forget the paper. You can *reason out* this decision. . . ."

Parry: "Reason can be perverted. . . ."

Another student: "You have a passion to go out and make love to your neighbor's wife . . . injustices could be reasoned out and crimes committed."

Parry: "But aren't your passions getting out of whack? Where's the balance Socrates talks about?"

"What if you try and try, but it just doesn't balance out?" questions a student.

Parry: "Let's go back. This is a modern way of seeing moral issues. We concen-

trate on the act—like sleeping with a person. *To Socrates*, the more important question is, 'What sort of person should I be?'"

Outside class, Parry admits, "What we consider in class must seem awfully precious or esoteric. But here at Agnes Scott we are dedicated to the idea that this is all vital to the kinds of lives people are going to lead.

"In class, we had people talking earnestly about adultery as if it were an issue. I don't watch television much, but it bothers me that sex is cast so . . . as if it were not a question of what resonance it has in your life or what obligations with which it is enmeshed. . . .

"This (academic) course is presented in the context of an author who has been dead for two thousand years. If the outside world looks on it as precious and esoteric—here, on the inside, its consideration is just the opposite."

Parry refers to his teaching task as "rummaging around in the treasures." In the space of this one hour class, he has helped excavate and bring those treasures to light.

He also has pushed and probed, listened and questioned until these AD 2000 minds at least brush with the mind of a philosopher from 470 BC.

And today, it seems, they did momentarily connect.

The class of '52 remembers Wallace M. Alston—and generations of Agnes Scott students to come—with a gift of light

REFLECTIONS

Red reflections stain Ronnie Fendley's face and neck as he oversees the pressing of putty along the seams that support the colored glass: "You don't come up to a window much prettier than this one," says Fendley, field superintendent for Joe Llorens Stained Glass Studio. For two days, his crew has worked to install a nine-panel, jewel-colored window in Agnes Scott's Mary West Thatcher Chapel—a gift from the Class of '52 in memory of Wallace M. Alston, minister, philosopher and the College's third president.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL McKELVEY



Class members knew that Alston had dreamed of establishing a chapel for students. They determined their gift in his memory would enliven that space with color and light.

"Dr. Alston was inaugurated in the fall of 1951," says class president Shirley Heath Roberts '52. "We were his first graduating class—we were all very close."

Those class members recall not only Dr. Alston's intellect and dignity, but his warmth, and the moments when he took some personal interest in them. He knew each student by name. He opened his office and his home to them. He kept their confidences. "We became an extension of his family—he made us feel that good about ourselves," says Barbara Brown Page '52.

"He was tender and kind. We knew that he loved us, and we of the class of 1952 loved him back.

"It was just that simple."

To handle their project, the class commissioned Joe Llorens. (His father, Joseph V. Llorens, made the original windows for Agnes Scott's gymnasium, library and Presser Hall.) He furnished the committee (Roberts, Adelaide Ryall Beall '52 and Shirley Ford Baskin '52)

with designs. They selected one. He submitted a watercolor rendering for approval. Then he did a layout and made a full-size template to guide glasscutters

and other edifices across the United States and in five foreign countries. Its Atlanta work includes the opalescent windows with portraits at Ebenezer Baptist Church, windows depicting the life of Christ at Wheat Street Baptist Church and stained glass windows at The Columbia Theological Seminary.

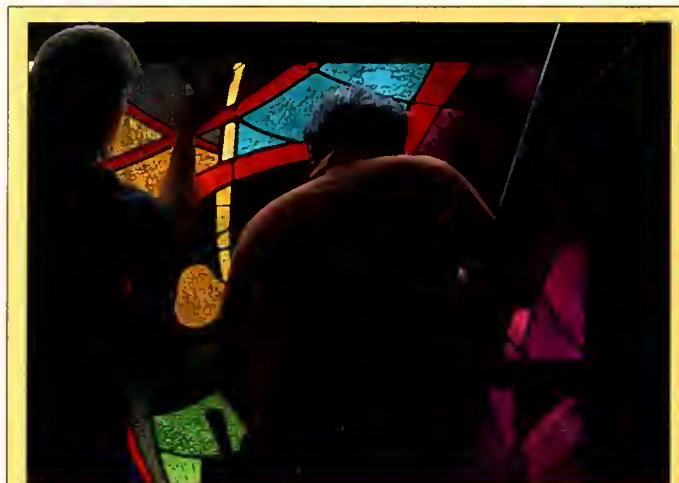
On this morning, as the crew quietly daubs black paint on putty, Fendley pushes back his cap and surveys the shower of morning light pouring from the upper panel. "It's a blessing to do this kind of work."

In these converging patterns of light and glass, he finds a message. "The top is a star," he points out. "To me that says you're supposed to let your light shine."

His interpretation fits the verse inscribed on glass at the window's base: "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts . . ."

That was a favorite scripture verse of Dr. Alston's.

"We believe," says Roberts, "this stained glass window will be a glorious reminder of his presence."



"For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts . . ."

and, finally, glazers who assembled each panel.

Then Fendley's crew began installation. They knocked existing clear and amber glass from its metal frames. Section by section, those spaces they carefully filled with the vibrant hand-blown Blenko glass.

Joe Llorens Stained Glass has made windows for more than 2,000 churches



EXCEPTIONAL VISION

BY MIKE D'ORSO
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BILL TIERNAN



In Karen Gearreald '66—a “woman for all seasons,” teacher, pianist, singer, attorney, computer expert, poet—believing is seeing

If

Karen could see, she would not have to feel along the wall with her fingertips as she leads a guest into her living room.

If she could see, she would know her visitor has explored her piano, rubbing his own fingers across the Braille notes of the Mozart arrangement opened above the keyboard.

If she could see, Karen Gearreald would not have to ask which of her stuffed animals the guest holds in his hands before she says: “Yes, the tiger. My coach is always encouraging me to play like a tiger.”

If she could see, she would know her visitor's eyes have moved to the tiny, time-worn typewriter stored on a corner shelf, the same machine on which she first tapped out the alphabet when she was 4 and on which, 21 years later, she wrote her Ph.D. dissertation at Harvard.

“An old friend,” says Karen, smiling in the direction of the aged Royal. “This place is just full of old friends.”

If Karen could see, she would not need a computer that speaks. Her upstairs office hums with an array of state-of-the-art machinery she uses to type and transmit correspondence lessons for blind students. The centerpiece is an IBM talking computer she affectionately calls Isaac. For seven years, she has listened to Isaac's deep, synthesized gargle. “Sometimes he won't stop,” she says, grinning and nudging the machine as its babbling fades to a halt.

If she could see, it might not mean so much to have the sculptured Oriental rug on the floor of her bedroom.

“Oh, it's one of my favorite things,” she says, stepping on the carpet. “You can feel the flowers.”

Karen feels it all, from the carpet beneath her feet to the sunshine on her face and the music in her ears. If she

could see, she might not, at 46, remain as eager to devour life as she was when she was 16. She might not glow with the inner peace so gentle and so generous it cloaks those around her like a quilt.

If she could see, she might not have built an army of friends, both sighted and blind, who shake their heads in wonder at all she has done and been.

But Karen cannot see, and so she continues to do and be all these things.

It

is easy to forget that Karen Gearreald is blind. Besides her doctorate in linguistics and literature, she is an attorney—a graduate of Duke Law School, a member of the Virginia Bar Association and a mainstay in the legal office of the Norfolk Naval Supply Center, where, for each of the past 14 years, she has guided hundreds of millions of dollars of contract bids and government purchases through a procedural maze.

“I don't relish litigation at all,” she says, preferring the paper work she does mostly at her desk. “I don't enjoy going for the jugular of anyone.”

But neither will she back away from a challenge. It was 40 years ago that she became the first blind child to begin public school in Richmond. She was a test case, arranged by the state's Commission for the Blind (now the Department for the Visually Handicapped) to break ground in a city that until then had barred children without sight from all but its high schools.

“We were all watching her,” recalls

Raised just as if she were as “normal” as her sister and brothers, Karen often walks with her father in the neighborhood near her home.





In the 1966 G.E. College Bowl, Karen's correct answers clinched the ASC's upset over Princeton. She just doesn't miss much.

Virginia Diggs, a retired commission member now living in Newport News. Diggs, who is blind herself, was Karen's Braille teacher when she entered first grade in 1950. "We were very interested in how Karen was going to turn out, because there were a lot of other children wanting to go to public schools at that time. She really opened the door for the ones who came after."

"It's routine now," Karen says of the more than 1,200 visually handicapped children who attend Virginia's public schools each year. "But it wasn't then."

Nor was Karen. Even her blindness was out of the ordinary. Retinitis pigmentosa is a condition of gradual sight loss that normally strikes adults, rarely people younger than their teens.

Karen was born with it. When she was six weeks old, a nurse noticed her unusual rapid eye movements. When the doctor checked her sight, he discovered she had none. But it was not until Karen was 8 that doctors were finally able to give a confirmed diagnosis.

"It was quite mysterious, really," Karen says.

"It was a real blow," says her mother, Marion Gearreald, recalling the 29 doctors she and her husband, Tull, took Karen to over the years. "We just didn't think we could deal with this."

The Gearrealds and their three other children lived in New Jersey when Karen was born. Tull was an Army officer. When he left the service a year later, the family moved to Richmond. Keeping their questions about their youngest daughter's condition to themselves, Tull and Marion raised Karen just as they did her sister and brothers. Like them, Karen made her bed, cleared the table, washed the dishes. "We just treated her like she was normal," Marion says. "Having the others around helped her learn every-



Classically trained in piano and voice, Karen practices on a synthesizer in her bedroom and a grand piano downstairs.

thing from obedience to love."

"Faith, love and discipline," echoes Karen. "We were very consistently brought up that way."

Nothing about that upbringing seemed abnormal to Karen—not even the fact that she could not see. "I've often tried to remember if there was a day when I realized I was blind, and I can't," she says. "It was never a shock or a trauma for me. I think people who lose their sight later have it much harder."

When she entered first grade, she knew she was what she calls "an experimental child." But she didn't let that prevent her from feeling as normal at school as she did at home.

"I could hardly wait to seek out girlfriends and boyfriends. I remember exploring the classroom, finding the rhythm instruments, sitting on the rug that first day with all the others. Oh, I loved that, sitting on the rug."

There was cruelty too, of course. But not much, Karen says. Certainly nowhere near enough to discourage her. "I was just happy to be there, and to be growing up with my family. I didn't want to be sent away to a school for the blind.

I was determined to do whatever I had to do to make it work. If the price I had to pay was a little cruelty, a little inconvenience, I didn't care."

At a time when public schools were ill-equipped to handle blind students, Karen got help from a legion of volunteers. Church friends, Red Cross volunteers and family members sat by her side as readers. After the Gearrealds moved to Norfolk when Karen was 10, she began taking supplemental correspondence courses from the Illinois-based Hadley School for the Blind. Braille and recorded texts were sent from groups around the country. As much as Karen appreciated the help then, she is even more thankful now.

"The depth of volunteerism in this country is something that should be mentioned more than it is," she says. "Other countries don't have nearly the level we do. I know. My students tell me."

"Part of it has to do with our higher standard of living and having more leisure time, but I think much of it is simply the fact that many Americans are thankful for the privileges they have in this country. They're thankful for what they've been given, and at some point they give it back."

From her years at Larchmont Elementary, through James Blair Junior High, Maury High and on into her undergraduate career at Agnes Scott College, Karen amassed dozens of local and national academic honors, ranging from a National Merit Scholarship at Maury and selection as Norfolk's Outstanding Teenager of the Year in 1962 to an appearance on the nationally televised "G.E. College Bowl" program her senior year at Agnes Scott. It was Karen's answer with one



Karen is active in her church, Larchmont Baptist, where she is choir president and soprano soloist and a Sunday School teacher. "She's a classic," says a friend, "a woman for all seasons."

second left on that 1966 broadcast ("the sword in *The Song of Roland*") that allowed her team to come from behind to beat Princeton, an upset that was trumpeted the next morning in newspapers around the nation. Much was made of her coolness in the clutch, but Karen tells a different story.

"I simply had no idea of our situation," she says with a soft smile. "If I'd been able to see the scoreboard or the clock, I would have choked."

Paying particular interest to that broadcast was the admissions staff of Harvard Graduate School. A week earlier, they had called Agnes Scott to ask Karen's professors about her. "I guess they had some qualms," she says. Two days after the College Bowl, the mail brought not only Karen's acceptance to Harvard but a scholarship as well.

"I was lucky," she says, explaining the award in the same way she sums up her pioneering grade-school role in Richmond. "I was just in the right place at the right time."

She has been in so many places since. One was the Hadley School itself, where Karen went after Harvard to do a little giving back of her own. That was in 1969, when she joined the staff at

Hadley's headquarters in Winnetka, Ill. The homestudy school has graduated 50,000 students since its creation in 1920. But Karen Gearreald, says Hadley's current dean, Dr. Charles Marshall, is in a class by herself.

"She goes beyond all her credentials," Marshall says. "She's a classic in the Sir Thomas More sense, a woman for all seasons. A teacher, a pianist, a singer, a Brailist, an attorney, a computer expert, a poet. She's just a remarkable human being, and the best part of all is she's so modest."

"If I were to boil it down, I'd say she has an inquiring mind and a compassionate heart, and that's a real nice combo."

The dean might have mentioned Karen's driving skills. She displayed them in 1970, when a fellow faculty member—he was sighted—took her for a spin in the school's station wagon.

"He regarded driving as a sport," she says, savoring the story. "That's what he called it, a sport."

Somehow, Karen says, she ended up behind the wheel that day.

"We started out in the woods and gradually worked into traffic. I got up to about 40 miles an hour, steering and giving more or less gas. I loved it. But I gave up when it came time to park."

When she arrived at Hadley, Karen wasn't sure if she would ever want to

leave. But after four years, she set her eyes on law school. "I simply continued to grow," she says. "And I hadn't expected to."

She should have known better. Although she has now been with the Naval Supply Center's legal staff for 14 years, she has done anything but slow down. Since 1982, she has worked with the Department of Justice and the Navy to develop ways of using computerized speech synthesis for disabled employees. In 1983, she went to Indiana to appear in a film on the life of 19th century blind hymn writer Fanny Crosby—"I die in the first reel."

In 1988, she began teaching Hadley students again, from her Norfolk apartment. There are 67 of them, all blind, all learning Latin, Bible studies and rapid Braille through correspondence courses taught by Karen. She is choir president and soprano soloist at Larchmont Baptist Church, where she also teaches an adult Bible studies class. And for the past six years, she has commuted regularly to Manhattan for classical piano and voice lessons with a coach she met through the Virginia Opera Association. The idea of eventually appearing on stage is something she allows herself to imagine—with caution.

"If I ever got to appear in a stage production, I'd love it," she says. "But one has to be realistic about these things. Normally a part on stage goes to a younger person—who can see."

There are some things Karen can't imagine anymore—such as being a mother. "I'm too old now," she says. "But I feel like my 60-some students are my children—an instant family."

Marriage, too, she says, seems less likely now. "It was a very real possibility, more than once," she says. "But I'm glad it didn't happen. I don't think it was the

"I can do a great deal by example, by teaching and, more than that, by encouraging . . . I want to overflow with what I'm wanting to share"

right time. I'm not ruling it out, but neither am I seeking it. It would have to be a very special situation."

The church is only four blocks away. Her parents live within a mile. She occasionally visits friends and they her. She rides a city van to and from work. But most of Karen's time is spent at home, with her music and her students' lessons and Isaac.

There are times, Karen says, when she feels lonely. "But everybody does," she adds. "I think I feel less lonely than a lot of people."

There are times as well when she considers how many blind people, with credentials even as strong as hers, have jobs far below their qualifications—if they have jobs at all. Asked if that's fair, Karen responds with a line from Dickens' *A Christmas Carol* when Scrooge is asked to give to a charity, "if it's convenient."

"He said: 'It's not convenient. And it's not fair!'"

She pauses and shrugs.

"We visually impaired people recognize there are many things that are not convenient nor are they fair. But every sighted person I know is struggling as well with things that are not convenient and not fair."

As for the cause of the blind in general, Karen is not one to take to the ramparts. "I don't think I'm much of a mass crusader. Though I do think I'm a good individual advocate, I can't get up and tell a whole group to pass a law. I'm not good at commanding or demanding. But I can do a great deal by example, by teaching and, more than that, by encouraging. Encouragement—the lost art."

Even after 46 years, Marion Gearreald still struggles with the hardest part of having a child who is blind—accepting it. "This is what breaks my heart about

Karen," she says. "I think of it every time I see a sunset or a flower. I hate to think her life will end and she will not have seen what her family looks like."

But Karen talks of the same issue in a different terms when she speaks of how close she is to her students, even though they have never met.

"We don't put the same value on a face-to-face visit as people with sight," she says. "But we feel very close."

It is, in the end, her feelings that drive Karen to pull so much of the world into herself and to give so much of it back. It's the way she approaches everything, from a day at work to a piano lesson to conversation with a stranger.

"My coach says I'm like a sponge, I'm just so ready," she says. "And it's true. You have to be full in order to give. I want to feel overflowing with what I'm wanting to share. That's why I want to get the maximum mileage out of every experience, no matter what it is."

The radio beside her bed gives Karen much of her news each day. On this day, the news is of horse racing, of the Belmont Stakes and the fate of the ailing thoroughbred Mister Frisky. Karen is hurt to hear it.

"There's something about horses," she says, her voice quavering with concern. "They're so elegant, so powerful, so beautiful. And yet so frail."

She pauses and turns her face toward the window.

"They remind me of people in many ways."

If Karen could see . . .

But, then she can.

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T H E R O S A L Y



CONNECTION

A slender, neatly dressed woman of middle years looks out over the Agnes Scott College Global Awareness class. "The world is getting smaller and smaller," she says.

"Thursday, we were in Atlanta and then over the weekend we went to Haiti and to Guyana to talk to leaders about holding free elections. We were in Plains for church and a family reunion Sunday, then yesterday we were in Rochester, New York. And today, we're back in Atlanta."

She stops and smiles.

"You know, when I was a child, it was an all-day trip from home to Americus, which was only 10 miles away."

She soon discards the microphone and sits on a nearby desktop. And for the next 50 minutes or so, former first lady Rosalynn Carter fascinates her audience of 45 students with her firsthand accounts of politics in Haiti and Moscow, of women and children in the Sudan and Pakistan, and the worldwide medical war against such horrors as river blindness, tetanus, guinea worm and polio.

This fall marks her third year as a Distinguished Lecturer at Agnes Scott. Her association runs parallel with that of her husband and former President Jimmy Carter who is Distinguished Lecturer at Emory University in Atlanta.

With riveting, first-person accounts, the former First Lady and Agnes Scott College Distinguished Lecturer brings Global Awareness home



PHOTO BY ELIZABETH KURYLO

At Agnes Scott, Mrs. Carter has participated in classes on international relations (dealing with human rights), ethics, psychology (with mental health), American history, conflict resolution, advanced composition (on writing an autobiography) and religion. She has held informal "Conversations with Mrs. Carter" and attended receptions and luncheons with administration, faculty and students.

Today, as the class winds down, she opens the floor to questions.

"What do you think about Mikhail Gorbachev winning the Nobel Peace Prize?" asks one student.

"It's wonderful and very well deserved," answers Mrs. Carter. She and former President Carter have met with Gorbachev many times. "He has changed the world, more than anybody I've known in my lifetime."

"I'd really like to get involved in Habitat for Humanity over spring break next year," says Susan Pittman, a sophomore from Charlotte, N.C., talking about a project both Carters participate in to help provide inexpensive housing for the poor.

"Just imagine," senior Cathie Craddock says. "We're talking with someone who converses with Gorbachev!"

Both Mrs. Carter and her husband lecture frequently. "It took me a while to decide whether I could do this, because I am so busy," she says. "But then I decided that I'm so wrapped up in the things I'm doing that it would be good to get away and be with young people."

"Being at Agnes Scott, I get a different outlook

on life. I thought it would be something meaningful and something I would enjoy."

In her measured, distinctly South Georgia cadence, she continues, "For instance, the first class I taught was on human rights. Before the class, I studied the history of human rights and how it became part of international law, so I had to look deeper into this issue. . . .

"This adds a new dimension to what I'm doing."

What former first lady Rosalynn Carter and husband are doing these days is unusual among "retired" residents of The White House. Instead of withdrawing from public life, they have turned The Carter Center, an adjunct to the Carter Presidential Library in Atlanta, into an international think tank and mediation center for hammering out peace agreements among warring nations, for negotiating the release of hostages and political prisoners and for proposing solutions to a range of Third World problems.

Nearly 10 years after leaving Washington, the Carters' work for human rights, peace and anti-poverty has drawn international recognition. As a December 1989 cover story in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* pointed out, former President Carter and his entourage accomplish things at the bargaining table that are off-limits for official U.S. foreign policy operatives.

Carter retains "considerable clout in international affairs," wrote the *Times*, and his negotiating efforts are normally conducted with the "advice, consent and even encouragement of the Bush White House."

Mrs. Carter's Agnes Scott connection has opened the way for administrators, faculty, students and alumnae here to partake in this "living history."

She comes to class with galvanizing, first-hand descriptions and an insider's view of world political events and leaders that she combines with a unique perspective of a morally conscious, small-town Southern woman whose own life has spanned dramatic changes in the way American women live.

She personalizes world events, in one class addressing the conflict between Ethiopia and Eritrea. "This is a war in Africa," she says. "There are wars all over. What does that mean to me, to you?"

"When you sit down with one of

PREVIOUS PAGE:

On a trip to oversee the elections in Nicaragua, Mrs. Carter pauses to talk to a young child. The Carters concern for human rights extends beyond political issues to very deep, very personal concerns.

In one of her many visits to campus, Mrs. Carter speaks to Gus Cochran's political science class. Her lectures range over such human rights and humanitarian issues as infant mortality, water purification and other Third World concerns.



PHOTO BY MONIKA NIKORE

T E R C O N N E C T I O N

these people and talk about mothers fighting and daddies fighting and babies having to be cared for underground—everybody lives underground in Eritrea, because of the war. This is a war that has gone on for 29 years. Two generations of children have grown up underground. They have to find somebody to take care of the babies, because the father might not ever come back from the war, or the mother might not.”

Mrs. Carter, herself a mother of four, pauses a moment. She looks stricken at the memory. “So that makes me want to do something about peace in that country, to really work to help them.”

She is part of the negotiating team which helped persuade the president of Ethiopia to release 220 Somali prisoners of war along with eight political prisoners sentenced to death. The team has also convinced then-President Daniel Ortega of Nicaragua to allow 30,000 Miskito Indians living in exile in Honduras to return to their homeland. The Carters monitored elections in Panama and Nicaragua. This fall they are campaigning for free elections in Haiti and Guyana.

In Moscow this past spring, Mrs. Carter met Soviet officials and human rights activists and members of Helsinki Watch, an international human rights organization. By summer she was living in a tent in Tijuana, Mexico, helping Habitat for Humanity build houses for the poor.

With Carter Center personnel, she helped plan an agenda for the World Summit on Children at the United Nations. One Carter Center project is aimed at immunizing the world's children and teaching mothers oral rehydration therapy (a cure for diarrhea and dehydration that kills, by some estimates, as many as 40,000 of the world's children every day). “We were looking at some figures yesterday,” she says. “For \$29 to \$30 billion, in 10 years, you could cut that number in half.”

The Carter connection began when Juliana Winters '72, an Atlanta attorney and former Carter campaign worker, mentioned the idea to other Agnes Scott trustees and President Ruth Schmidt, who approved wholeheartedly and approached Mrs. Carter.

“I remember a luncheon on campus with Rosalynn and six or eight students,” says Winters. “Something major had just happened in the Middle East and in the course of talking about it Rosalynn quoted first Mrs. Begin and then Mrs. Sadat. It was extraordinary. It gave me goosebumps. I looked around and thought, ‘Here we are in the throes of history, listening to a personal encounter from someone who was there.’”

Mrs. Carter is “excellent with students,” believes Dr. Catherine Scott, assistant professor of political science who hosted Mrs. Carter last spring. “When she visited my class, it was around the time of the 40th anniversary of the United Nations’ Universal Declaration of Human Rights. “She was very soft-spoken at first, but then she warmed to the topic and talked about the politics of human rights around the globe.”

Says Dr. George Brown, director of the Agnes Scott’s Global Awareness program, “I think both of the Carters have a sense that they’ve been blessed with unique experiences and they are interested in sharing those experiences, especially with young people. Rosalynn sees the college environment as a forum for doing that.”

Mrs. Carter speaks of her experiences on campus with satisfaction. Drawing on the experiences of her own daughter, Amy, 22, Mrs. Carter says, “It’s a difficult time, I think, for young women because they are making a transition from the kind of life I lived to the kind of life my daughter will live. And it’s so totally different. . . .

“Awareness is a main issue. The more we become aware of other people in the world and the situations they live in, the more that makes us willing to work for peace and to vote for people we think will help us solve these problems.”

Over the course of a lifetime, Mrs. Carter has found her own way from tiny, traditional Plains, to power meetings throughout the world. She has deliberately moved into the firing line of international negotiations. Yet she is able to go home again, to tend her garden, to hold her grandchildren, to help them take their first steps.

If knowledge is power, then Rosalynn Carter’s presence at Agnes Scott should help empower young women who must negotiate the future.

Clearly she believes women today have choices, not only in the voting booth, but in day-to-day life also.

Here at Agnes Scott, her life is an open book that challenges all of us to ask, “What can I do?”

Faye Goolrick is a freelance writer in Atlanta and a frequent contributor to Agnes Scott publications.



PHOTO BY ELIZABETH KURYLO

A member of negotiating teams that have worked in many countries for human rights, Mrs. Carter takes notes at all meetings and transcribes them—as on a recent trip to Africa.

My Favorite Student

ASC ALUMNA JANE ZANCA FELT PREPARED TO TEACH HER DEKALB COMMUNITY COLLEGE CREATIVE WRITING CLASS. THEN IN STRODE IVY IN BLACK PARACHUTE PANTS. NEXT CAME THE PREACHER. THE TEA LADIES. TEX. WREN. AND ANNIE OAKLEY. EACH STUDENT OFFERED PROVIDENT INSIGHTS.

To teach: to show, in struct, guide; to impart information. Most of us who work with our backs to the blackboard know these definitions well. One of the most delicious discoveries of teaching, however, is that the *object* of the verb "to teach" may well be the teacher, not the taught.

There was, for example, the lesson I learned from my favorite student. Her name was Ivy. (Not really, I am a fiction writer at heart, so I will name my characters as I please. But the story is true.)

Ivy strode into my first class in black parachute pants, a black lace see-through blouse, and a huge, glow-in-the-dark crucifix on a black satin ribbon. Mixed messages were definitely her bag, except in response to my lectures. On that topic, she was clear and even-

handed: I didn't know what I was talking about, and she didn't mind saying so, frequently, in a loud, abrasive voice.

Ivy was armed with a manuscript that weighed in at 13 pounds. It was a cantata of mumbled horrors, most of them sexual. She assured me that every word was true. She wanted, via fiction, to make some sense of autobiographic horrors. To read it was traumatic. To live it must have been hell. To critique her work was to critique her life. I offered a few limp suggestions on syntax and punctuation and let it go at that.

Any shortcomings in Ivy's ability to invent cruel twists of plot were overcome in her written evaluation of my class at the end of the quarter. She vividly described me as incompetent, unavailable, unprepared and unknowledgeable. In bold, curlicued, underlined phrases, she demanded a tuition refund.

Outrageous as it seemed at the time, there was some truth to Ivy's assessment, even if it was solely Ivy's truth. She had come to Creative Writing with the hope of healing, the expectation of a philosophical revelation from me that would cut the Gordian knot of her suffering. In that, it is true, I failed. Perhaps, instead of editing her grammar, I should have acknowledged her pain; in retrospect, it seems that was what she needed most. But Ivy taught me that I will not always

know, or be able to give, what a student needs; that sometimes my students will want things from me that it is not appropriate for me, as a writing instructor, to render. I am a teacher, not a healer, and the confines of an eight-week course, even for the most astute of instructors, are not enough to glue a life back together when it has been shattered by years of brutality.

My favorite student, in a later quarter, was The Preacher, a young religious militant who specialized in guerrilla assaults on wayward souls. I opened that quarter with the question, "What keeps you from writing?"

Fear, ventured some.

Lack of time, said others.

"Nothing!" beamed The Preacher. "My writing is inspired by God, and nothing keeps me from writing it."

Well! In a stint as an editor for a cultural magazine, I had boldly negotiated editorial changes on the work of many fine and well-known writers. Now it seemed, I would be called upon to edit the work of God.

Two other students, the Tea Ladies, were distinctly unimpressed with The Preacher's smug self-assurance. They were (I imagined) from an ivory suburb where dark-skinned preachers and impoverished writing instructors dare not tread. They lived (I imagined) in houses

with rooms that were interior-decorated, and cooked low cholesterol, greaseless meals in kitchens that were bigger than my entire house.

I admit it; at first, the Tea Ladies were not my favorite students. I wasn't very nice to them. The more they squirmed and resisted The Preacher, the more protective I felt toward him. At times, however, even I longed to pull him off the soapbox and into the classroom. He did try my patience when he began every response in class with "As God said to me the other day. . ." or something to that effect. How, I wondered, did he get a direct line to God, when all I could get was a recording that the number was now unpublished?

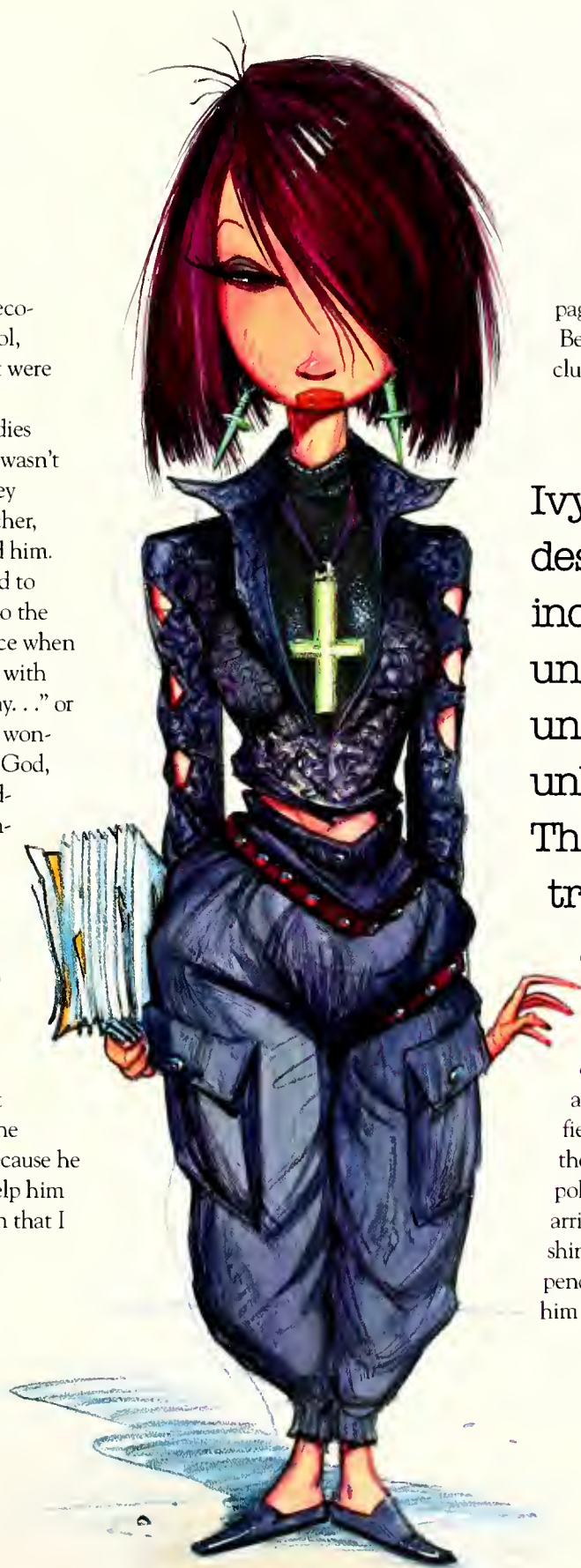
It was with shock that I read The Preacher's first assignment. Though rambling, the work demonstrated an excellent grasp of grammar and syntax. His plots were unengaging, but he was a man who had witnessed suffering, and he refused to avert his eyes. He wanted to change the world, and he was in my class because he believed written words would help him do that. Ignoring my admonition that I would accept only 20 pages per student over the quarter, The Preacher handed in 8 to 10

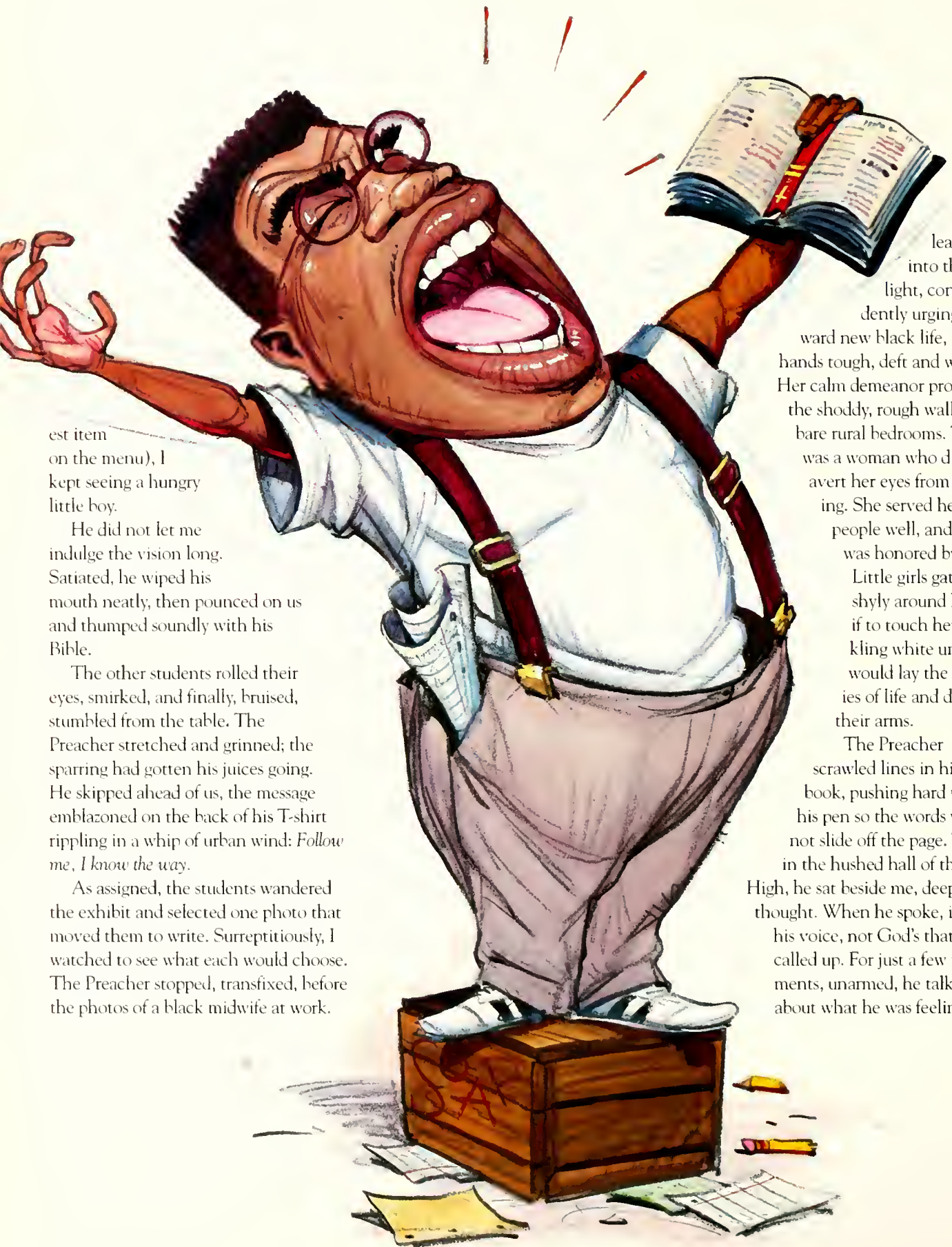
pages each week.

Because all of us, The Preacher included, might benefit from some

Ivy vividly described me as incompetent, unavailable, unprepared and unknowledgeable. There was some truth to Ivey's assessment.

earthbound inspiration, I scheduled a Saturday morning brunch and field trip to a photography exhibit at the High Museum. The Tea Ladies politely boycotted us. The Preacher arrived late; his outfit, gray slacks worn shiny and thin and held up by suspenders, tugged at my heart. Watching him tackle a bowl of cereal (the cheap-





est item
on the menu), I
kept seeing a hungry
little boy.

He did not let me
indulge the vision long.
Satiated, he wiped his
mouth neatly, then pounced on us
and thumped soundly with his
Bible.

The other students rolled their
eyes, smirked, and finally, bruised,
stumbled from the table. The
Preacher stretched and grinned; the
sparring had gotten his juices going.
He skipped ahead of us, the message
emblazoned on the back of his T-shirt
rippling in a whip of urban wind: *Follow
me, I know the way.*

As assigned, the students wandered
the exhibit and selected one photo that
moved them to write. Surreptitiously, I
watched to see what each would choose.
The Preacher stopped, transfixed, before
the photos of a black midwife at work.

She
leaned
into the
light, confi-
dently urging for-
ward new black life, her
hands tough, deft and warm.
Her calm demeanor propped
the shoddy, rough walls of
bare rural bedrooms. This
was a woman who did not
avert her eyes from suffer-
ing. She served her
people well, and she
was honored by them.

Little girls gathered
shyly around her, as
if to touch her spark-
ling white uniform
would lay the myster-
ies of life and death in
their arms.

The Preacher
scrawled lines in his note-
book, pushing hard with
his pen so the words would
not slide off the page. Then,
in the hushed hall of the
High, he sat beside me, deep in
thought. When he spoke, it was
his voice, not God's that he
called up. For just a few mo-
ments, unarmed, he talked
about what he was feeling. It

This time, when
The Preacher spoke,
it was his voice,
not God's, he
called up. It was
an encounter in
trust. I scarcely
dared to breathe
or move.

was an encounter in trust. I scarcely
dared breathe or move.

Ironically, I cannot take credit for
those splendid, slippery moments with
him. It was the Tea Ladies, my favorite
students, who had opened The Preacher
up. In the class preceding the field trip,
we had critiqued one of The Preacher's
works—"anonymously," as always—but
of course everyone recognized the au-
thoritative voice of his Co-Author. The
Tea Ladies leaned together, whispered,
then ventured, "This work does not *in-*
vite us into the author's experience."

Clatter. Not only could I not have
said it as well, I couldn't have said it at
all because I had so wanted to protect
The Preacher. Instead of helping him rid
himself of his cumbersome armor, I had
inadvertently been adding to it. It was a
lesson in pride, which as The Preacher
would gladly remind me, goeth before
the fall. And shame on me for my judg-
ments on the Tea Ladies; for all I know,
they may actually live in a trailer park,
take in laundry and write by the light of

a candle. They were witty, talented,
incisive writers and fine students. They
taught me that I can be as bigoted as
anyone, and that sometimes it will be
students, not I, who will offer the most
provident insights.

Then there was Wren, my favorite
student. Her silent, intense scrutiny of
my every word, from the farthest reaches
of the classroom, was a mystery to me
until the night that I announced a field
trip to the campus library. Wren raised
her hand, just a little. Pressing toward
the wonders of the library, I nodded im-
patiently in her direction.

"I have a confession to make," she
said. I had to lean forward to hear her. "I
have never been inside of a library."

The courage it must have
taken for Wren to speak
those words! Stunned, I
looked around the class-
room to assess the re-
sponse. Her quivering voice continued.
Her formal education had ended at a
very young age. She was in my class be-
cause she had always dreamed of becom-
ing a writer.

The other eight students, my favorite
students, were silent, but it was compas-
sionate silence, and in the breathless mo-
ments that followed, I sensed them
weaving ever so gently a protective nest

around Wren.

"Wren," I asked, my heart pounding,
"do you like to read?"

"Yes."

"How do you select a book when you
want one?"

"I go to the bookstore."

The vision of the local, gaudy, com-
mercial bookstores flashed before my
eyes, framed by high gulleys and abysses
of dark unknowing. A bookstore's pur-
pose is to sell, not educate; reading only
what was available in the bookstore was
like going to the Grand Canyon and see-
ing only the souvenir stores.

Downstairs, I knew, there was a
tough, toe-tapping librarian waiting for
us. The bolt of opportunism had struck
me only a half hour before class, and it
had taken some fast talking to persuade
her to tolerate this spontaneous intrusion
by a large group of students. Now, to-
gether, she and I had in our grasp the
power to change a life. Maybe several
lives. Maybe there were others in the
group who also had never been in a li-
brary, but lacked the courage to say so.

The librarian (my favorite librarian)
welcomed us graciously, albeit suspi-
ciously. Everyone browsed and read and
browsed to his or her heart's content. At
the end of the half-hour allotted to us,
no one wanted to leave, and the librar-
ian would have thrown her body in the

doorway if I had forced the issue. These were, after all, *her* favorite students.

It was there, in the library, that I learned the power I hold as a teacher is not my power at all; it is the power of knowledge that draws these people, my favorite students, into my classroom. When they open themselves to me, trust me with a life's secret (so thinly guised in fiction writing), risk the red slash of my pen across their attempt at expression, it is a gift, and one that perhaps I have not earned.

Let me tell you about Still, one of my favorite students, a man more given to the written word than spoken. The only word he spoke, each class, was "Here," but he had outlined an epic novel built on intense memories and set in a grand and expansive country. The words had a long way to go, but the scope of the task he had set for himself was admirable. Because of Still, I learned that there are some students whom I will never favor, especially Tex.

Tex was in my class to meet women. Not that this is an unworthy goal; what is unconscionable is that this appeared to be Tex's sole focus. He brought no paper or pen, took no notes, and distracted me by running his fingers lingeringly through

the tresses of one beautiful, charming, intelligent brunette (way out of Tex's league). To his chagrin, she was happily married and frankly uninterested.

Thus preoccupied, Tex heard not a word of my most important lecture, rendered each quarter: How to Critique a Fellow Student's Work Without Destroying Forever the Will to Write.

So, when Still's work was read out loud, Tex launched an assault that the entire class will forever remember as Tex's chainsaw massacre. The story, he said, was boring; clearly, the author had never even been to the country that was the setting, and the story was devoid of authenticity. I watched Still's eyes widen, his precious memories shudder. Pressed to explain what he meant by "boring," Tex pulled the cord and revved his saw, but the brunette cut him off. In a stage whisper that could be heard on the South Campus she commanded, "*Tex, shut up.*"

Oddly, it was Tex who dropped the course, while Still went on, quietly, gently, to complete it. Please, Still, if you read this, *keep writing*.

Then, there are the others.

Daisy, who pops up perennially, quarter after quarter, pen poised, notebook with the jottings from the preceding quarters.

And the Roses, all of them, who raise

tiny children on tiny salaries and fill the tiny corners that life allots them with stories of beautiful heroines in marble mansions. There's Wiley, who had never written about anything, ever, but began with two handwritten pages about what happened to him in Vietnam.

There's Annie Oakley, a rootin-tootin grandmother who takes in stray dogs, cats, and teaches and heals their boo-boos with cheesecake. There are my black students, all of them, whom I lump together only because they have all experienced the oppressiveness of the white race (yes, still), and still they come to my class and sometimes, despite the ignorant things that fly out of people's mouths, they stay and they take the leap to trust this white woman's eyes with their words and their longings. And ah, my favorite youngsters: Bill and Co, who lit the gray halls with their smooching during coffee breaks. When they were forced to tear their eyes from each other, one heard the sounds of

There were
Rose and Wiley
and Daisy and
Annie Oakley, a
rootin-tootin grand-
mother who takes
in stray cats.
Kindred souls. Who
taught me so much.



sheets ripping. They didn't hand in much written work, but they left me with faith in myself; I thought that kind of love was something I had only dreamed of.

They are such amazing people, these students of mine; scratch ink on the dog-eared pages and one finds struggles and tragedies and triumphs. Mine are not necessarily the students who had been read stories as a child, and thus arrive endowed with love of reading and the ability to sit placidly through a story from the beginning to end. Mine may not be the ones who have been well-drilled in the marches of research, study and application. Mine are the ones who, after a ten-to-

twelve-hour day of work (usually deadening) and travel (usually exhausting), throw together a sandwich, skirt the lure of an evening on the sofa with *Jake and the Fatman*, and trek, faithfully, to my classroom, to hear what I have to say about writing.

A few come fully equipped as professional writers; most have never written more than a grocery list. But they want to learn, and for that reason, we are kindred souls, on an equal footing: learners all.

My students never permit me the luxury of complacency, or the dubious "success" of completing a class as outlined. They demand a log-rolling performance in a stormy sea of questions, needs, hopes and expectations. But that's not as intimidating as it sounds.

Actually, the demands of the job are so simple. Keep my feet moving, keep my balance. These, my favorite students, are hungry.

Feed them and be filled.

Reprinted with permission, *The Chattahoochee Review*, Dunwoody, GA.

Jane Zanca '83 is a writer in professional education at the National Offices of the American Cancer Society, Atlanta, Ga.

Blackfriars: The curtain has been going up for 75 years

Gentle light falls on fragile teacups and saucers held by two ladies seated at the corner of a delicately carved table. One is smiling and leans so close that the wide brims of their hats almost touch.

That scene from a vintage photograph depicts the six-member Blackfriars ensemble in its first theatrical production, a breezy little comedy: *The Kleptomaniac*.

From that 1915 portrait, one might think the fresh-faced founders of Agnes Scott's drama club had only frivolous intents.

But think again.

They named themselves Blackfriars. The original was a private theater, one of few housed inside London's walls during a time when theaters were banned. Its founder Richard Burbage discovered a loophole in the urban statutes and therefore a sanctuary for his troupe within a London monastery. His all-male troupe played only Shakespeare.



The Agnes Scott Blackfriars' repertoire over the years has included comedy and serious drama: *The Trojan Women* by Euripides. *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller. And *Getting Out* by alumna Marsha Norman.

They have long outlived every other theater group in Atlanta.

And this year marks their 75th anniversary.

To celebrate, backstage Chrissie Lewandowski pours a pool of grape-black into a pan. She and a handful of Blackfriars have swept the last sawdust from the floor, quickly moved back sawhorses and a table.

Now they are ready to paint the set. In this 1990 anniversary production of *Antigone*, she plays the lead. Yet amid the squish-squish-squish of paint rollers, she explains, "There's

no room for being a prima donna in Blackfriars.

"You have to do it *all*." It's a unique arrangement for undergraduate theater.

Under faculty direction, through the years Blackfriars have handled each production on their own.

By committee they select the play and cast,

they help build the sets, do costumes, lighting, makeup, stage direction and props.

Finances for future plays are derived entirely from past box office profits.

"I guess we were just red-

take in a play in town. In 1924, Blackfriars had enough box office to take their play, *Conflict*, to an intercollegiate contest at Northwestern University.

Prior to this production,



Blackfriars' first drama: *The Kleptomaniac*.

headed step-children," muses Mary Ben Erwin, Blackfriars from the class of '25. "We were never in the college budget."

A lean box office one season may mean simpler costumes and a spare set, the next. Yet Becky Prophet, assistant professor of theater, believes student involvement at this level elicits a vitality not always experienced in college theater.

It also provides unforgettable instruction. "When we were in dire straights, we did a musical," says Lewandowski, now spattered to the elbow with black paint.

"On the other hand, when you have money in the bank, you can take a few risks."

With money in the bank, together Blackfriars may

any Agnes Scott student playing a male part improvised with a long coat—appearing in trousers was not allowed. Louise Buchanan Proctor '25, remembers for this play they made an exception. She played a barefoot boy—her costume was overalls. But she was called into Dean Nanette Hopkins office before the cast made the trip to Chicago. "She said our representing Agnes Scott was a sacred trust. 'You play the part of a barefoot boy?' she asked me. I said yes, m'am. 'That would not be becoming of the college,' she said. 'You must not go barefoot. You wear your hosiery onstage.'"

We come from a tribe that asks questions, remorselessly and to the end, Lewandowski says under the strong light of

the Winter Theater stage.

Night after night she returns. To discover meaning. To explore inflection, silence, timing, nuance, gesture, space.

Seventy-five years ago, Gertrude Amundsen Siqueland '17, one of the 14 founders of Blackfriars, was preparing for her role as Val in *The Kleptomaniac*.

With fondness, she recalls those days. She played Curio in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*; Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing* and Oberon the fairy king in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. For the part of Oberon she sewed a long flowing tunic. Blackfriars presented their play in front of a dark green curtain stretched out under the widespread arms of an old oak tree.

Blackfriars. When they couldn't find plays written for women, Blackfriars assumed male roles. When they were not allowed to wear trousers, they improvised. When they had no stage or theater, they performed in borrowed halls or on the campus lawn. And when they couldn't find a play they liked or could afford, they wrote their own.

Historically speaking, perhaps, the best reflection of these young thespians and their purpose is not so much in that lovely old photo but in a word: Blackfriars.

A strong community. With resourceful leaders. Properly steeped in Shakespearean lore.

Agnes Scott praises its outstanding alumnae for 1990

Three distinguished Agnes Scott graduates: Saxon Pope Barger '32, Frances Steele Garrett '37 and Aurie Montgomery Miller '44 were named Outstanding Alumnae for 1990.

They were cited for accomplishments in career, service to the college and community service, respectively.

Saxon Pope Barger

Known as "Mrs. Education" in Savannah, Mrs. Barger served consecutive terms as elected president of the Chatham County Board of Education and worked for a half a century as teacher and administrator there.



Saxon Pope Barger: Mrs. Education in Chatham County.

"She helped to educate Savannahians and to build the community's modern public school system during an age of racial controversy and change that threatened to pull it down," according to the *Savannah News-Press*.

She was a Phi Beta Kappa

ASC graduate with a BA in Latin and Greek, who began her career as an elementary school teacher and eventually became director of the division of curriculum development and pupil services in Chatham County.

After retirement she ran for president of the Chatham County Board of Education. During her presidency, the Savannah-Chatham County Board of Public Education was honored as one of 17 Distinguished School Boards in the United States for excellence in education in 1984. She was the first and only president re-elected to the Savannah-Chatham Board of Public Education.

Frances Steele Garrett

Cited by the awards committee for "contributions toward making this campus one of which we can all be proud," Mrs. Garrett has through the years diligently supported Agnes Scott College.

Due to her efforts as chairman of the Acquisitions Committee, furniture donations were solicited, collected, refinished and placed in public areas of newly refurbished buildings.

She has served as president and fund chairman of her class. From 1981 to 1985 she was career planning representative on the Alumnae Board. Recently she was a member of both the Centennial Steering Committee and the Centennial Exhibition Committee. She arranged for the Centennial

Exhibition at the Atlanta Historical Society and planned the opening reception.

Mrs. Garrett graduated from Agnes Scott with a BA



Frances Steele Garrett: Her contributions to ASC have "made this campus proud."

in Sociology and Economics. For two years she was supervisor for the National Youth Administration and eight years with the Southeastern Regional Division of the DuPont Corporation.

From 1956 until retirement in 1974, she joined the Coca Cola Company where she worked in public relations, the export division and the treasurer's office.

Aurie Montgomery Miller

Mrs. Miller pioneered medical technology in what is now Zaire. She set up the first laboratory in Lubondai and began training Congolese students in chemistry, bacteriology, serology, parasitology and hematology. As an appointed Presbyterian missionary, with her husband John Knox Miller, M.D., she established the

Christian Medical Institute of the Kasai and the Good Shepherd Hospital. With a colleague she also organized a lab school at Tshikaji.



*Aurie Montgomery Miller:
Her commitment helped bring
hope and opportunity to Zaire.*

Her community service extended beyond her professional commitments. To combat malnutrition she distributed seeds, encouraged gardening and wrote a cookbook in the Tshiluba language.

She also served as a welcoming committee for diplomatic personnel, Peace Corps workers and missionaries.

During the struggle for Zairian independence, tribal warfare forced Aurie and the children to be evacuated twice and to endure house arrest on several occasions.

After establishment of the new nation, Mrs. Miller worked to heal broken relationships in much the same way she had worked so long to heal the sick.

Montgomery is a native of Tsing Kian Pu, China where her parents were Presbyterian missionaries.

Alexander Gaines: a friend of the College dies at age 80

Alexander Pendleton Gaines, a friend of Agnes Scott College whose commitment and service spanned three decades, died in Atlanta on September 20 at the age of 80.

Trustee Emeritus at the time of his death, Mr. Gaines served on the board from 1959 to 1984. He was vice chairman from 1964 until 1973 and chairman from 1973 until 1979.

His daughter, Mrs. Virginia Ford of Atlanta, said her father's loyalty and devotion to Agnes Scott date back to his own childhood when his grandfather was college president. She said these feelings stayed with him throughout his life.

"He grew up with people who were part of the beginning of the school," she said.

His grandfather, the Rev. Frank Henry Gaines, was the college's co-founder with Mr. George Washington Scott in 1889.

"He had a tremendous appreciation for the fact that a college like this could give young women leadership that other schools couldn't," said Mrs. Ford. "Agnes Scott was absolutely a special place for him."

Born in Atlanta in 1910, Mr. Gaines was the son of Lewis M. and Virginia Ethel Gaines. He graduated from the University of Georgia in 1932 and received his law degree at Emory University in 1935. He was a senior partner of the Atlanta law firm

Alston, Miller and Gaines.

Mrs. Ford said her father shared his devotion to ASC with Central Presbyterian Church in downtown Atlanta, where he served as an elder for many years.

"These were his loves," said Mrs. Ford. "The time and effort he put into these endeavors came from his heart." Mrs. Ford quoted a former Central Presbyterian minister who once said that Mr. Gaines was "able to see his way clear through a barrel of fish hooks." She believed that described her father's talent. "My daddy was somebody who was always up on a pedestal. What he said I thought was right, and it usually was."

President Ruth Schmidt, in announcing Mr. Gaines' death, said, "During almost 31 years of official association with Agnes Scott, Alex Gaines provided wise and effective leadership and unselfish commitment in fostering the mission and purpose of the college. He will be remembered on this campus with deep gratitude."

Mr. Hal Smith, who preceded Mr. Gaines as chairman and knew him for 45 years, said, "He was one of the great citizens of Atlanta. He was just an outstanding man in many ways."

Mr. Smith recalls his friend for his wonderful sense of humor. "He had a attractive laugh and smile. He had a lot of fun in him."

Former board member, retired minister and semi-nary president Davison Philips knew Mr. Gaines for 30 years and remembers him

for his leadership and commitment to the college. He also remembers the kind of relationships he developed.

"He was committed to the students," Rev. Philips said. Many undergraduates looked up to him as a quiet, steady person.

Rev. Philips said Mr. Gaines also cared about the philanthropic sector. "He wanted to see money put toward the educational and religious life of the city."

Mr. Gaines worked closely with several foundations, including the Campbell Foundation, Loidans Foundation and the J.M. Tull Foundation.

Mr. Gaines was never afraid to take a position, but always acted in a quiet yet commanding way.

His son, Alex Jr., said his father's religion, family and commitment to Central Presbyterian Church and education are the things that meant the most to him.

As a child, he remembers visiting his grandmother, who lived near the college. "My father would talk to me then about Agnes Scott. He would say that the future of this complicated and changing world was in the hands of the generation coming out of this school. He really believed that that each generation graduating from Agnes Scott had something very special to give."

Many friends and associates are contributing the Alex P. Gaines Honor Scholars Fund. For information, contact the Office of Development and Public Affairs, ASC.



*“For God, who commanded the light to shine
out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts,
to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of
God in the face of Jesus Christ.”*

II Corinthians 4:6

*May God continue to illumine
this institution and our lives.*

*Season's greetings from the
Agnes Scott Alumnae Association
Gay Blackburn Maloney '76
President*

Agnes Scott College
Decatur, Georgia 30030

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In Habitat for Humanity, an organization building homes for the poor, and in other endeavors, Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter—ASC's Distinguished Lecturer—challenge others to ask, "What can I do?" See Mrs. Carter's story, page 21.



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Decatur GA 30030

AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE MAGAZINE SPRING 1991



From the desk of
REGINE REYNOLDS, Co.

When you ask
about pictures
taken during the
War, I said
"Sure, I must have some!" and
when I got home I realized that
there was not a single photo
taken between 1940 and 1945.
Not one! Isn't it strange
that we didn't have film and
never missed it at all? I guess
that priorities vary during war
times and you don't realize it —



Catching the long, green stem of the hydrangea in the curved blade of his hand-snips, Charles Williams makes a quick, clean cut. He thins a few lush blossoms then thoughtfully moves on through the Alumnae Garden. Spring is a time for thinning bushes, for trimming skinny, up-turned water shoots and lopping off deadwood, he says. His nimble fingers pull down a low-hanging tree limb. "This is overgrown." Near a joint, he carefully snips. The leafy pruned portion flops onto the ground, the limb, now lighter, snaps up into place. Then Williams stands back. Bright eyes peering from under the rim of his baseball cap survey the effect of that small adjustment on the overall tree. Williams has been planting and pruning for 20 years now. Four of those years he's been at Agnes Scott. He smiles slightly and pushes the red-plastic handled hand snips into a back holder. "Till I knew more about it," admits Williams, "I thought it must hurt the plant to prune it."

"But I learned it's all in the way you cut."

Fiscal pruning is not a phrase Gerald Whittington, ASC's vice president for business and finance, would choose to describe the staff's foray into zero-based budgeting for 1991-92. He does say, "Anything you cut seems traumatic." But after several years of what Whittington terms "incremental growth," he believed it was time to bring into sharper focus the priorities and needs of the College. He initiated modified zero-based budgeting, asking managers to review their operations, then set goals and objectives in the light of the mission of the College.

"Basically," he says, "we asked our managers the question, 'Is this fundamental to the college: Is it *fundamental* for us to convert our library to the Library of Congress system? Is it *fundamental* to provide transportation to take students to other



ART LASER PHOTO

Spring Pruning

campuses for coursework and social interaction? Is it *fundamental* that we have a variety of foods in the dining hall or could we all eat peanut butter sandwiches every day?"

As members of the budget work group later reviewed requests for funds to support fundamental activities, they compared and consolidated duplicate efforts, established priorities and explored new directions. The effect of the budgeting process was to cut back a branch or two in order to support growth elsewhere. Says Whittington, "We tried to do it as painlessly as possible."

Converting the ASC library to the Library of Congress system and providing a pilot inter-campus transportation system for students will be possible now, in part, because other units cut back. Trimmed from the publications budget for 1991-92 is the equivalent of one *Alumnae Magazine*. Instead of three 32-

page issues, during this fiscal year, look for fall and spring magazines, plus the President's Report. (*Main Events* will arrive on its normal fall-winter-spring schedule.)

On our walk back toward my office, Gardener Williams notes that pruning helps a plant breathe. It's all a matter of selecting the right branch, he says. I think I know what he means. Prudent trimming here and there is the constant choice of good stewardship. It is also the job of the editor whose pencil can bring sharp focus to an unwieldy sentence or give form to overly exuberant or lethargic publications. For 20 years now, I've been planting and pruning—as writer and editor on various books, magazines, newspapers and video productions.

"Pruning," Williams tells me, "lets in light."

Celeste Pennington

Editor: Celeste Pennington. **Editorial Assistant:** Kathy Choy. **Archivist:** Lee Sayrs. **Design:** Harold Waller and Everett Hullum.

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Cover photo: Jerry Burns.

As we read the article, "A Meeting of the Minds," about the scholarship and dedicated teaching of Dr. Richard Parry, we learn just how supportive women can be of a man who has dedicated his life to teaching women at a women's college.

*Sarah Legg Schoon '65
St. Louis, MO*

Thanks for sending the magazine copies. It's a beautiful publication. I thoroughly enjoyed your piece on Professor Parry—my undergraduate degree at William and Mary was in philosophy, so the story hit me where I live.

Again, thanks for noticing the Karen Gearreald piece and using it in your magazine.

*Mike D'Orso
The Virginian Pilot and
The Ledger Star
Norfolk, VA*

I just finished the Fall issue. *Beautiful*. I highlighted passages from the Rosalynn Carter article to include in an upcoming speech I'll be making. . . .

*Leisa Hammett-Goad
Stone Mountain, GA*

In efforts to improve our alumni magazine here at Kalamazoo College, we are trying to review outstanding college publications around the country. I noticed the *Agnes Scott Alumnae Magazine* won a Gold Medal in the CASE Periodicals Special Issues category this year (congratulations!). Do you by chance have an extra copy?

*Sandy Fugate
Director of Publications
Kalamazoo, MI*

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by Stacey Noiles



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Loridans Professor
of French, Regine
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reminds us of the power
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say experience through
externships and
internships makes THE
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Best Shots/ASC Photo Contest announced*

Brown-belt Truett: breaking boards—and diseases

It's such a kick." That's what *tae kwan do* brown belt Martha A. Truett '67 says about breaking boards with her feet. It is a requirement for each *tae kwan do* belt rank qualification. But Truett admits she and others in her all-women's class "sometimes break boards because we feel like doing it."

"I love breaking boards."

Truett, Ph.D., derives similar pleasure in her work as projects manager with Berlex Laboratories in Alameda, Calif. Over the past several years she has been responsible for the development of pharmaceu-

ticals for the tough diseases ranging from AIDS to hepatitis B.

As project manager, she takes a product from research through marketing, with full responsibility for strategy, budget, in- or out-licensing and any legal issues. "I oversee the entire course of events."

Last year she managed the development of AZDU, a chemically synthesized antiviral agent (similar to AZT) for treatment of AIDS. That compound is now in clinical trials, awaiting FDA approval. "It will be used in place of other therapy [which has not worked successfully for certain patients]. It is new hope for these patients, basically."



As project manager for a California pharmaceuticals company, Martha Truett takes new drugs from research to marketing.

Her current projects include the development of FEAU, a chemically synthesized antiviral agent used in the treatment of chronic active hepatitis B. Alpha interferon is the licensed product now on the market. "It's also treated by acupuncture, by vitamins. They don't have a very good therapy for it," she says. Alpha interferon is injected. "FEAU would not be."

Prior to working at Berlex, Truett was principle scientist at Chiron Corporation in Emoryville, Calif., where for eight years she was involved in research, development and manufacturing for vaccines, for therapeutic and diagnostic products. She also worked with law firms on product patents.

"I like being able to move from strictly research to a marketable product."

"I've been extremely fortunate that I've been able to pick and choose what I've done—and with a little planning have been able to do things that I find really challenging. . . ."

"In my work, a person tackles problems without knowing if they will be tractable or not. You have to have persistence, tenacity."

Those qualities, she admits, are critical to the martial arts.

"I like *tae kwon do* because I never thought I would be good at it. I am not a good runner. I was never good at softball."

She laughs.

"To be able to do this and do it well—it's mind-boggling." **ASC**

Chemist Zurek: Enjoying the sweet smells of success

Every day, Cathy Zurek '83 is surrounded by a mix of chemicals in her Bogota, Colombia, lab.

But she is no ordinary scientist poring over 2,000 bottled ingredients. The test tubes in her lab contain synthetic chemicals and natural oils of plants and flowers.

Zurek is a junior perfumer for Givaudan, second-largest perfume company in the world. The Swiss-based multi-national company's U.S. clients have such household names as Colgate-Palmolive and Procter & Gamble. So one day, Agnes Scott grads could be among those shampooing or perfuming with a fragrance concocted by Zurek.

Zurek admits that becoming a perfumer was not a career goal upon graduation with a chemistry degree from Agnes Scott.

"My family has a soft drink company in Cartagena, and everyone assumed that after I graduated I would go to work for them," says Zurek.

Initially she did.

Givaudan's flavor division in Zurich provided the flavors for her family business, Laboratorios Roman. Company officials invited her as a client to taste the latest soft drink syrups at their headquarters. She learned the basics of the flavor trade, then later was asked to join their perfume division.

In December, Zurek received certification.

Perfumery involves both the *art* of combining ingredients to achieve a pleasing fragrance and the *science* of mixing components that will remain chemically stable.

"Sometimes you can make a wonderful-smelling fragrance, but you can't wear it," admits Zurek.

"On the other hand you could have a perfect technical mixture, without the desired scent."

Ultimately her job is to develop fragrances that will satisfy the cultural preferences of her home country. "What they like in Switzerland might be different from what they like here," she said.

Some of the natural essences she handles aren't always pleasing to the senses.

"A few of the animal derivatives smell like I couldn't even tell you," said Zurek. "Everybody always knows where I've been at the end of the day because I stink. I could wash my hands ten



Cathy Zurek is combining the art and the science of fragrance creation to become a perfumer.

times and it wouldn't go away."

She wears no perfume or other fragrance on the job since it interferes with her work.

Perhaps she was testing the finer scents of rose oil or

jasmine when she first met her husband, Felipe Lopez, who heads sales and marketing for Givaudan Bogota.

Zurek's goal is to advance to the levels of perfumer and senior perfumer in the company which recently nosed

out the competition for a contract to produce a new perfume for a major cosmetics firm. The fragrance campaign will be launched later this year. The name, she says, is a secret. **ASC**
—Karen Young '84

Paxton brings history alive for students

A standing ovation greeted Mercedes Vasilos Paxton '74, when she was named National Outstanding American History Teacher of the Year in Washington, D.C.

She called the award, "the icing on the cake."

Paxton, who has taught social studies and history at Lakeside High School in DeKalb County, Ga., for

almost 20 years, says she tries to relate history to events occurring today.

She teaches the advanced and gifted classes in history. Her students score in the 96th percentile on IQ tests.

Last year Paxton was named DeKalb County Teacher of the Year; this year she was a semi-finalist for the 1991 Georgia Teacher of the Year. She has been selected a STAR teacher four times. Five times students elected her "Distin-

guished Teacher."

"Mrs. Paxton brings history alive for students and helps them learn how to think," wrote Lakeside principal Thomas S. Beuglas in nominating Mrs. Paxton for the state title. "She teaches students to read, interpret, analyze, synthesize and communicate. She teaches research and critical thinking.

"Mrs. Paxton takes a personal interest in the students and is friend, teacher and counselor."

While a student at Agnes Scott, Paxton considered careers in law or research. "My love for teaching really clicked after student teaching [during] my senior year."

Paxton called this latest award "a wonderful honor." It is made annually by the National Society of Daughters of the American Revolution for a teacher performing outstanding services in stimulating a deeper understanding and appreciation of American history. **ASC**

A Woman With a Past

Linguist Regine Reynolds-Cornell reminds us the end of language has never been perfect elocution, but to understand and to be understood.

By Stacey Noiles



With my friends Jonathan and Michael,
two of my boss' three sons. Big Brother
David was away (boarding school) - A
number of people in Mogadiscio thought
that they were my children -

When Regine Reynolds-Cornell was a child, the Germans marched into France. "It seems to be gray and cold all the time, in my memory," she recalls wearily. "I don't seem to remember the summers." What she remembers clearly is the pro-German music teacher who called Regine and the other children the "offspring of defeated adults." The next time the students gathered for choir practice, their pockets were full of subway tickets cut in the shapes of V's and crosses.

"The crosses were the symbol of Free French forces led by General Charles de Gaulle," she says. "The V's were for victory.

"As we sang, we slowly emptied our pockets.

"Hundreds and hundreds of V's and crosses fell around us."

When class was over, the children departed, as usual. But notes Reynolds-Cornell: "We left our message on the ground."

Reynolds-Cornell, now Agnes Scott College Adeline Arnold Loridans Professor of French, brings to her classes a deep understanding of human relationships borne of childhood's gray remembrances and a series of richly colored careers that span continents and cultures, wars and peace.

Images of war-torn Somalia flicker through tonight's evening news. She was once there, working as cryptographer and administrative assistant in charge of the diplomatic pouch (classified material) on assignment for the United Nations. With tart description and yellowed photos from an old album, Reynolds-Cornell reviews the places and the people she encountered when she was part of the Trusteeship Council preparing the colony for independence. "I learned a great deal about others," she muses, "and far more about myself."

Today the U.N. Security Council grapples with the after-



The United Nations, Fall 1957.
To work at the seat of power for
the Governments of the World was a
challenging and thrilling experience.

math of crises in the Middle East. She's worked there.

As a U.N. staff member first assigned to Political Affairs and the Security Council, she took notes of speeches and typed synopses in French. At that time the Suez Canal was the focus of a mideastern crisis and during heated council sessions Reynolds-Cornell says she wrote fast and "watched the feathers fly." She remembers the ambassador from Egypt had a heart attack on the U.N. floor and died a few hours later.

Messages—non-verbal or artfully expressed—symbols and words powerfully link her various experiences from searching for gems of history when she was a student of Renaissance literature to coding and decoding U.N. communications to teaching students of French.

With a group of students gathered recently for an informal session of "Don't Quote Me," red-haired Reynolds-Cornell

quoted an ancient passage which shows the importance of communication and, perhaps, the wide-ranging effects of a mere mispronunciation. From Judges 12:5-6, she read, *And the Gileadites took the passage of Jordan before the Ephraimites. And it was so that when those Ephraimites which were escaped said unto them, "Let me go over" that the men of Gilead said unto him, "Art thou an Ephraimite?" If he said, "Nay," then said they unto him, "Say now Shibboleth" and he said, "Sibboleth," for he could not frame his lips to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passage of Jordan. And there fell at that time of the Ephraimites forty and two thousand men.*

"We are more lenient in the French Department," she says and laughs.

"Having visited a good number of countries and lived in seven, I can get along very well with people in most places,"



*During a trip to Brava, Somalia.
Toto is holding onto "Mom". He
had just sunk his teeth into some-
one's thumb - (Truly an accident:
he was extremely gentle!)*

she notes. "The first step toward communication is a frame of mind that is accepting."

A child of war and the only daughter of a pharmacist and his wife, Reynolds-Cornell recalls that regardless of luxuries the family possessed before the German occupation, they suffered the shortages and discomforts known to the rest of the French population. Wood for shoe soles replaced valuable leather (which the Germans took for their own use). The wood rubbed blisters. "We pinned newspapers inside our coats for the long walk from unheated homes. Soap became a luxury." Germans allowed Parisians gas for heating three times a day, an hour at a time, and electricity only from nightfall till dawn. So "soaking in a warm bathtub,"

says Reynolds-Cornell, "became a distant memory."

Still, Reynolds-Cornell gleans humor from predicaments in which the citizens of occupied France found themselves. Since wheat flour was scarce, bakers substituted corn flour in France's fragrant loaves. "You had to eat it when it was very fresh, before it became hard," she recalls. A smile dances at the corner of her mouth. Failing that, she says, "you could kill your neighbor with it."

She studied at the Lyceé Jules Ferry. Scholarship was rigorous. "There was a great deal of self-discipline and a vast amount of homework." French students crammed an equivalent of two years of American education into one. She learned English and Spanish.

Her knowledge and facility with language later served her well when she applied for work with international organiza-



Outdoor reception at the Yacht Club. Yes, the floor is sand! Around this table: two Americans, two Italians, one Swiss, one Belgian and one French. I remember this dress: it was "Dior Blue", a tad darker than Bleu Sèvres.

tions. She was required to take tests in French, English and Spanish. Before the first test, the proctor told applicants: "Accuracy is more important than speed." Reynolds-Cornell had never seen a multiple choice test before. She thought instructions meant to fill in the boxes beside the correct answers with great care. "I wasted an incredible amount of time filling in completely those little rectangles," she says, laughing. "It turns out I tested almost mentally retarded in French."

Three red-bound albums of photos hint at the diversity of Reynolds-Cornell's eight years working for the United Nations.

In one photo she sits at a long table, wearing headset, bent intently over her writing—around and above her in the U.N.'s familiar curving tiers of desks are diplomats also wearing headsets and dark suits, seated in alphabetical order by country:

Australia, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Burma, Byelorussia . . .

In another photo, young Reynolds-Cornell stoops in the sand to bottle-feed a lion cub. In another the voluminous net skirt of her formal gown sweeps across a marble dance floor in Mogadiscio, Somalia. Her partner's dark hair is slicked back. He wears a crisp dinner jacket and black tie.

Among the most compelling images are the photos she took of the Somali marketplaces: erect women gracefully draped in floral fabrics; thatched villages and tall palms and long-necked camels led by bare-chested herdsman with long twists of white fabric about their loins.

It was in Somalia that Reynolds-Cornell first experienced teaching. "There was a young American there who was in love with a gorgeous Italian girl who spoke no English," the professor explains. "After they became engaged, I gave her English



During a field trip. Young Somali women with their heads covered had reached puberty. Little girls have the back of their heads shaved. None wear the veil that is compulsory for strict Moslem—

lessons. I had to start from scratch. I took her in my house from room to room to teach her vocabulary. Then we started short sentences with verbs. I found that teaching could be fun."

In 1964, Reynolds-Cornell served as a language instructor for the Peace Corps, leading intensive training sessions for pre-medical and nursing students headed for West Africa. That same year, on return from Chile, she moved west to become a research assistant in the departments of Spanish and Portuguese at the University of Texas and begin serious study of Renaissance literature. Her love affair with Renaissance literature and history had begun as a young student in France. "The 16th century was a time when great minds were exploring everything. They were not making rules yet, just exploring. I very often wished I

could be invisible and spend a week in those days of the Renaissance," she muses, then smiles at the thought of a 20th-century woman in times still restrictive for women. "I probably would have been burned at the stake and never made it back."

Her special interest was women authors from that period. "Women authors were totally neglected—never mentioned anywhere, except for their beauty." As a doctoral candidate she selected Renaissance author Marguerite of Navarre as the subject of her dissertation. Her adviser chided her for not choosing a "major writer." Reynolds-Cornell prevailed. "I am glad I did." Marguerite "is now the subject of many dissertations, many works." A professor at the Sorbonne asked for permission to use her dissertation in his class. "He told me he felt that a woman would understand this woman far better than he and his male colleagues did." Marguerite, sister of King Frances I of



Candy and smiles seem to have a universal language of their own; there was no need to converse: we communicated quite well without words.

France, was a prolific writer from the 16th century whose book, *Mirror of the Sinful Soul*, a meditation in verse on death and redemption, was later copied in longhand by the 11-year-old princess Elizabeth—later queen of England.

After Marguerite's marriage to a poorly educated nobleman, the Duke of Alençon, courtiers at the wedding reported that there was "‘weeping enough to hollow out a stone’—Isn't that a lovely phrase?" asks Reynolds-Cornell.

Finding historical and literary gems such as these keeps the professor pursuing 16th-century women authors, whom even some female colleagues deride as "second-rate."

"Second-rate is all a matter of opinion," Reynolds-Cornell counters. "My favorite author is a man, Montaigne, but for my personal research, I'd rather explore a little bit."

Perfect elocution is not the end of language, Reynolds-

Cornell tells students. Mutual understanding is. If Reynolds-Cornell concerns herself with language, she has also considered the impact of non-verbal communication and has written papers on the rhetoric of silence. "Silence," she says, "can be more eloquent than speech." The message silence conveys may be indifference, hatred, scorn. "It is a double-edged sword."

Her world brought her into contact with wordsmiths and great communicators. In New York, she lived in a fifth-floor walk-up (living room-dining room-kitchen) in Greenwich Village, on St. Mark's Place. She remembers often "seeing this ugly old man who lived in the next building." He wore shoes like bedroom slippers. The man was poet W. H. Auden.

At work she saw Dag Hammarskjöld, who served as Secretary General of the United Nations; Indira Gandhi, the first woman to chair the general assembly. "They had to hold a



Growing up in Paris, I never dreamed that I would ever feed a baby lion. This one, in Holadiscio, was not quite ready for a European or an American Zoo. I'm not really so brave: he was still playful and charming -

meeting to decide what to call her." They decided, Madame Chairman.

She also experienced the brokenness of worlds without understanding.

She lived with it in Somalia, as armed guards patrolled the U.N. compound where she lived right after the Mau Mau uprising in nearby Kenya.

She lived with it in Texas, too, where she taught French and chaired the department of foreign languages for 12 years at Southwestern University.

Her two small sons had traveled extensively the first few years of their lives. They had black friends and brown friends. Because of this they frequently were the objects of verbal and physical abuse at school. Reynolds-Cornell even recounts a bit of abuse directed at herself. One day a woman called Reynolds-

Cornell. "We don't need no hippies like you," the woman told Cornell, a housewife and mother.

Says Reynolds-Cornell, "I don't know if we will ever learn."

Back when Reynolds-Cornell was a member of the U.N. Trusteeship Council in Somalia, she and her team had opportunities to explore the country. She traveled with a colleague from the World Health Organization by Land Rover (loaded with cots, mosquito nets and supplies), to vocational schools, to agricultural pilot projects, to a leper colony. "The Somalis are gorgeous people, very friendly," she says. Some were unaccustomed to, even afraid of, the camera's eye. And those of the nomadic tribes could grow to adulthood without glimpsing a white person.



The local café, dance hall, honky-tonk in Mogadiscio, the only place in town for impromptu parties. The clientele was totally integrated. That evening, for a birthday party, we simply joined the regular customers.

She describes one significant encounter. "On this trip we met one of the small, nomadic extended families that moves with its cattle—with its houses packed on camels."

Her own skin was tanned, but still fair, her hair bleached by the equatorial sun. As she got out of the Land Rover, she noticed that the tribe women "stared at me and began giggling."

"For a few seconds," she remembers, "I felt offended. I wondered what in the world was so funny?"

Then she quickly recalled her reaction upon first seeing Somali men. They wore elaborately wrapped loincloths, "a little bit like a diaper, but backwards." Their sphinx-like haircuts completed the picture. "Deep down, I had to admit, I felt they looked a little funny."

It was then, she realized, "here I was this person with short, straight hair bleached orange-ish by the sun, wearing a short-

sleeved white shirt and khaki skirt. To them I was, indeed, really funny, too. We giggled together for a moment and had a good time."

She gave candy to the children. The women gathered around her to touch her arms, her hair. "We communicated without a word."

"We accepted one another."

The barriers, she says: social, economic, religious, racial, ethnic, sexual differences, "can only fall if we deal with each person on an individual, personal level, one by one."

"And each of us," Reynolds-Cornell reminds students, "is alone in his/her own struggle to understand others and to be understood." **ASC**

Noiles is a former editor of Agnes Scott College's Main Events.

Teaching for Learning

ASC's Reynolds-Cornell brings "energy, life and a good mood" to the classroom—and to her co-workers.

"In the long run, we are really nothing more than the sum of our actions and the effect they have on other people." —Regine Reynolds-Cornell

The College's Adeline Arnold Loridans Professor of French came to Agnes Scott in 1986. Associate professor Huguet Chatagnier recalls, "We saw something in her you don't find very often. This was a person able to do so many things—from teaching first year French to seminars—she was involved in the life of the students."

Chatagnier calls Reynolds-Cornell "dynamic and demanding—but not an excess. She brings energy, life and a good mood to the department. It's a quality that's appreciated day after day."

Departments often ask strong candidates to teach a "test" class. Reynolds-Cornell was asked to teach a 17th-century literature class. "Her teaching was pleasant, but systematic—the students loved that," Chatagnier recalls. "The day we hired her was one of those good days."

By most standards, Reynolds-Cornell's plate is full with her teaching schedule and responsibilities as department chair. Still, she finds time to consult with The College Board on advanced placement tests and has worked with the Educational Testing Service since 1977. She is president of ASC's Phi Beta Kappa chapter.

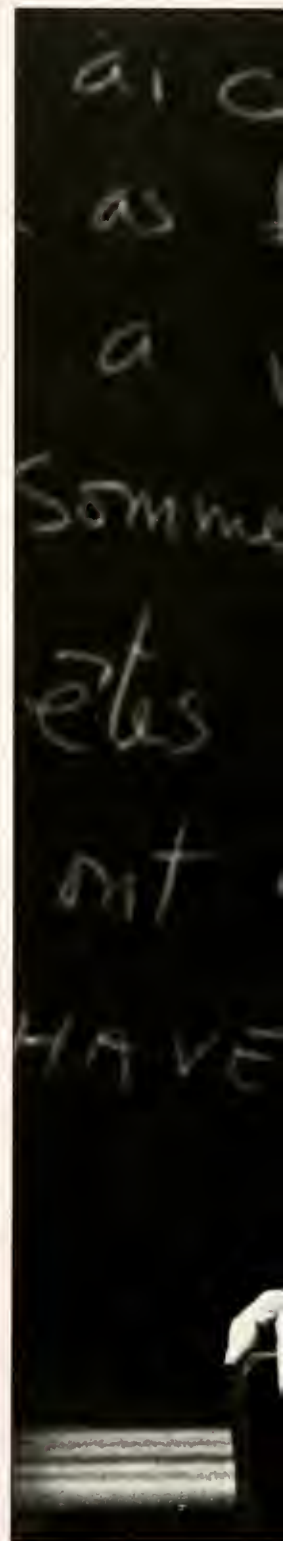
The College expects an endowed chair to publish, but Reynolds-Cornell has her own compelling reasons for doing so. "If you don't do research, you not only don't grow, you stultify a little bit—your field keeps growing and you're left behind." She has published numerous articles and is one of an international team of Renaissance literature specialists working on a 15-volume series about Renaissance theatre to be printed in 1992. She has also organized an international colloquium that will draw professors from prestigious universities to ASC for the 500th anniversary of the birth of French author Marguerite of Navarre.

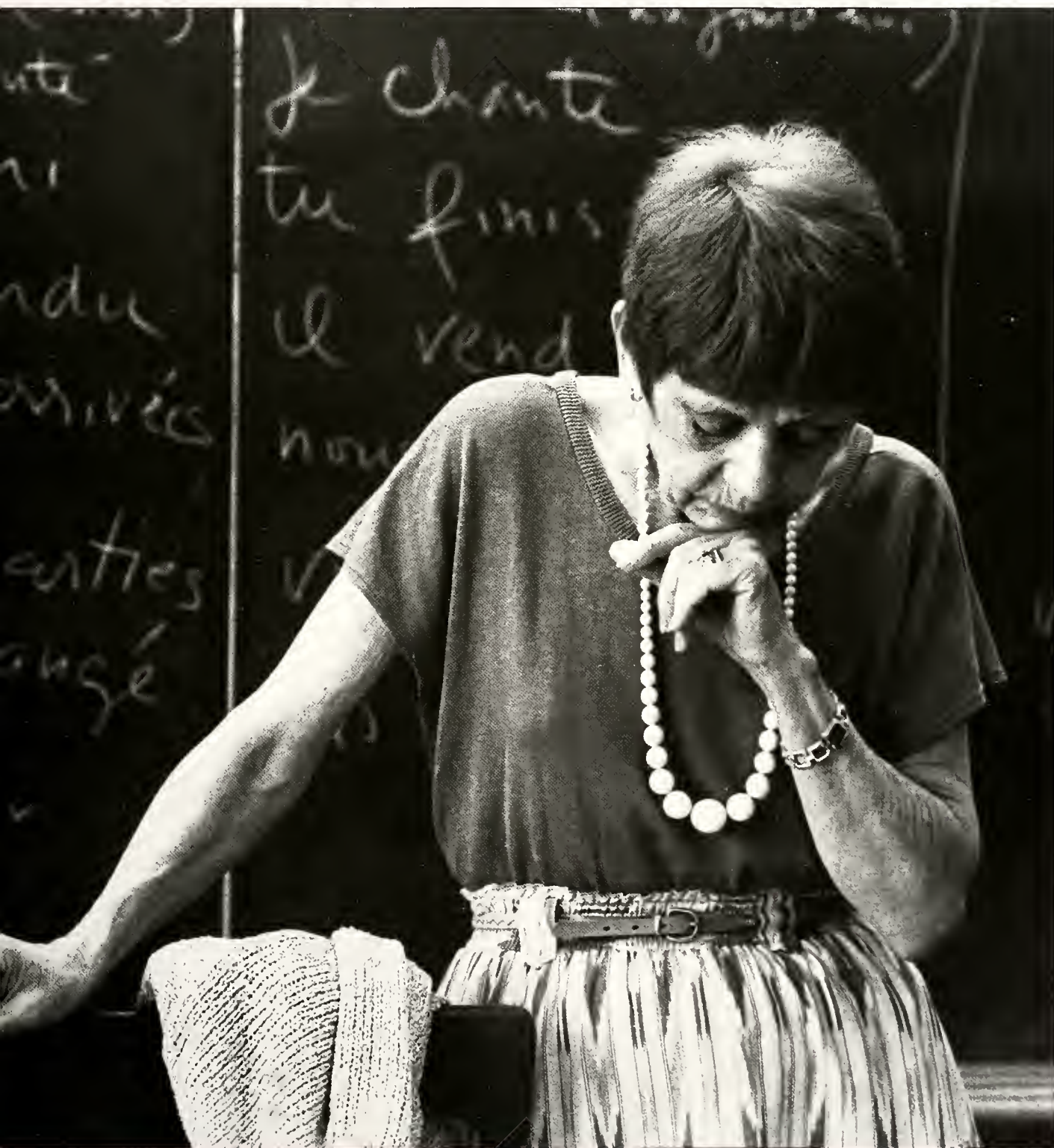
Despite this abundance of extra-curricular activities, teaching remains her main focus. Not content to leave the majority of her duties to a teaching assistant, she instructs her three first-year French classes four days a week and spends most evenings grading papers.

"I love to teach first-year French," the professor admits. "If you can convey your enthusiasm to them, some get excited about it. It also makes them more aware of their own language."

Confirms April Van Mansfield '92, "Even if she is busy, she will find the time to help. She's not just teaching French, she wants you to learn it." **ASC**

Despite other duties as author and department chair, Dr. Reynolds-Cornell still stresses classroom teaching.







CLYDE EDGERTON PUCKERS UP

By Bill Bangham
Photos by Paul Obregón



The stage is bare but for piano and stool. The audience sighs, eyes one another and waits for a moment of magic. A slender, graying man steps into the lights and delivers. With a pucker of lips he disappears into the wheeling voice of a young woman arguing God with her newlywed husband. It's a Southern thing, delivered like sorghum on white bread—a promise going down smooth and guaranteed to stick in your throat—filled with all the sound and fury of simple truths, long-held and dear, clashing with new and confusing cosmopolitan complexities. It's a snoot rooting in a well-watered

garden of the mind; an Eden remembered. Though heathens from the North long ago meddled and ruined a wonderful way of life, this is still the land of cotton.

Even Yankees little versed in Old South-New South rhetoric, regional political posturing and pious preachments delivered in polyester can appreciate the imbroglio wrapped in this petite and prim daughter of the land struggling with a new marriage and a new life in a new time with old tools.

Suddenly, in the midst of laughter and well-rubbed eyes, she's gone.

Only piano and stool and man remain, pucker replaced with a grin.

This is Clyde Edgerton at his best—novelist, storyteller, musician—reading from his first three novels, *Raney*, *Walking Across Egypt* and *The Floatplane Notebooks*, and recently published fourth, *Killer Diller*, as he parades a line of characters across the stage in Agnes Scott's Charles A. Dana Fine Arts Center.

There is *Raney*, the bride, pitting Fundamentalist Baptist-bred absolutes against her uncertainties.

Then, Mattie Ross, who once got stuck in a cane-bottom rocker and has as much business taking in a stray dog or Wesley Benfield, as she has in walking across Egypt.

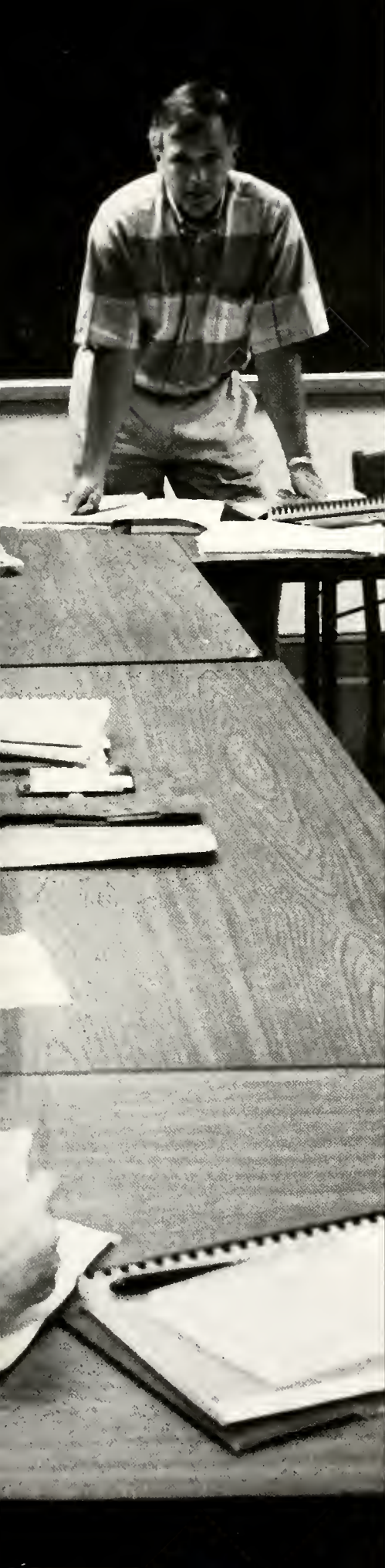
And Mark Oakley, an Air Force pilot on a reconnaissance flight over Southeast Asia, recognizing, in a figure along the Ho Chi Minh Trail, himself walking a dusty North Carolina road.

And Wesley again, older now, in *Killer Diller*, living in a halfway house, learning to play the bottleneck dobro, working at a small Baptist college, attending church and ferreting sexually explicit passages from the Bible.

Edgerton was a musician long before he became a writer. So there is music in the writing and on stage. *Raney* likes traditional tunes; Wesley, John Prin. Edgerton plunks them from a banjo and hammers them out on the piano.

There's a certain frustration in attempting to describe Edgerton's characters. "You can talk about them," he says, "but they're really not reducible. They have their own meaning.





"If they could be reduced to one or two sentences, I would have just written them and not spent two years writing a novel."

They have depth, humor, familiarity, lives filled with found moments. We feel like we know them, that they are real, and we look for them in our own lives. There's a feeling that if they aren't there, they should be.

It's part of the magic.

Edgerton's storytelling and humor come from his mother's side of the family. When he was a child, she was always telling funny stories—some about people he had never met, who for him only existed in those stories. In that environment, he says, he couldn't help but develop a strong sense of story and humor—humor that gives his stories particular twists.

"It's not difficult," he says. "I think it's a consequence of coming up with characters that are not predictable, a little shaky." Like Raney, who with aggressive naiveté, on hearing about third world countries, asks, "You mean on another planet?"

Or Mattie stuck in the cane bottom rocker, hoping someone will find her, worrying through interior monologue that whoever it is will notice her lunch dishes aren't done and suspect the truth—that she's been watching her favorite soap opera.

"I learned a secret about humor with my last novel," says Edgerton. "I always put my characters in a predicament."

Predicaments and situations do more than generate humor. They are the found moments, kernels that produce stories.

Edgerton's mother was once stuck in a chair—though he is quick to state Mattie Ross is not his mother; "Mattie may have some of my mother's characteristics, but I have never known enough about a real person to write about them like I do my

Edgerton lecturing a class at Agnes Scott. "I learned a secret about humor with my last novel," says Edgerton. "I always put my characters in a predicament."

characters"—and a soft spot in the floor in front of the refrigerator led to his first short story.

He investigated a spot and found an open well beneath it. Wouldn't it be funny, he thought, if someone fell through that spot and got out OK? "Natural Suspension" was the result of that thought. Eleven years later it became a humorous and memorable incident in his third novel, *The Floatplane Notebooks*.

At 33, Edgerton finished his first story, "Natural Suspension." While he had started writing several times before, nothing had clicked. He attributes this to being busy with other things. He had been a U.S.

Air Force pilot, earned a couple of graduate degrees and pretty much figured out what it takes to teach on the college level when he walked into his home one afternoon. The television was on; Eudora Welty was reading her short story, "Living at the P.O."

It was a story he had used to teach literary technique to his students, one he was familiar with. But this reading was different. As he listened to Welty reading her own words he thought, "That's what I want to do."

Until this past year he has continued to teach. A Guggenheim fellowship has given him a year off from the classroom. But his presence on this campus marks more than a literary reading. Agnes Scott is a place where Edgerton feels comfortable and familiar. His wife, Susan, is a 1970 graduate of the college. "She's always known more about everything than I do, so I've always felt good about Agnes Scott," he says.

He's been here for the fall term, teaching a fiction writing class.

It's an unusual class. Edgerton is on campus one week a month, commuting from his home in North Carolina. During that week there are class meetings and individual conferences with each of the 12 students. The rest of the month they all maintain contact through correspondence.

It's a real-world situation, he says. "I'm treating them like fiction writers, acting as their editor—reading, responding."

In addition, he's helping them analyze fiction. "That's coming at the story from the outside, where as a fiction writer they're coming at it from the inside." Through this approach he hopes his students find a voice and a story they can write.

"I don't think you can teach creative writing," he says.

"You can recognize and encourage

gifts, teach some short cuts, help them avoid distractions, but that's all."

As for himself, Edgerton finished reading the final galley of *Killer Diller* during his first week on campus. It was printed in early 1991. But beyond that, "There's nothing barking at me right now. There's a spell in there between books where I have to be patient," he says.

"Fiction comes from experience, obser-

vation and imagination," he continues.

"The problem is, 'How do you get them to work together?'"

"I think it comes from a split personality, a psychotic disorder that allows you to get away with it where normal people can't.

"And you have fiction." **ASC**

Clyde Edgerton pauses between lectures at ASC. Perhaps pondering a plot for his next novel?

Excerpts from Edgerton

"Charles, why didn't you do something? You've got all the answers. Now you've got all the answers. Charles, I can't believe you're saying all this."

"Listen, Raney. I haven't said I have all the answers. I have tried to say things. God knows I've tried. And I give up. I couldn't care less. Your family is a brick wall. I couldn't care less. Why should I waste my time beating my head against a brick wall?"

He was standing there holding a pack of frozen hamburger to fix chili with, getting more and more intense. I was so mad I couldn't stand it. I knew it was coming. We had had a big argument every day—four days in a row. My cheeks got hot and my chest hurt and I felt ice water between my skin and rib cage. "Charles, I can't live with this. You think Mama murdered Uncle Nate!"

"No. No. Now, Raney, don't be ridiculous. It wasn't murder. It was a whole family's refusal to look for alternatives to a . . . way of life. To read—to become educated about a problem staring you in the face. Given the self-righteousness of . . . fundamental Christianity in this family, your Uncle Nate didn't have a chance."

Something snapped in my head . . .

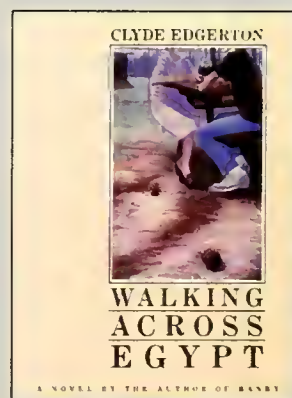


© 1985 by Clyde Edgerton. Reprinted from **Raney** by Clyde Edgerton, Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, 1985. Used by permission.

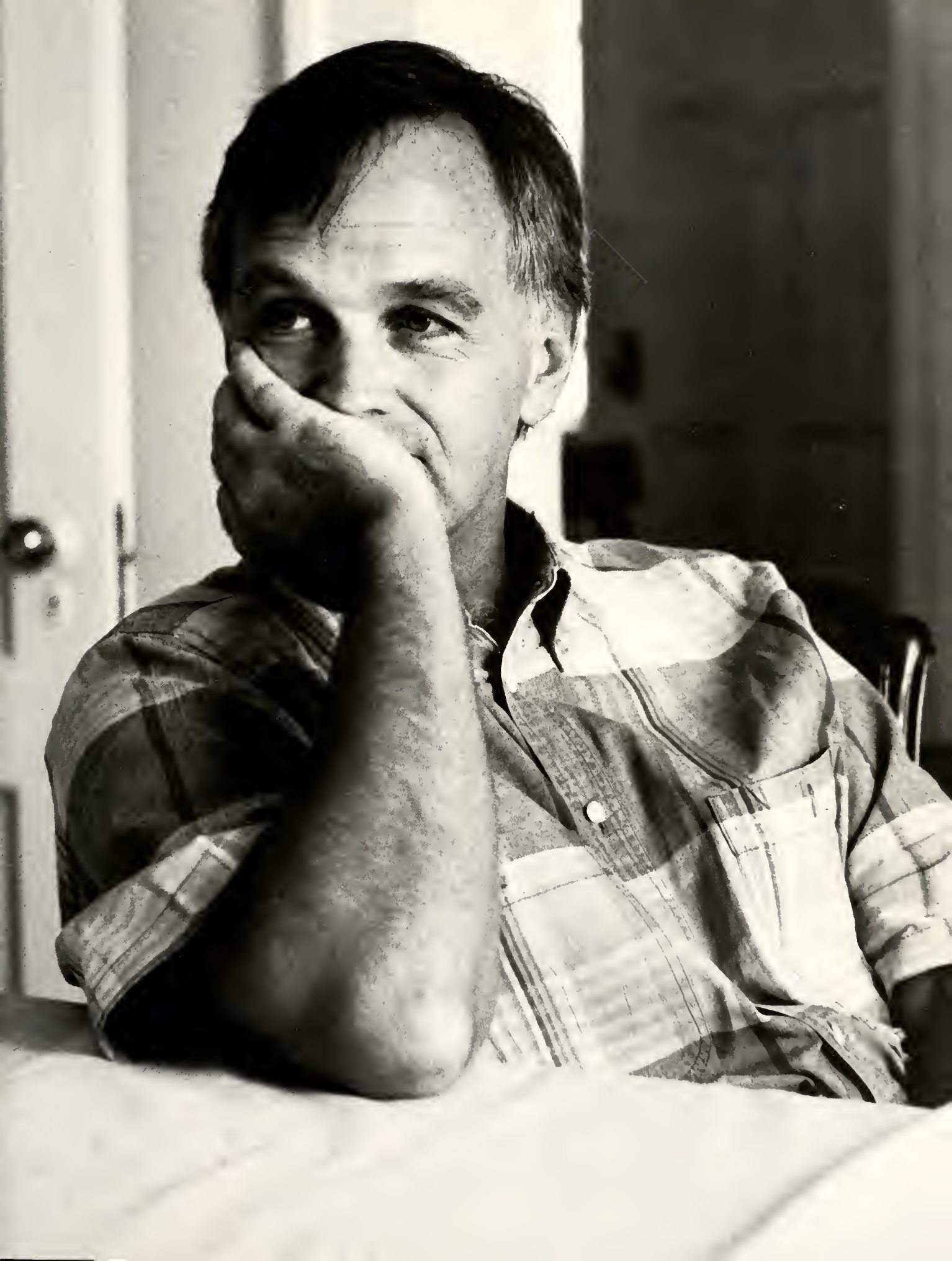
It was one o'clock on the dot. Mattie walked into the den, bent over and clicked the TV on. She slowly walked backward, still bending over, toward the rocker. Her left hand reached behind her to find the chair arm. Ah, the commercial—New Blue Cheer—was still on. She had started sitting down when a mental picture flashed into her head: *the chair without a bottom*. But her leg muscles had already gone lax. She was on the way down. Gravity was doing its job. She continued past the customary stopping place, her eyes fastened to the New Blue Cheer box on the TV screen, her mind screaming no, wondering what bones she might break, wondering how long she was going to keep on going down, down, down.

When she jolted to a stop the backs of her thighs and a spot just below her shoulders were pinched together tightly. Her arms were over her head. Her bottom was one inch from the floor. Nothing hurt except the backs of her legs, and that seemed to be only from the pressure. How could she have forgotten? she thought. . . .

What if Alora comes in the back door and sees me watching this program? What in the world will I say? Well, I'll just say I was sitting down to watch the news when I fell through, and so of course I couldn't get up to turn off that silly soap opera. That's what I'll tell her.



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WHEN THE VICTIM MUST **TESTIFY**

by Barbara R. Thompson
illustration by Thomas Gonzalez
photographs by Laura Sikes

OUR ONLY HOPE WILL LIE IN THE FRAIL WEB OF UNDER-
STANDING OF ONE PERSON FOR THE PAIN OF ANOTHER.

—JOHN DOS PASOS



AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE MAGAZINE
READERSHIP SURVEY

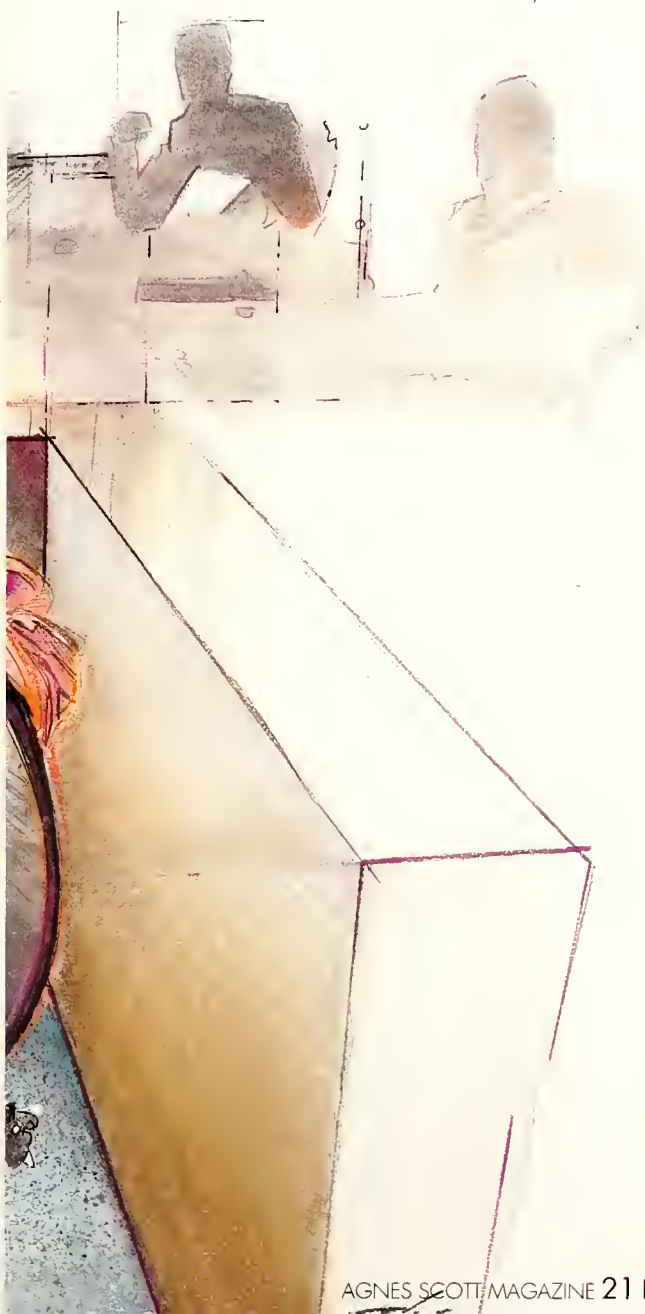
1. What is your relationship to Agnes Scott College?
☐ alumna
☐ faculty/administration
☐ student
☐ other (please specify): _____
2. If you are an alumna of ASC, please indicate your class year: _____
3. Which of the following best describes how you read the magazine? (Choose only one.)
☐ I do not read the magazine at all
☐ I look primarily at the pictures
☐ I look primarily at titles and headings
☐ I sometimes read an article or two
☐ I usually read an article from each issue
☐ I usually read several articles from each issue
☐ I read almost all of every issue
4. How long (total time) do you usually spend reading ASC magazines?
☐ two or three hours
☐ one or two hours
☐ one-half to one hour.
☐ less than one-half hour.
5. What do you do with the magazine once you receive it?
☐ keep it 6 months or more
☐ keep it 1-6 months
☐ throw it away after 2 weeks or less
☐ throw it away immediately
6. If you do not read the magazine or do so only seldomly, please indicate why. (Check all that apply.)
☐ not interested in subject matter
☐ do not have enough time to read it
☐ do not like the format of the magazine
☐ do not agree with the editorial approach
☐ articles are too long
☐ articles are too short and superficial
☐ articles are poorly written
☐ other (please specify): _____

7. How many times would you say you pick up each issue of the magazine?
☐ none
☐ once
☐ twice
☐ three times
☐ four or more times

contrary to custom,
er to wear into
nifer speaks she
e hat to block her
is a creative cop-
ie more poignant
/ 10 years old.
any victims of vio-
und a compas-
Smith '73, the first
Witness program

for the northeastern judicial circuit of Georgia. Smith enables victims like Jennifer to be effective witnesses in a courtroom setting and helps them find the social services they need for individual and family recovery.

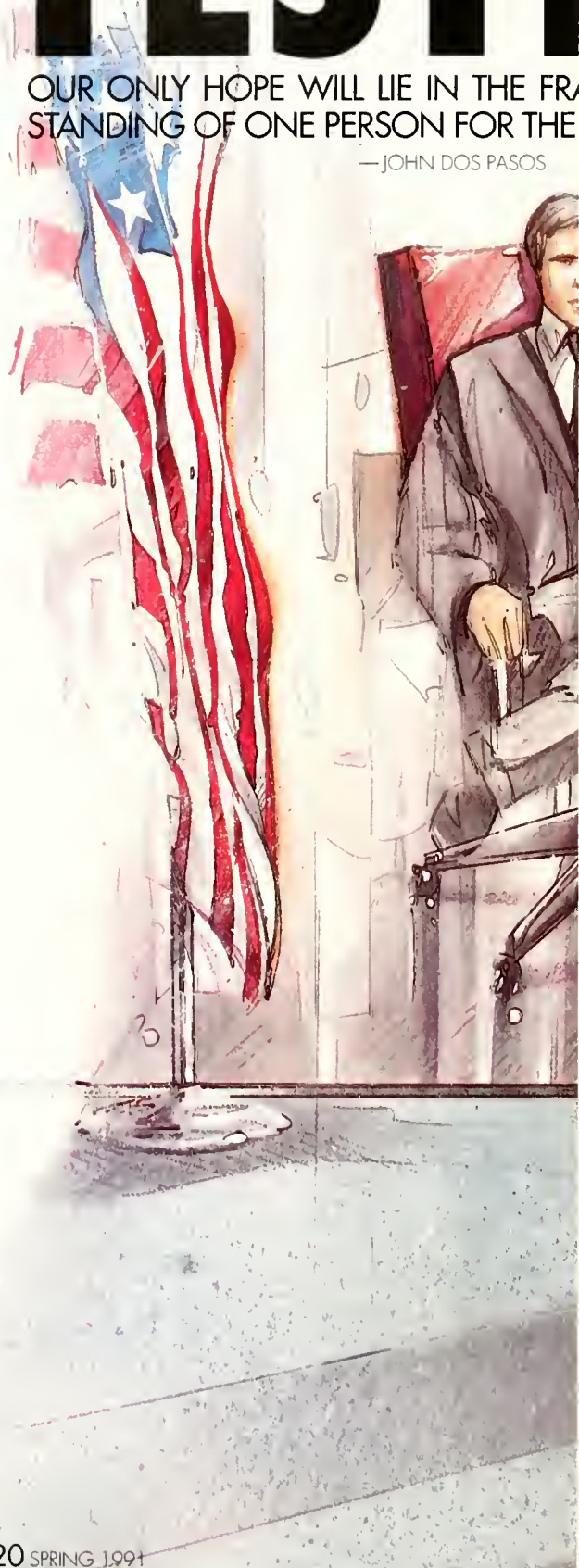
Before "victims" are called upon to testify, Judy Smith often talks to them, quietly easing their fears and tensions. Says Judge John Girardeau: "Judy helps make human a system too often known for its lack of humanness. I hope someday all courts will have someone like Judy to let victims of crime know we care about them, too."



WHEN THE VICT TESTI

OUR ONLY HOPE WILL LIE IN THE FR
STANDING OF ONE PERSON FOR THE

—JOHN DOS PASOS



8. Have you ever been featured in an article?

☐ yes

☐ no

If so, please indicate the issue(s): _____

9. What do you read first?

Choice 1: _____

Choice 2: _____

10. What do you read last?

Why? _____

11. Do you prefer to read:

☐ a few major articles (5-7 pages each)

☐ many short articles (1-3 pages each)

12. Do you have any suggestions on features or articles you would like to see added?

Choice 1: _____

Choice 2: _____

13. Which types of articles would you like to see less frequently in the magazine?

Choice 1: _____

Choice 2: _____

14. Length of the magazine

☐ reduce number of pages

☐ increase number of pages

☐ keep the magazine about the same size

15. Physical dimensions of magazine (height and width)

☐ make the magazine smaller

☐ keep it the same size

☐ make the magazine larger

16. Type size

☐ make letters larger

☐ present size is fine

☐ use smaller letters

17. Photographs

☐ use fewer photographs

☐ keep about the same number

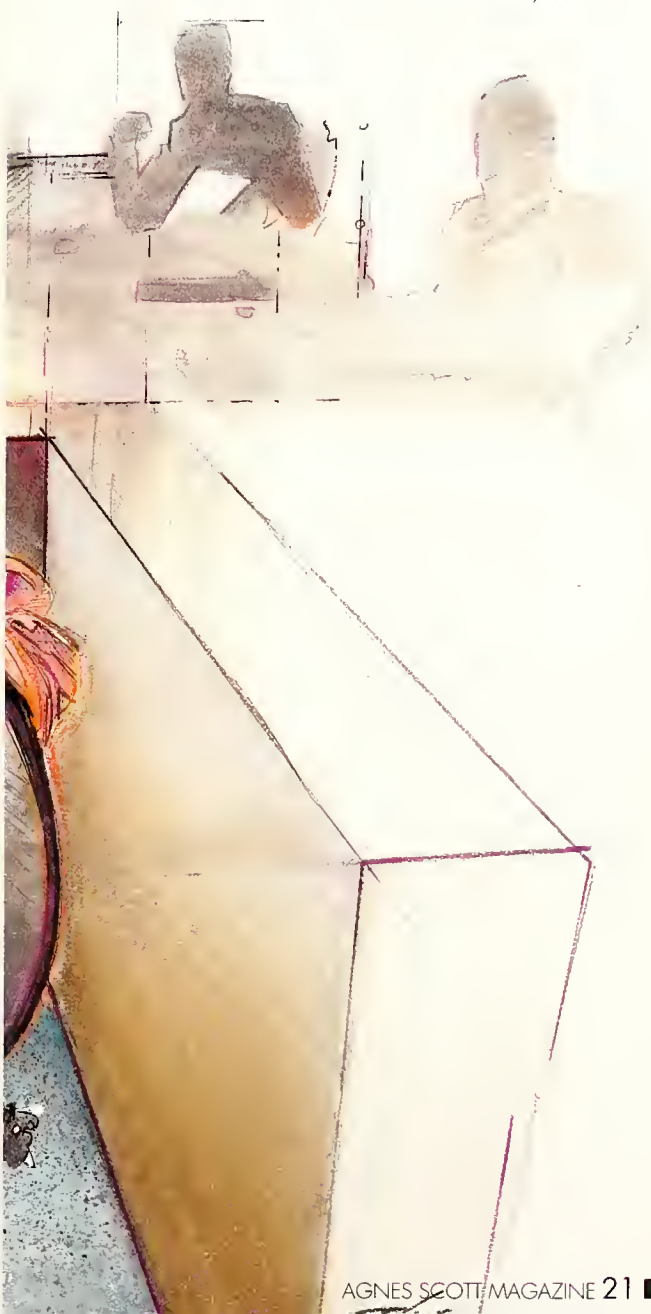
☐ use more photographs

18. Type of photographs
- ☐ use more color photographs
 - ☐ present use of photographs is fine
 - ☐ use fewer color photographs
19. Content of articles
- ☐ make articles more informative and in-depth
 - ☐ articles are fine as they are
 - ☐ make articles brief and more concise
20. Which types of articles would you like to see in the magazine? (Check all that apply.)
- ☐ ASC news
 - ☐ ASC structure and organization
 - ☐ book reviews
 - ☐ contemporary issues
 - ☐ contemporary student life
 - ☐ features about administration
 - ☐ features about alumnae
 - ☐ features about faculty
 - ☐ features about staff
 - ☐ features about students
 - ☐ historical material
 - ☐ home economics
 - ☐ how-to articles
 - ☐ management
 - ☐ ministry
 - ☐ trends that affect higher education
21. Which of these types of articles would you like to see less?
- ☐ ASC structure and organization
 - ☐ ASC news
 - ☐ book reviews
 - ☐ contemporary issues
 - ☐ contemporary student life
 - ☐ features about alumnae
 - ☐ features about faculty
 - ☐ features about administration
 - ☐ features about staff
 - ☐ features about students
 - ☐ historical material
 - ☐ how-to articles
 - ☐ trends that affect higher education
22. What sort of a picture of ASC does the magazine give you?
- ☐ positive
 - ☐ negative
 - ☐ balanced and informative
 - ☐ not clear
 - ☐ other: _____
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Smith '73, the first
Witness program

for the northeastern judicial circuit of Georgia. Smith enables victims like Jennifer to be effective witnesses in a courtroom setting and helps them find the social services they need for individual and family recovery.

Before "victims" are called upon to testify, Judy Smith often talks to them, quietly easing their fears and tensions. Says Judge John Girardeau: "Judy helps make human a system too often known for its lack of humanness. I hope someday all courts will have someone like Judy to let victims of crime know we care about them, too."



WHEN THE VICT TESTI

OUR ONLY HOPE WILL LIE IN THE FR
STANDING OF ONE PERSON FOR THE

—JOHN DOS PASOS



23. What three magazines do you read most frequently?

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

24. What is your age?

- ☐ 24 or younger
- ☐ 25-39
- ☐ 40-54
- ☐ 55-64
- ☐ 65 and up

25. Which best describes your occupation?

(Check only one.)

- ☐ agriculture
- ☐ arts
- ☐ education
- ☐ entertainment
- ☐ government
- ☐ homemaker/volunteer
- ☐ production
- ☐ professional
- ☐ retail/ wholesale
- ☐ retired
- ☐ skilled trade
- ☐ social service
- ☐ technical/secretarial

Please send your responses to:

Agnes Scott College
Office of Publications
141 E. College Avenue
Decatur, Georgia 30030



Jennifer* sits on the witness stand, calmly answering questions from a prosecuting attorney. The jury listens intently to her testimony; the defendant stares at the floor. Jennifer is a prime witness in a child murder case, and she has been sexually assaulted numerous times by the man on trial.

The only sign of Jennifer's fear is an

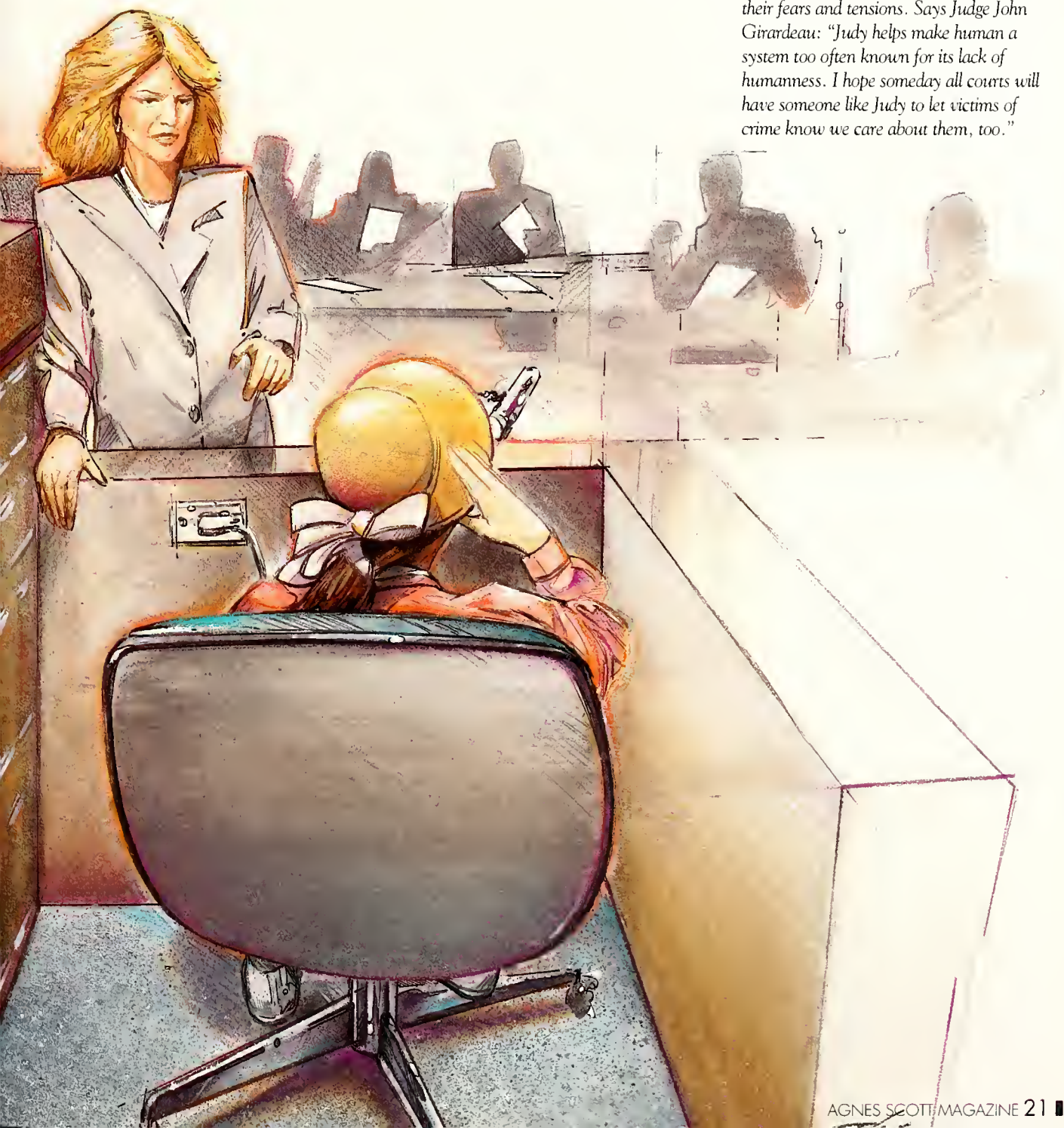
Easter bonnet which, contrary to custom, the judge has allowed her to wear into the courtroom. As Jennifer speaks she tilts her head, using the hat to block her view of her assailant. It is a creative coping strategy made all the more poignant because Jennifer is only 10 years old.

Jennifer is one of many victims of violent crime who have found a compassionate ally in Judy T. Smith '73, the first director of the Victim/Witness program

for the northeastern judicial circuit of Georgia. Smith enables victims like Jennifer to be effective witnesses in a courtroom setting and helps them find the social services they need for individual and family recovery.

Before "victims" are called upon to testify, Judy Smith often talks to them, quietly easing their fears and tensions. Says Judge John Girardeau: "Judy helps make human a system too often known for its lack of humanness. I hope someday all courts will have someone like Judy to let victims of crime know we care about them, too."

*Name has been changed



Nationwide, there are an estimated 15,000,000 victims of crime each year. For many of these individuals, the judicial process itself can become a "second assault," a confusing journey through a complicated and slow-moving system that seems insensitive to the needs of the victims.

"There is so much in our legal system—and justly so—which protects the rights of people accused of crimes," notes Smith, a striking blond who moves with the calm self-assurance of a corporate executive. "But over the years, the rights of the victims often have been overlooked."

She saw first hand the problems of crime victims during the 11 years she worked as a case worker for child protective services. Her first incest case was a 17-year-old teenager who had been sexually abused by her father since the age of seven.

"We didn't have adequate treatment for the victim, and after she disclosed the abuse, she was ostracized by the rest of her family. Eventually she was forced to leave home.

"I realized then there must be better ways to help victims of violent crime—and their families," remembers Smith.

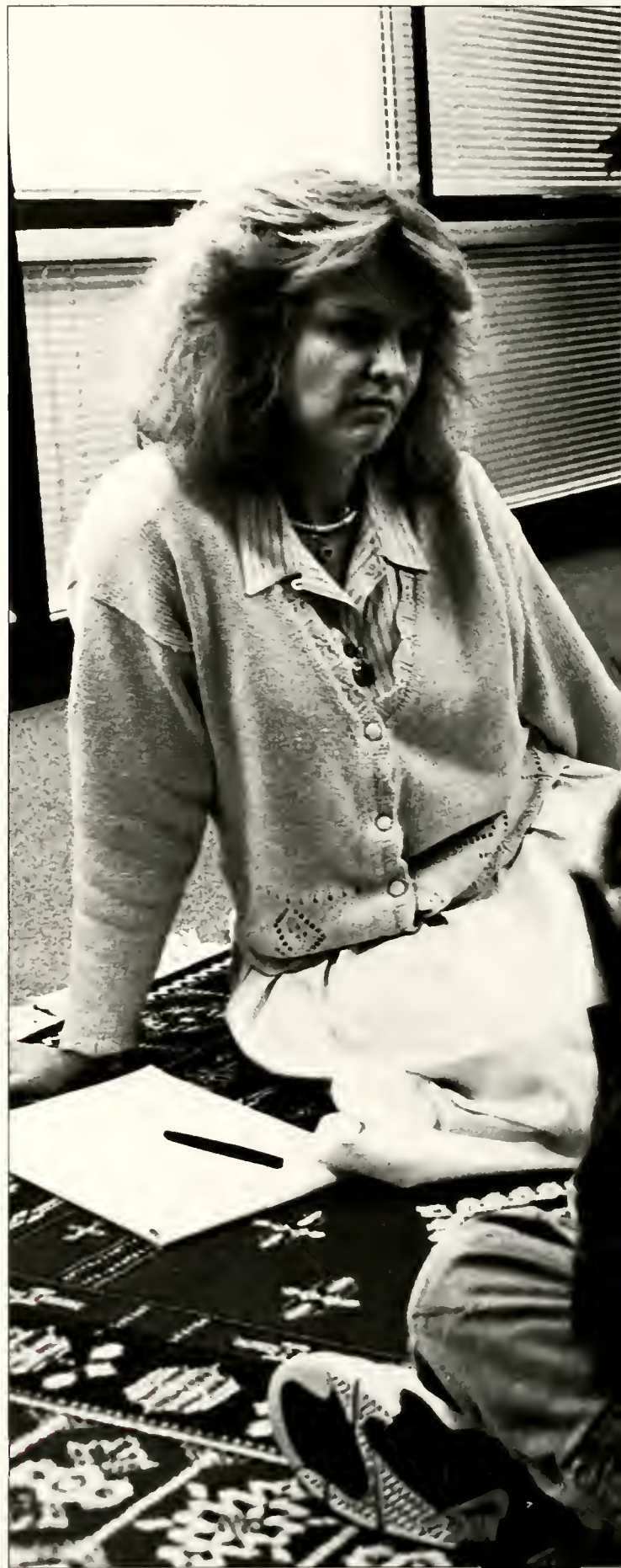
So she began coordinating services between law enforcement agencies and social service organizations. In 1987, she became the full-time director of the region's Victim Witness Program.

Her introduction to the complexities of social work began at Agnes Scott, where she was a psychology major. As a student intern, she worked at Scottish Rite Children's Medical Center.

She was also deeply influenced by now retired professors Dr. Miriam Drucker of psychology and Dr. John

In 1986, Judy Smith became the first victim witness director for the northeast Georgia DA's office. It's not an easy job "helping victims regain control of their lives."

District Attorney Andy Fuller has worked with Smith on many difficult cases, often beginning with pre-trial "relaxation" sessions with Smith and the victim child (right). Fuller finds her to be, "an integral part of the prosecution team. Without her support, many victims would not be able to testify and their testimony is almost always critical to our successful prosecution of the criminal."







Tumblin of sociology. "Both of them are the kind of role models a student would be glad to choose for herself," recalls Smith. "They pushed you to look below the surface, to analyze issues and ideas."

This training Smith drew from as she designed her program for victims of violent crime. "My task is to help victims regain as much control of their lives as possible," she explains.

As soon as the crime is reported, Smith contacts victims and their families. At this stage they are often in shock and need support to work through feelings of denial and helplessness.

After that Smith begins the process of helping the victim learn to be an effective and confident witness.

"One of the first questions I ask victims is what kind of court shows they watch on television," she says. "Almost without exception the answer is 'People's Court.' They see the courtroom as a dangerous place, where people are out of control and yelling at each other."

"My first job is to help victims see the court as a place of safety."

The adult victims of rape often have the hardest time feeling safe in a courtroom—or anywhere. "I've seen strong, capable women whose world is dramatically altered by a sexual assault. They may suffer a trauma reaction and be afraid to go out of the house to work."

For such victims, the court experience can be as traumatizing as the actual assault. They suffer not only the fear of facing their attacker, but also the pain of recounting intimate details of their victimization to a courtroom of strangers.

So these victims can be effective witnesses under intense personal pressure, Smith provides practical information about the judicial process. "When you

Smith faces a dramatic increase in her case load. "We live in an increasingly dysfunctional society. Crimes against persons are a byproduct of this."





give people information, you help them gain control," she explains.

During pre-trial preparation, Smith notifies victim-witnesses of court dates for preliminary hearings, helps them understand courtroom procedure and legal terminology, and even teaches them relaxation techniques to use before courtroom appearances.

Pre-trial support is equally important to children. In Jennifer's case, Smith made numerous visits to her and her family over a period of 10 months. She assisted the family in finding a therapist and helped Jennifer understand her role as a witness. Jennifer met the district attorney, took a private tour of the courtroom, and learned a simplified version of courtroom procedure.

Like most child victims, Jennifer needed constant reassurance that her attacker would not be able to hurt her in the courtroom.

"Being a court witness is hard for an adult," reflects Smith.

"But it's even harder when you are a child and the victim."

Despite the potential trauma of being a court witness, Smith believes it is generally better for the child to testify in person than to rely on videotaped testimony.

"It is empowering for children to testify against their assailant," she notes. "The defendant has put them in a position where they couldn't resist. Now they can say, 'No, you can't hurt me again.'"

Although giving court testimony is an important step for victims, it is seldom the cathartic experience for which they hope. "Victims often believe they will be able to put the experience behind them when the trial ends," reflects Smith. "But usually this only begins the healing process. Victims must still work toward the day when the crime is not a motivating factor in their life."

The beginning of Jennifer's healing was expressed in a drawing she did during therapy. The picture shows a monster-

like creature and a heroic queen, separated by a small coffin with a child inside. Angels hover over the child and around the queen.

"When Jennifer gave me this picture she said, 'These are the angels helping us.'" remembers Smith. "Even at her young age, it was important for her to see something made right out of such a tragic situation."

Through years of dealing with victim-witnesses, Smith has learned that people's capacity for recovery depends largely on their individual coping systems, effective therapy, and the support of family and loved ones. "I am amazed at what individuals can experience and still survive," Smith muses. "My own life has been deeply enriched by the remarkable people I have met in the most tragic of circumstances."

She draws her own support from deep religious faith and from the cooperative spirit that exists between different community agencies in her region.

Recently she has also felt encouraged by new Georgia legislation which protects victim's rights. This legislation includes an exception to the hearsay law, enabling witnesses to testify about what they have heard from children.

Effective victim advocacy for Smith, however, remains a matter of learning to work within the slow and often cumbersome court environment. "It's a hurry up and wait system," she says. "It will always be intricate, and you have to find ways to compensate."

Like Victim Witness advocates around the country, Smith is experiencing a dramatic increase in case loads. The number of people referred to her office has tripled in the past year. She attributes this growth not only to an expanding population base but to deepening currents of social disorder. "We live in an increasingly dysfunctional society," she says. "Crimes against persons are a byproduct of this."

By recruiting volunteers and intensifying training of law enforcement officials, Smith hopes to expand her program to meet the need. "If we can make victims feel valued, if we can help them through the system and enable them to take positive action, we will continue to make an important contribution." **ASC**

Smith and DA Fuller often confer over testimony during court recesses. Constant vigilance is required to protect victim's rights.



Working for Nothing for Something

To all job applicants:

Straight A's are not enough. Résumés must include internships, externships and other work experience



MARK SANFEL PHOTO

Colleges around the country agree it's more than getting a foot in the door.

By Judy Bouvier

In Palo Alto a student rolls out of bed, goes to his computer, and accesses opportunities to work for nothing.

In Boston, companies dip from a pool of 2,000 prospective student employees poring over non-paying job openings listed in catalogs at Boston University.

In Fort Worth, a career homemaker calls a public relations firm to ask if she might be considered for uncompensated work in any capacity.

In Atlanta, an Agnes Scott sophomore spends a week of her semester break working without pay in the office of a regional publisher.

What's going on? National madness? No. But a willingness to work "for free" to gain experience may mark a national trend, a change in the way America views professions—and how to prepare for them.

Medicine, teaching and a handful of other professions have for years required internships: on-site, pre-employment training.

Yet for American employers in general, and for middle-age baby-boomers now far removed from college campuses, the concept may seem new.

Interning is an umbrella for a range of short-term work experiences which may include externships and "shadowing." Amy Schmidt, Agnes Scott director for career planning, says 60 students signed up this year for

week-long externships.

In the past few years interning generally has *burgeoned* according to career planning and placement counselors in colleges across the country and experts studying the phenomenon.

"Internships have been around for a long time," notes Barbara Baker, program associate for the National Society for Internships and Experiential Education (NSIEE). What's new is the scope: Schmidt says Agnes Scott College offers a broad range of extern placements in all major fields, from business to science to the arts.

What's also new, according to Baker, is thinking about internship "as something that everybody does."

Baker says that her organization has seen a tremendous increase in membership just in the past five years—along with a proportionate increase in calls from students and parents looking specifically for schools offering internships. More and more schools require them.

Once in college, students are going to greater lengths to get intern experience.

"They might have to work double time or have no vacation for a couple of years," says Baker of students whose financial situation prevents the luxury of an unpaid summer or semester. "Some are taking an extra [academic] term so they can have time to do one. Also some are doing them after graduation." Baker also finds more and more people doing

mid-career internships—such as women returning to the work force or middle-aged people who have lost jobs or who seek new career directions.

Multiple factors have contributed to the upsurge in internships, according to NSIEE: more students participating in the programs, more schools requiring internships, more former interns in positions to hire others. Says Baker, "As more people are involved, it creates a cycle where there's more expectation that you would have experience when you get out of school."

Tim Stanton, associate director of the Haas Center for Public Service at Stanford University and author of *The Experienced Hand*, a widely-used guide to successful interning, agrees that there has been a powerful re-emergence in the past three to five years of the trend, which actually started in the late '60s and early '70s. But with a new wrinkle. "The interest is deeper now," he says. "In the '70s the idea was just get them off campus in some way or another. Now there's a deep interest in how experiential learning connects with academics, especially in public service areas."

It's an echo, Baker concurs, of the cry for relevance in education heard during the first round of widespread internships, especially as it connected with social problems. She cites an increased emphasis on ethics in educa-

ASC found work for 60 externs in January. While the pay's not great, the long-term benefits can be.

tion, "having students think about how they use what they learn," as one of the main reasons.

From a sampling of other career planning and placement offices, however, were cited other, perhaps stronger factors. "Most students do it so they can put it on their résumés," says Aaron Galus, director of Boston University's internship program, which helps 2,000 students seeking internships each year.

Marilyn Bowles, director of the intern program at Mills, a small liberal arts college for women outside Oakland, agrees and adds that career sampling is equally important. "It gives students a chance to keep from making a mistake. To see what they really want to do." Hiawatha Morrow, internship coordinator at the University of Georgia, adds, "The increase in internships in the past few years is a result of the changing job market—it's more competitive."

Whatever reasons for the

phenomenon, supervised practical experience as a necessary stepping stone to employment is definitely on the upswing, taking different forms in different institutions around the country.

The program at Agnes Scott is more developed and formalized than some. In addition to the standard semester or summer internships, externships (one week) and shadowing (half-day) work

experiences are available.

During her winter break, sophomore Anna Crotts, who is considering a career in law, spent her week as an extern working with Superior Court of Fulton County Judge Leah Sears-Collins.

"It's not like 'L.A. Law,' " comments Crotts, who observed a case in which a grandmother with no previous offenses faced a possible 60-year prison sentence. To

be responsible for such a judgment Crotts found "scary." Yet the externship helped reinforce her career choice. "I thought I wanted to go to law school before. Now I know it definitely."

ASC's Schmidt notes an internship or externship furnishes a graduating senior with talk material for interviews and an established network for job contacts and

recommendations.

"I was well prepared for a stress interview and knew how to handle it," says Jenny Gruber, a recent ASC graduate now working in personnel for the Georgia Merit System. During college she participated in a series of extern-intern placements.

The internship or externship may even result in a direct job placement with the extern sponsor. Frequently an ASC externship develops into part-time or summer employment. Occasionally it opens the door to a full-time position after college. "Anyone who has the get-up-and-go to pursue an externship has the qualities we're looking for," comments Kathy Landwehr, publicist of Peachtree Publisher, Ltd. of Atlanta. "I've seen plenty of interns get in and create their own positions."

NSIEE's program associate Sally Migliore insists that "more and more employers are interested in candidates who have some kind of documented work experience."

Randy Siegel, vice president and general manager of Fleishman-Hillard, an Atlanta public relations agency underscores that. "I won't hire a kid out of school who has not had an internship," he says. "With the number of résumés I get, a 4.0 average isn't enough for me." **ASC**

Barbie Stitt's extern experiences working with children offer her an insight into possible careers after her graduation from ASC.



MONIKA NIKORE PHOTO

The partnership between alumnae employers and ASC externs often provides opportunities for creative interaction

By Leisa Hammett-Goad

Across a fog-shrouded pasture, a rooster crows. It's day three of Barbie Stitt's externship with the Mother Nature program of High Meadows School and Camp in Roswell, Ga. While her alumna supervisor Burnette "Bunny" Sheffield '69, a.k.a. "Mother Nature," starts a fire in her cabin classroom's wood stove, Stitt routinely

tary school on 48 acres of farm and woodlands—enticed Stitt, a history and biology major. She is interested in developing educational programs for museums.

But she is also a junior ready to investigate a number of career options.

Unlike some externships, the criteria for this was "love of nature and sunny

Sheffield introduced her to a group of preschoolers, they stared, speechless and wide-eyed. "I was nervous that the kids wouldn't accept me," admits Stitt. "I had to gain their confidence. It's really a shame that by Friday, when I'll be leaving, they will have warmed up to me."

Red-haired 11-year-old Annalysa Carpenter warmed quickly, though. As she said,

in botany class—when children discovered several of the odd, smoke-filled Puff Ball Mushroom.

Mushrooms and wildlife became measurements of success for Stitt. "If I've helped children get the most out of what's going on around them by sharing my knowledge, then I've been successful."

Stitt and Holden agree

Barbie Stitt '92 Bachelor of Arts,

Major: English literature/Creative writing

Externships: High Meadows School, January 1991

Internships: Historic Preservation Consulting, Summer 1990
Historic Oakland, Spring 1991

fills two birdfeeders. She casually rattles off the birds' names: Chickadees. Bluebirds. And Tufted Titmice.

Before the children arrive, Stitt grabs her camera. The sun peeking above scalloped clouds is a picture this student newspaper photo editor can't resist. The setting of the externship—a private, alternative elemen-

disposition." Stitt felt she fit the description. "I chose this externship because it sounded fun."

It was also an opportunity for Stitt, a native of Chattanooga, to stay in Sheffield's home, to observe her at work and to help with the school's 300 children.

Her first day she recalls as "nerve wracking"—when

"It's nice to know that someone's interested in us."

Jody Holden, High Meadows founder and owner, says, "The way externs relate to children is nice. They're unsullied. They have a vitality that the children love. They bring a glimpse of the outside world, what's going on in the teaching profession. It makes us look at what we're doing with a fresh perspective.

"Externs," she also notes, "are more free to enjoy themselves than practice teachers who have the responsibility of making a good grade."

Stitt's externship experiences are impossible to grade: observing wildlife, making peace with an ornery sheep named Woolly B and sharing knowledge—learned

For extern Stitt, work with Mother Nature was fun and practical.



MONIKA NIKORE PHOTOS



that Sheffield provides a model for success. "Bunny was our first multi-age primary teacher," says Holden. "She's innovated and implemented a lot of steps we've taken. Agnes Scott can be very proud of her." She was also a good extern supervisor. "Bunny welcomed Barbie as a partner," says Holden. "She's added an extra dimension to her week so that she

can use Barbie and she will not be just an observer."

Sheffield hopes that Barbie's experience has "invigorated her for teaching—or, helped her decide not to pursue teaching. By getting acquainted and spending time with different adults, an extern sees perspectives and available choices."

What made Stitt most nervous about the week was

actually staying in Sheffield's home. "I didn't know what to expect." What Stitt found was an open-arms reception from the Sheffields and their 14-year-old daughter.

"I'm playing racquetball with Mother Nature's husband this week. I'm going to church with her tonight and to a town recycling meeting tomorrow night—they recycle *evv-ry-thing*."

Stitt habitually runs a hand through her thick, black mass of natural curls. "I used to be apathetic about the environment. . . .

"Yeah, Mother Nature's definitely been a role model for me." **ASC**

Bunny Sheffield '69, Stitt's extern supervisor, explains how the children, like the penguin, can huddle to keep warm.



Externships provide a network for job contacts, a career overview, a realistic sense of work

By Judy Bouvier

In a little windowless back room at the offices of Peachtree Publishers, Ltd., Agnes Scott extern Tonya Smith stands at a photocopier feeding in pages of a 700 page manuscript. Not one of the more glamorous duties in a small publishing company but, surprisingly enough, a vital one.

"No matter how simple a task here," says company president Margaret Quinlin, "it's linked to something larger. All kinds of complexities can arise for an extern. It's a window to business."

It's a business that has sometimes been romanti-

Aspiring writer Tonya Smith found working in a publisher's office prepared her for "what will happen when I submit my own work for publication."

cized, admits staff member Jill Smith. But, she says, "It's hard, hard work. Most people here have packed boxes. That sort of thing dispels any romantic notion."

times. You have to be ready for rejection."

After a week of organizing and copy-editing unsolicited manuscripts, filing book reviews, observing

though, I would enjoy."

Smith also was able to make some of those ties in the complex and interrelated areas of the business that Margaret Quinlin men-

Tonya Smith '93 Bachelor of Arts

Major: English literature/Creative writing

Externship: Peachtree Publishers, January 1991.

Tonya Smith chose this particular externship because she is an aspiring science fiction writer. The brief experience helped her face realities of many aspects of publishing. "I know the procedure now and I know that my first novel will probably get sent back a hundred

layout in the production department, and running an adding machine in accounting, Smith narrowed her publishing career focus.

"Certain things I definitely don't want to do," she says. "Like production. Mainly because I don't like working with computers. Editing,

tioned. The connection, for example, between the creative side of making a book and the practical side of marketing it.

"I learned from the sales department," she says, "that sometimes even a wonderful novel can't be published because it won't sell."



PATL ORRISON PHOTO

A placement often offers an eye-opening opportunity for a student

By Kathy Choy

She gained experience from just being part of the publishing milieu. "It was informal but not unprofessional. Everyone seemed so creative and open-minded." This atmosphere enabled Smith to absorb more by simply observing and asking questions, a practice the Peachtree staff encouraged.

"People were wonderful," Smith says. "Kathy bent over backwards for me." Publicist Kathy Landwehr returned the compliment. Smith, she said, "was great. She catches on quick."

Editor Susan Thurmond believes the externship "gives a student a really good overview of the field before jumping into it . . . it looks very good on a résumé," she continues. "It also helps you find a network." Taking it one step further, Jill Smith, vice president and director of sales, says: "It's a way to get a foot in the door."

Margaret Quinlin sums it up. "Publishing's a very demanding business. Every single person here matters. Externs can be just marvelous. It becomes a symbiotic relationship. Good for us and good for them."

And has it been good for Tonya Smith?

"I know that if I do another externship in publishing," she says, "I want it to be in editing. But this has also reinforced for me the fact that I don't want to be in an office at all looking at other people's books. I want to be out writing my own." **ASC**



The room is dark. Britt Brewton is staring straight ahead. Pinpoints of light quickly appear and disappear within her range of vision. Each time she sees a flash, she presses a button.

boy. She took a close look at his cornea and lens.

Then Thomas walked Brewton through the case history of a glaucoma patient. "He explained the tests and computer printouts and how he interpreted the informa-

nized office with five secretaries and assistants. The doctors are constantly booked. Still, each took some time to involve Brewton in the work of the office. She did more than clean contact lenses and help patients pick out frames.

She learned to test patients' optical power with an auto refractor. She learned to use a skills machine to detect problems connected with distance vision, depth perception and color blindness.

Brewton became the tester rather than the testee in a visual fields test. As patients were willing, the Reagins let her sit in on several eye

Britt Brewton '94 Bachelor of Arts

Major: Biology/Pre-med

Externships: Reagin Optometrics, January 1991

Shadow: Crawford Long Hospital, Pathology Dept., Spring 1991

When the test results are in, Brewton, Agnes Scott extern with the Reagin Optometric Group, learns she does not have glaucoma.

It's not that Dr. Wallis Reagin and his optometrist sons Thomas and Richard suspected that she did. But the doctors wanted her externship to include experiences from the patient's as well as the professional's point of view.

Working from the other side of the "throne," (examination chair), Richard invited Brewton to participate in the eye examination of a young

tion," says Brewton. "Thomas told more than what was done. He told me how and why it was done."

Such attention to detail is typical of Reagin's practice. Waiting rooms are comfortable and homey rather than high tech—offices are housed in what was once a private residence.

In addition to the usual magazines, one corner of the waiting room is reserved for children.

The relaxed atmosphere here belies a well orga-

examinations.

But watching the doctors give therapy to children with learning disabilities was the real eye opener for Brewton. "It was an area of optometry that I would never have guessed existed," she says. "The doctors work hard to make it fun for the children so they won't be afraid."

Brewton got a crash course in optometry. Any frustration she experienced centered around the fact that most of her week-long externship was spent filing. She admits: "I wanted to spend

more time with the doctors, following them around and discussing case histories. But they were so busy it was hard to work me in."

Thomas concurs. "You can't teach a great deal in that amount of time." He notes, "Watching an eye exam is exciting but important things are done in the office, too. If you don't learn how to run a business, it's going to be hard for you to deliver health care."

Brewton does feel the week was well spent. "I got a good general view of optometry and that's what I came for," she concludes. "It was a very valuable learning experience and it reinforces my decision to go on with pre-med."

Reagin is convinced that the benefits work both ways. "When you show someone what you do, it makes you take another look at things," he observes. "You think, why am I doing this? You don't want to get in a rut."

His son Thomas agrees. "We derive benefit from interacting with bright young people like Britt. We would like for Britt to learn to be human when she's engaged in her profession so both she and her patient can enjoy the experience as they address the problem. We hope she never loses sight of the patient as an individual."

If this is accomplished, he says, "this experience will have done the student and the medical profession a service." **ASC**

Brewton's experiences ranged from observing eye exams to reading prescriptions for glasses.

MONIKA NIKORE PHOTO





Reaching out now may confirm— or reject—an extern's life-long goals

By Mark Sandlin

Miss Ashley, piece of paper. Miss Ashley, cookie. Miss Ashley, color. Miss Ashley, Miss Ashley. . . .

"Miss Ashley"—ASC senior Ashley Barnes—has a

Area Psychoeducational Program are severely emotionally disturbed. The school is a community-based day treatment program for birth through 18 years. It is one of 24 centers comprising the Georgia Psychoeduca-

in understanding.

Like almost half of the externships, this marks a partnership of Agnes Scott and its alumnae. Debby Daniel Bryant '79, associate psychologist for the center, has offered ASC externships

Ashley Barnes '91 Bachelor of Arts

Major: Psychology with teaching certification

Externships: Griffin Area Psychoeducational Center, January 1991

Atlanta Speech School, January 1989

Wesley Chapel Psychoeducational Center, January 1988

three-year-old constantly seeking her attention. She listens, watches and responds mindfully.

Whether the children sing songs, listen to stories or play with toys, Barnes joins in.

Most children at Griffin

tional Center Network.

The program also administers Project REACH, which provides for the special needs of children, ages 3-5, with moderate to severe difficulty in seeing, hearing, moving, talking or

since the program's inception.

"Everyone on the staff says 'hurrah' when we announce the externs are coming," says Bryant.

Agrees Brenda Folk, a Project REACH teacher: "Not only do they [externs] provide a fresh face for the children, but they are an extra set of hands for us."

This year, along with Ashley's help, the center has gained two additional sets of hands with externs Lisa Anderson, a junior, and Elizabeth Isaacs, a sophomore.

One extern helps a youngster write his name within the lines. Another helps a student just trying to draw a line across the paper.

Working with youngsters who need almost constant attention can be demanding. Yet extern Barnes discovered her calling was "definitely this kind of work" with special-needs kids.



MARK SANDLIN PHOTOS





Externships benefit the student, the employer, and, usually, the “clients”

Those one-on-one encounters add a depth of experience for children, center staff and externs.

“This is a training facility, so we are supposed to always be training people,” notes Bryant. “We receive credit

The one-on-one encounters offered by externs add a depth of experience needed by emotionally disturbed children.

from the state for having trained the students the week they are here.”

This externship offers ASC students contact with professionals. “The externship is a good opportunity to see what is available in the job market before committing to a school or a job,” explains Bryant. “It allows the student to talk with different people and get

ideas for further studies and possible careers.”

The week’s constant opportunity for extern interaction with young students, observes Folk, provides: “a good feel for the psycho-educational program and the type of child we serve. . . .

“I have seen people come here straight out of college and become completely lost. They just didn’t realize the

severity of the problems we deal with here.”

The involvement has been critical to Barnes who found that she likes the challenge of working with older autistic children.

“I definitely will do this type of work,” Barnes has decided. “Now it is just working with the time frame, getting a master’s degree and being certified.” **ASC**



The FORMAL: May Day was a time for more than beauty queens

She stands there: bare arms. Delicate feet. Hands hidden beneath a bouquet of spring flowers. A stiff collar framing her face, lace cascades hinting at the form beneath. All is carefully contrived. Caught in a moment on a yearbook page.

Yet her glance makes this more than a moment. There is someone off to the side. Someone she sees, distracting her from the pageant this portrait would make of her. And we know.

This is for fun.

Few would accuse May Day Queen, 1929, of exploiting her sexuality.

Agnes Scott never was a college where such shenanigans paid much premium. Life here has always held higher purpose.

May Day celebrations, first held in 1903, would last with few interruptions until 1960.

In one sense, May Day was a spring formal held without men. Any who attended were incidental, purely spectators. In 1903 all co-ed activity—what little there was—was carefully chaperoned, including streetcar rides into Atlanta. It was a practice that would continue with the decades, the fence once encompassing the campus said to be built to discourage passage of stray dogs and loose men.

"There weren't many things they let us do with boys in those days," says Anne Equen '45. May Day



Charlotte Hunter '29: The formal was wonderful fun.

was for the women.

It was a chance to be formal when there were few opportunities to do so. It was a chance at a moment to look back on, an opportunity to be seen young and beautiful in a spectacular way, and remember.

"It all seems so trivial," says Adelaide Benson Campbell, when she reflects on May Day festivities in 1939, the year she was crowned queen. Yet so significant.

The pageantry was spec-

tacular, the costumes stunning. While May Day centered on the presentation of a queen and her court, there was also the writing of a script and an elaborate thematic dance production involving numbers of students.

One year the theme was Elizabethan, another Grecian. Once, Peter Pan swung through the trees of the May Day Dell. And one year there was the marriage of a mouse.

In the center was queen and court, dancers swirling

about them in twilight pastels. Dionysus in the Dell, loveliness suspended in a cloud of orange and organdy gliding gracefully through the dance.

May Day disappeared into a fine arts festival in the 60s. Then one year a committee of students and faculty simply voted both out of existence.

There was a hiatus of anything recognizable as formal lasting through the 70s—an era of keggers and T.G.I.F. parties. In 1980 the formal returned with a dance tacked on to a round of parties known as Spring Fling. Not as formal as May Day celebrations of the past, but with men this time. And once again with formal dresses.

What to wear, where to find it was the conversation on campus for weeks this spring, says first-year student Willa Hendrickson '94.

For her it was a square-necked, mid-calf, puffed-sleeve, white-on-white-floral pattern, lace-trimmed, Victorian.

The night before the formal her boyfriend arrived from MIT. The day of the dance, she traded several hours shampooing hair as payment for henna and a cut from her long-time hairdresser. It seemed an old-fashioned thing to do, the henna; the hint of red, something from another age.

But then, so was this.

The formal is a moment, even more a moment for the future, perhaps, than the present. **ASC**

—Bill Bangham

A former student remembers professor Geraldine Meroney

You're not teaching the material; you're teaching the students," Professor Geraldine M.

Meroney once remarked when we were discussing how I should lecture on a particularly difficult 18th-century novel.

Her comment reflects many of the traits that students valued most in Meroney: the originality and complexity of her perspectives; the precision of her intellect in salient definition; and, above all, her unfailing ability to integrate mind and heart, to translate intellectual abstractions into directly human terms.

Meroney loved humane learning, and she could inspire this love in her students because she under-

stood them as individuals as well as she understood her subject matter. Like the Renaissance humanists she admired, she educated the whole human being.

Meroney's own research was in the colonial history of South Carolina and Georgia. She achieved national recognition for her work on the Southern Loyalists during the Revolutionary War.

However, the scope of her knowledge enabled her to range through history seemingly at will, from Aquinas to Marx, from the Norman Conquest to the Vietnam War, from the Acropolis to the U.S. Senate.

But Meroney was so very fine a historian because she was so much more than an historian. When on her retirement students and friends established the

Meroney Prizes for juniors and seniors at Agnes Scott, her intellectual breadth made it fitting that these awards were given not in history but for the work in all disciplines of the humanities.

A voracious reader, Meroney knew literature, philosophy and theology as well as history. And her vast knowledge was always for use, not ostentation, whether she was explaining the lineage of the Plantagenet kings to a medieval history class or constructing the intricate genealogy of her beloved champion poodle.

Like most scholars who are wise as well as learned, Meroney's knowledge had not come only from books. A fiercely loyal Texan, she had travelled widely and had lived in Oregon, in Ireland, and in the Midwest before

she finally settled in Atlanta.

She achieved the rank of lieutenant in the U.S. Navy during World War II; she served as the administrative assistant to the Chancellor of Vanderbilt University; she had wide experience at educational institutions as diverse as the University of Oregon and Earlham College before she joined the Agnes Scott faculty.

Students listened to her and believed her because she carried the convictions of experience far beyond narrow academic boundaries.

Wide scholarly accomplishments, thorough professionalism, practical knowledge of life itself, and deep human sympathy are a rare enough combination.

But even together they do not entirely explain the impact that Meroney had on her students and on those who knew her well. The key was her integrity, her unwillingness and indeed inability to compromise herself, her beliefs, or her relationships to other people.

Geraldine M. Meroney was among the very few scholars in any generation who, because of their own caliber as human beings, because of what they are as well as what they know, mold lives along with minds.
—by Martine Watson Brownley



For ASC history professor Geraldine Meroney (second from right with her students), the goal of teaching was to educate the whole human being.

Grant gives ASC opportunity to focus on women's college, gender-based issues,

Agnes Scott College is one of seven women's colleges recently awarded a grant in the amount of \$350,000 from the Jessie Ball duPont Fund.

To be used to expand scholarly research pertaining to women's colleges and gender-based issues in higher education, it is believed to be the largest grant offered for exploration of the purpose and contributions of women's colleges.

The seven women's colleges received the grant jointly on behalf of the Women's College Coalition.

Along with Agnes Scott College in Decatur, recipients are Virginia colleges Hollins in Roanoke, Mary Baldwin in Staunton and Sweet Briar in Sweet Briar; Meredith College in Raleigh, N.C.; and Stephens College in Columbia, Mo.

Terms of the grant are for the hiring of a research director, funding of research initiatives and honoraria, organizing a research council and disseminating of studies and reports.

The grant will support scholars from both women's colleges and coeducational institutions who are studying gender issues in higher education. It will cover a three-year period beginning this spring. **ASC**

GIVE US YOUR BEST SHOT . . .

of Agnes Scott's faces and places, moments and moods. It's the Agnes Scott's Best Shots Photo Contest. So reach for your camera. And capture college life.

Alumnae, students, faculty and staff are eligible to enter.

1. Send us 8x10 black and white prints or color slides taken after January 1, 1991.

2. Enclose your name, address and phone number with each entry and include the names of all identifiable people appearing in the photograph.

3. All entries should be submitted no later than December 31, 1991. Entries will be considered the property of Agnes Scott and cannot be returned.

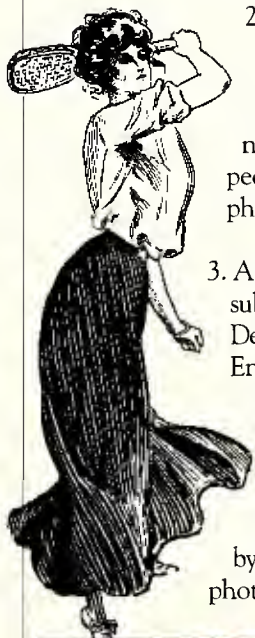
Entries will be judged by a panel of professional photographers who have

worked with Agnes Scott College and are familiar with our campus.

The first place winner will be awarded \$200, second place \$100, third place \$50. Winning entries will be published in the SPRING 1992, AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE

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Previewing the Fall 1991

AGNES SCOTT

Alumnae Magazine

The "Naba"—chief—of Domesma was the next-door neighbor of Della McMillan '75, when she first came to the village to do research related to river blindness. McMillan's research moved into environmental issues, and she now works as a consultant for the Burkina Faso government "in the dance of foreign funding"—trying to bring outside resources to the developing African nation. Read more about her work in our next issue.

AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE MAGAZINE

FALL 1991

Welcome
to the
Class of
'95

A vestige of 1990 Black Cat competition between the classes remains on a restroom stall door, second floor, Buttrick Hall. It's hand-lettered, on a scrap of green paper: "HELP SAVE

THE EARTH—Please use biodegradable paper products. Thanks, Class of 1991." For that week last October, related messages littered campus: SAVE ENERGY over light switch panels, RECYCLE ALUMINUM CANS on vending machines.

Help save the earth.

Several students at Agnes Scott have taken the issue seriously. They collect recyclables. They collapse cardboard boxes. They sort mixed glass and paper, and bag soft drink cans.

This concern for the environment marks a clear instance, notes ASC assistant professor of math Myrtle Lewin, in which "the young are teaching the old."

Other colleges report a similar groundswell: young activists instigated the Environmental Lobby (and recycling) at Hollins College. Two years ago Georgia Tech students approached officials about recycling—now the state provides program support. Junior Rebecca Wholley helps coordinate Harvard's recycling. This will be an "experimental year," reports Wholley, as Harvard examines ways to develop the program.

Says Lewin, emphatically: "We recycle because it is *morally* right." That level of commitment (last year Lewin devoted 10 hours a week) has moved the College to recycling's cutting edge. With no budget and only volunteer labor, Agnes Scott Recycling now collects 10 items: corrugated board, glass, five grades of paper, two kinds of plastics, styrofoam packing and aluminum cans.

"It's nobody's job," quips Lewin. "Everybody's responsibility." That's how she and many staff and faculty assess ASC recycling.

Victoria Lambert, for one, started recycling green waste when

she became landscape supervisor in 1986. Grounds crews dump, then smooth grass clippings and leaves over an area covering more than half a city block. They later turn and retrieve "that wonderful

rich black earth to put back on campus." ASC transforms dead tree limbs into wood chips for mulch with a used chipper purchased last year.

Computer services began recycling paper several years ago. Most faculty and staff recycle office paper. For the past three years, Annual Fund drive materials have been printed on recycled stock.

In March, Lambert, now manager of campus services, introduced products to be used campus-wide: toilet paper dispensed in jumbo rolls (to reduce packaging, cardboard tubes, lining and packing by 35%); unbleached paper towels on rolls to replace white multifold hand towels ("bleach contaminates streams with diox-

ins—rolls save 62% in paper packaging").

A student assistant set up a recycling station in our office. Now we're experimenting with recycled papers for College publications, including this and the Spring 1991 ALUMNAE MAGAZINE. (Paper stock used in this issue is from both manufacturing and post-consumer waste. Sludge from recycling byproducts such as paper coating, the paper mill uses in the production of multi-ply paperboard.)

A week after Black Cat 1990, the cleanup crews had removed the balloons, posters, streamers and the small, handscrawled note taped to our publications office shingle: HELP SAVE THE EARTH—RECYCLE PAPER. But clearly, the message stuck.

Thanks, Class of 1991.

Celeste Pennington



Art Loser Photo

College Ecology

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AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE is printed on recycled paper using vegetable- rather than petroleum-based inks.

Cover photo: Monika Nikore.

Thanks for the beautiful picture of my old friend, Charlotte Hunter [Spring 1991 issue]. Incidentally, she became associate dean of students of ASC, dean at Austin and Converse colleges and president of a school; she wasn't *just* a beauty.

Also, May Day was mainly a production of the dance department and was in no sense a "formal." Many people worked hard and seriously on it.

Please don't patronize antique efforts.

Movies of May Day, shown to prospective students, nearly kept us from coming to ASC; they looked too silly; but as a student (not involved in it, except one year as writer), I came to respect the professionalism of Harriette Hayes Lapp and the disciplined performance of her students.

Eleanor Newman Hutchens '40
Huntsville, Alabama

... I have one major suggestion and that is that there be a more complete identification of authors. ...

I know Martine [Tina] Brownley, but it would add to the article about Professor Meroney to have said when Tina graduated, that she has a Ph.D., from Harvard and that she is a member of the Emory faculty.

I have seen several comparable periodicals which give a little blurb about the authors and about those featured. ... This would add to the pleasure one finds in reading the AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE.

Julia T. Gary
Decatur, Georgia

AGNES SCOTT

Fall 1991 Volume 69, Number 2

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In and out of Africa

by Jeff Worley



Anthropologist and Southerner Della McMillan '75 dances an intricate dance of foreign funding in the West African Sahel.

Page 14

The rapture of self-expression

by Terry McGehee



An artist's sketchbook designed to stir up the shining moments, the deep-colored memories and the creativity within.

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The odyssey of discovery

by Celeste Pennington



It's a four-year odyssey into life at Agnes Scott with Texan Estella Matheu from the Class of '95.

Page 30

Agnes Scott goes Hollywood

by Mary Alma Durrett



Move over Kim Basinger and Julia Roberts—a little paint and bright lights transform yet another demure Southerner into a star.

Lifestyle Page 2

Rhodes Scholar Ila Burdette after 10 years • Susan Morton, forensic biologist • Marsha Norman's Secret Garden

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What you like and don't like

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The gazebo

Finale Page 41

Best Shots/ASC Photo Contest; Milton Scott remembers

Norman: ASC's tough, tender, Tony-award playwright

At a recent performance of the Tony-award winning Broadway musical, *The Secret Garden*, two designer-dressed matrons, flashing pseudo sophistication and real gemstones, were overheard during intermission sharing production stories. "They brought Marsha Norman in to do the script," one explained to the other, "because she's a tough, caustic sort and could be counted on to keep the story from getting too sweet and sentimental."

Marsha Norman is also vulnerable, humorous, warm, an artist who embraced the *Garden* project from its outset. Designer Heidi Landesman had relayed her interest in a musical version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's children's classic and invited Marsha to collaborate.

No question, though, Marsha Norman is tough. She's already survived impressive levels of success and failure. Now, highly visible as a consequence of winning her second major honor — the 1991 Tony for her scripting of this new musical — Norman seems poised to pursue musical theater. This is less a departure for her than it may seem to those who have sampled the serious plays of her early career.

When Marsha Norman was awarded the 1983 Pulitzer Prize for her drama, *'night, Mother*,

the Agnes Scott campus was stirred: we were pleased to remember the young playwright had been a student at the college in the late sixties.

At that point, we had little first-hand information about her. Those who had witnessed Atlanta's Academy Theatre

when the laurel-crowned Norman returned to Agnes Scott in April of 1984 for the English department's Writers' Festival and declared that she had been "invisible" as a student. She had left after her junior year to marry; and although she completed her undergraduate and graduate degrees at the University of Louisville, nothing, she insisted, quite compensated for abandoning the ASC degree — until she won the Pulitzer. Be sure you have a Pulitzer in your future, she warned would-be transfer students: that is



Susan Johnson 1991

Norman's Tony for *Secret Garden* adds to her earlier Pulitzer.

production of *Getting Out* were exposed to Norman's provocative first drama about a woman confronting the challenges of her release from prison. But few anecdotes of her personal history were flying across campus. As a philosophy major at Agnes Scott, the then Marsha Williams had been closest to Professor Merle Walker, and she died before her student came to prominence.

We were amused, therefore,



Bob Marshak Photo

the only way you'll feel all right about yourself again.

However, her droll talk that

April instructed us that she was already thinking of the Pulitzer as a liability; in later interviews, she characterized it as a "curse." Her play, *Traveler in the Dark*, had opened at the American Repertory Theatre in Cambridge in February, 1984, and the Pulitzer had hardly guaranteed its success. In Norman's view, that had almost invited its failure. Still pained by critical rejection, the artist, in her talk to her Agnes Scott audience, shaped her own determination to use failure to provoke her growth as a playwright.

Norman went through one of her periods of relative "invisibility." She abandoned theater briefly to write a novel, *The Fortune Teller*, and she eventually developed a cautious workshop production of *Sarah and Abraham* with the Actors' Theatre of Louisville, the company which had nurtured her talents with *Getting Out*. The new play focused on the disintegration of the longest marriage on record. At the same time, Norman changed her personal life dramatically.

Realizing a lifelong passion to live by the sea, she and her new husband, artist Tim Dykeman, moved to a beach house on Long Island. At age 40 she became the mother of Angus and entered gratefully into a time which she regards as one of her most creative and satisfying.

The Secret Garden opened in May of 1991

to reviews that were sufficiently favorable to give the work momentum; the three Tonys

garnered by the show — Norman's, Heidi Landesman's for dazzling sets, and eleven-year-old Daisy Egan's for her creation of Mary Lennox — will likely extend its life through albums and touring.

The play, lavish and lovely with its Victorian setting and graceful costuming, is poignant in its reminders of a time when love and death were inextricably locked in exquisite extremes of passion — when convictions held that love and life could indeed prevail over darkness and death.

Mandy Patinkin creates the character of the grieving uncle Archibald Craven, who must be reawakened to life by young Mary; and Patinkin's gorgeous voice deepens the aural pleasures of the piece almost to the depths of tears.

But this musical is most impressive for celebrating the talents of the four women who brought the \$6.2 million production into being: Norman and Landesman, director Susan H. Schulman, and composer Lucy Simon, who wrote the hauntingly beautiful music.

When Norman ran for office at Agnes Scott back in 1967, she wrote in *The Profile* about the risks of action getting stymied by reassessment, evaluation, analysis: "By experimenting, working, changing, we can discover ways to vitalize our commitments."

Her life to date has proved the validity of her early advice; her talents along with her resilience and flexibility have been honored by a Pulitzer and a Tony. But "invisibility" in any sphere for Marsha Norman is no longer an option.

—Linda Hubert '62

Burdette: From Rhodes Scholar to scholarly architect

I la Burdette '81 politely requests a telephone interview rather than meeting face to face in her office. She prefers that the photographer postpone his shooting session until after hours or the weekend, so as not to disrupt the daily routine at Nix, Mann & Associates of Atlanta. Burdette appears uneasy about being in the spotlight, like she'd much rather blend in with the 60 to 70 other architects and designers who fill the drafting tables and cubicles at her Peachtree Street office.

So why draw her into the spotlight? Well, she'll probably always have notoriety in Agnes Scott's eyes. In 1981, as a senior in mathematics at Agnes Scott, Burdette became the College's first Rhodes Scholar and Georgia's first woman to gain that distinction. This year marks the 10th anniversary of her award and the end of her first full year of professional work in Georgia — milestones that beg for reverie and retrospection, particularly when you learn that her life could have turned out quite differently.

"After my freshman year at Scott, I began to seriously consider architecture as a career," recalls Burdette. "So that summer, I enrolled in Georgia Tech for two semesters. Arthur Frank Beckum was my professor and I began to seek his advice about whether I should stick with that program or go back to Scott. He said go back and get your liberal arts degree and go after the technical stuff later. So I did and started working



Burdette a decade after her experiences as a Rhodes Scholar.

with [Nix, Mann] on summer jobs thereafter."

But even with her career choice settled and her math direction mapped out, Burdette was a lover of words and her English teacher coaxed her toward the Rhodes. "I took all the English I could on the side. Mrs. Margaret Pepperdene — I was really her girl. There were about 12 of us, and she believed in all of us." Burdette almost didn't apply for the scholarship, "but Mrs. Pepperdene said, 'Do this for me,' and I did."

She completed two years of English study at Oxford University, attaining a master's degree, and went on to an even-less-likely third year

Rhodes Scholarship, gaining a diploma in art history.

"I lived in a room that Oliver Cromwell occupied [during the siege]. It was freezing but it didn't matter because everything was an adventure. And by the time you got there, there had been so many interviews that everyone knew so much about you that you didn't have to introduce yourself."

The tutorial format was much to the Georgian's liking. "Once a week you would appear at your tutor's door. You would read to him your essays of the week. He would interrupt and ask questions and then continue, and he would give you the next reading and essay assignments, about two essays a week for three years."

Americans were not very popular in England at the time, but the British were not unkind to the Rhodes Scholars who, as Burdette explains, worked and lived outside of any established "class" of people. By the time the very small group completed a third year of study at Oxford, "we were the dinosaurs." It was time to return home and begin her advanced study in architecture at Princeton.

One of her Princeton professors led her to the Philadelphia firm Kieran, Timberlake and Harris, where she gained experience on historic projects: Philadelphia's Eastern State Penitentiary, an 1829 structure designed by John Haviland; the Church of the Ascension in New York City, designed 1840 and 1885 by Richard Upjohn and Stanford White; and the Church of the Covenant in New York, designed by J.C. Cady 1871; and the famous Frank Furness Boathouse Row,

PAUL OREBON PHOTO

Philadelphia. "I climbed a lot of church steeples," jokes the young architect. The stint also allowed her experience on a number of contemporary projects, including the Powelton Gardens Housing for the Homeless and a Rider College building.

Family, friends and a longing for Georgia led her back home, and to the familiar offices of Nix, Mann, where she's a member of the team designing the \$25 million Sarasota Memorial Hospital. Says firm President Lewis Nix of Ila's work, "I can only speak of her in the highest superlatives. When Ila [was still in school], we thought she could become the head of General Motors — why does she want to become an architect?"

To Nix, Mann's advantage, says the president, she chose architecture. "The work that she had done in Philadelphia was very impressive and her credentials were far beyond what we normally see. The great thing to me about Ila is her everyday personable attitude. She's completely unassuming. She represents the firm well, and will probably end up in a managerial position."

What advice would Burdette offer others who are considering a Rhodes Scholarship?

"I'm answering from two spots now," she says, explaining her membership on the American Association of Rhodes Scholars Board. "Don't think of it as a stepping stone to something else or as a competitive [thing to attain]. If you can, treat it as a gift that miraculously happens, then even the interviews can be fun."

—Mary Alma Durrett

Forensic biologist Morton is a "loops and swirls" detective

Susan E. Morton '71 takes a single finger print, enlarges it, carefully traces it, then enters that image into her computer.

The data is expressed as a grid pattern—then through a series of queries, compared with millions of fingerprints stored in a network of law enforcement computers throughout the western United States.

"It narrows the field from six million [suspects] to ten," she jokes.

She compares the fine details of those 10 fingerprints and follows up the closest match. "We have solved several cases that otherwise had no leads, no hope of solving," she notes. "Criminals hate it."

Morton, a biology graduate of Agnes Scott, is a forensic biologist working in the crime laboratory of the U.S. Postal Inspection Service, San Francisco, Calif. She is senior documentation analyst serving the western region.

"In a way, it's detective work," Morton explains.

She mulls over evidence from illegal operations involving counterfeiting, drugs, forgery, burglary, weapons, then prepares that evidence for presentation in court. "I make charts. I show the jury what I've seen. I try to make it so clear that

they believe the evidence themselves."

For the first five years after graduation, Morton was an expert in paper evidence (involving counterfeiting and forgery) for the Georgia Bureau of Investigation. She testified in cases all over the state. One involved a master forger who impersonated a physician and emptied the doctor's bank account of \$100,000. "He was so good at forgery, even the doctor couldn't tell the difference in the signatures." By comparing things like relative heights of letters, Morton was able to prove the forgery.

Today she handles many kinds of criminal evidence, from shoe prints and footprints to letters on computer or typewriter ribbons. Some cases require extensive puzzling and research. Others she finds practically solve themselves. Recently she was helping track

a gang of expert counterfeiters — all Chinese, just arrived in the United States and still unfamiliar with English.

The first member was caught in a department store attempting to purchase several expensive watches with a stolen credit card and faked i.d. "He was confused. He had his own picture on the i.d. to prove who he was," says Morton. But it didn't take an expert to call his hand. The name he faked was Elizabeth Selby.

The rest of the gang was rounded up later, attempting to break into a relay box with a counterfeited key. The San Francisco post office had anticipated the visit with a time-lapse video camera and a key grabber.

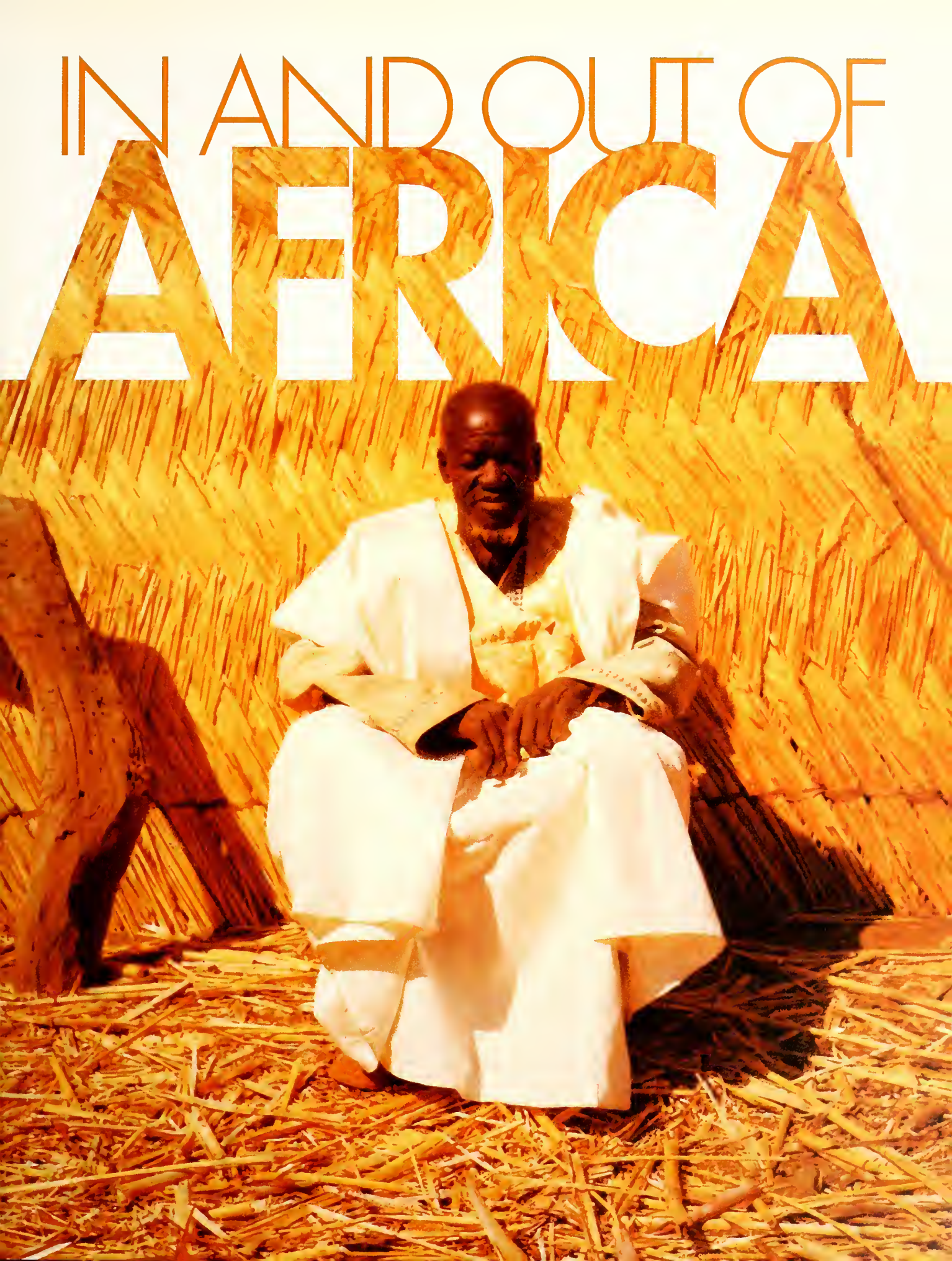
"We had quite a little scene out there about 2 a.m.," says Morton. A member of the gang ran to get the leader when the key grabber held on to the faked box key. "Then the head of the gang came out. He thought his minions were being incompetent. So he began yanking on the key. We got all this on videotape.

"Videotape is wonderful. It may cost a lot of money to set up, but it's cheaper than hiring a person to wait on the suspect. And after it's over, who can argue with it?" **ASC**

Did you hear about the Chinese counterfeiter named "Elizabeth"? As a forensic biologist, ASC's Susan Morton helps solve Postal Service crimes.



PAUL OREGON PHOTO



IN AND OUT OF AFRICA

For years Della McMillan '75 has moved between the Southern U.S. and famine-ravaged rural West Africa, an anthropologist caught in the intricate "dance of foreign funding"

BY JEFF WORLEY

MORNING AFTER MORNING,

Della E. McMillan '75 awakened to the booming cadence of Damesma women pounding grain for millet, while others returned from the village well, balancing their daily supply of water in heavy vessels on their heads. In those early hours, McMillan, Ph.D., during her first long-term fieldwork in Sub-Saharan Africa, worked on her field notes and brewed tea. "Mornings were wonderful — my quiet time."

With her home next to the chief's, that early calm was frequently interrupted. "You're never alone in a compound," explains McMillan, now an independent consultant out of Gainesville, Fla. "You learn to work

with lots of people coming in and out." She made her tea strong, dark and sweet, serving up to 10 pots a day to women who drifted in. Everyone drank from the same bowl, according to custom. And as they talked, McMillan gleaned information.

For almost 14 years, this native Georgian has worn, alternately, the richly patterned Burkinabè dress and the scholar's robes, dividing her time between the United States and the plateaus of Burkina

Faso as well as Ghana, Togo, Mali and Nigeria in the Sudano-Sahelian regions of West Africa. She's an anthropologist who traded an academic position for a chance to use her expertise to help set national

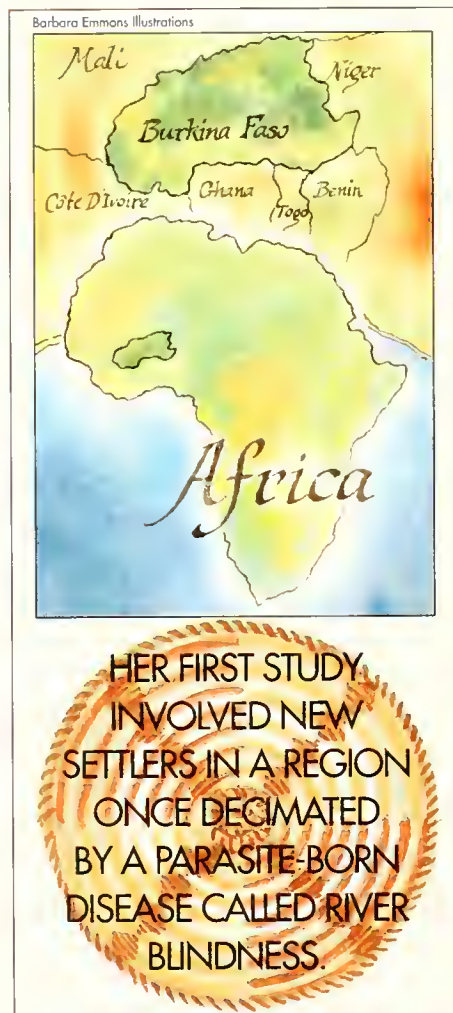
policy and attract foreign funding for projects in the West African Sahel. "An anthropologist loves to go into villages and study things. Getting things done," she says with a smile, "steps across the line into policy making."

Her initial field research (from 1978 to 1980) focused first on a Burkina "home" village in the densely populated Mossi Plateau, later on the agricultural practices of several families who left home to help settle and farm a once disease-infested river valley.

For more than a half century, villagers along that fertile river had been forced out of their homes by

onchocerciasis (river blindness). Parasites (passed through the bites of black flies) grew under the victims' skin and produced millions of microscopic offspring that eventually attacked the hosts' eyes. As a result, as many as 60 percent of the river

Della McMillan and friends in Burkina Faso. She recently was made an alumnae member of Agnes Scott College Phi Beta Kappa in recognition of her work and her PhD.





villagers over the age of 55 had become partially or totally blind.

McMillan's research studied the social and economic impact of a control program involving insecticide sprayed over area rivers and the free distribution of an oral prophylactic which protected villagers from resurgence of the disease.

"In one fell swoop," says McMillan, "they opened up all this land. River blindness control changed everything." Once abandoned villages — and fallow land — are springing to life as government-sponsored settlers institute modern farming methods: fertilizing, rotating crops.

Carefully McMillan watched and recorded whether these families were following government guidelines — and why. She also compared some spontaneous settlers with those settled by the government.

By day, she talked with visitors and extension agents. Each evening, with notebook and a lamp in hand, she ventured past village cotton fields to families. "First I worked with 20 farmers in the 'traditional' home village and 24 in two neighboring villages," she says. "I ended up getting two years' data on 36 farm families."

Crucial to the entire study were relationships, beginning with the *Naba* (the Damesma chief who represents a long line of traditional rulers who remain a political force in the region) and his several wives.

"As I got to know the chief in the home village better, he opened networks for me to move into the valley with the re-settled farmers." From the *Naba's* point of view, "It was very prestigious to have an anthropologist living in his village."

She found herself at home among the people. Yet in the beginning, she admits, "I made every mistake you could make" — including a decision to build her house next door to the *Naba*. She laughs. "Every field manual tells you: *Never build your house right next to the chief.*"

THE RED EARTH

of Burkina has seemed like home to McMillan whose roots grow deep in Georgia clay. Acquaintances unaware of that strong cultural tie sometimes kid about her career choice: "You look like a Southern belle, talk like a Southern belle, act like a

Southern belle. . . ." She notes that for a while she was "directionless—and a Southern belle without direction can be a dangerous animal." Yet she believes her Southern experience prepared her to relate to the Burkina people and understand their culture. "There are a lot of similarities between rural Southerners and Burkinabès."

McMillan grew up on St. Simons Island. "In 1959, it was like a small village, with a marsh on one side and the ocean on the other."

Della McMillan Photos



OFTEN, AS SHE
DRIVES THE BURKINA
COUNTRYSIDE,
SHE IS REMINDED OF HER
RURAL GEORGIA
EXPERIENCES.
THERE ARE SIMILARITIES
BESIDES GEOGRAPHY.

As children, she and her brothers spent time on their grandfather's rural Georgia farm near Athens where they rode ponies bareback down winding, red-dirt roads and cattle paths.

Her grandfather, an executive with Southern Bell, maintained a weekend farm in Greene County where he had grown up. He loved and collected the simple tools of turn-of-the-century Georgia agriculture. "There was no TV, no telephone on his

farm. He taught us how to churn butter, make candles, soap and bullets," she says. "This is where I got interested in traditional farming methods."

Her grandfather taught her that sophisticated tools like tractors were useless for farming small areas. "He said, 'They use gas and break down all the time.' My grandfather had quite a collection of plows, some very much like those that the more advanced farmers now use in Burkina Faso."

McMillan's first connection with Western Africa occurred in 1973 while she was at Agnes Scott, an undergraduate enrolled in one of Penny Campbell's courses on African history. "Around this time I sat down and thought, 'What are the most exciting things going on in the world?' To me, it all centered around the West discovering Africa."

Forty-plus new African nations were being formed. "It was exciting to contemplate," says McMillan, "what those countries were going to do in the world order by the year 2000."

As a junior she experienced Africa, spending the summer in Togo and visiting Benin and Ghana in 1974.

"I owe basically what I am today to two Agnes Scott professors—Penny Campbell and John Tumblin. Penny's African history course pulled it all together for me. This is where I got hooked and found a sense of direction." She recalls writing a paper on Togo based on interviews conducted during the summer of 1974, as well as an intensive review of literature. She worked more than two months on the assignment. "Then," she recalls, "I turned it in without proofing it — it had 32 typographical errors. Penny gave me a 'B.' But she said, 'Della, you just don't turn in 32 typographical errors.' (I rewrote the paper and submitted it as part of my application to Northwestern.)

"I took John Tumblin's anthropology course and loved it. He basically put a bit in my mouth and nudged me and said, 'You're on the right track, go!'" Muses Tumblin, "In spite of the pummeling she took from us, Della is still wide-eyed, excited and amazed at the world around

Solemone, a son in the family with whom McMillan lived on the AVV project, takes animals to market. Soon afterwards, he left the village to seek his fortune on the Côte d'Ivoire (Ivory Coast). Top left: A Damesma woman with a bowl of seeds she's about to plant.



her. She still has a healthy sense of wonder. She came to us with a lot of resources which she expanded at Agnes Scott. She's been a thoroughbred all along. Agnes Scott simply served as a place she could run."

She earned her master's degree (1976) and her doctorate (1983) in anthropology at Northwestern University and served as assistant professor in anthropology at the University of Kentucky (1986-88).

As she narrowed her focus on Africa, McMillan slowly gained a fresh perspective of the world. "I feel that African history distilled European history, Third-World history and even Asian history because you're dealing with all those influences."

And, she believes, "If you objectively examine the history of the South, it opens your eyes to understanding Africa."

She smiles. "During rainy season, riding through many parts of Burkina is like riding from Macon to Atlanta. The red clay. The mix of soft wood and hardwoods. The climate, the crops."

Cotton, once Georgia's staple, today is Burkina's cash crop. "If you travel west of the capital, you are in the cotton boom area and it's spreading rapidly with positive economic consequences for the region. But," she warns, "production techniques may cause the same kinds of troubles that plagued Southern farms."

In poor countries like Burkina Faso, as many as 80-90 percent of the people live in rural areas. And, she believes, "Rural people all over the world have certain core values and attitudes, which persist for several generations after they become urban-

ized. Until recently, the southern United States has been highly rural."

TO RURAL, BURKINABÈS,

family means power. "They perceive their country as an abstraction without much significance. They see their family as the unit to be improved." Historically, Southerners have valued close family ties. "We use family," she draws the parallel. "Black and white Southerners alike know that until recently, family was the avenue to success—as well as the beneficiary of one's success—both social success and political success."

Upward mobility for rural Burkinabès may require a move away from home. As in the American South, "If you are an ambitious young man from rural villages, the way to make money has been to migrate to the coast and make it there.

"Historically," she continues, "Burkina is un *reservoir d'hommes* (a reservoir of men), strong, hard-working people who could be drained for military

service. . . . The Southern United States has been the *reservoir d'hommes* for the United States military and northern industrial growth. We were its cheap labor. Since World War I, men and women of both cul-

Contrasts stand out vividly in developing nations. By 1987, some settlers had earned enough to rent tractors. Nevertheless, many still relied on the two oxen and a plow given them when they immigrated to the valley.

Della McMillan Photos



"IF YOU OBJECTIVELY EXAMINE THE HISTORY OF THE SOUTH, IT OPENS YOUR EYES TO UNDERSTANDING AFRICA." TWO PARALLELS ARE RURAL LIFE AND FAMILY.





tures have been attracted to the military as an avenue of upward mobility."

War has influenced the destinies of each. Africa's "reconstituting" by numerous cultures — French, British, Germans — has developed in it an "overlay of colonial culture." Like Africans, she says, "Georgians know what it feels like to be a conquered people. We know that after a war, reconstruction is hard. We know what it means to be the victim of policies made by non-related peoples living generations in faraway geographical regions. Like Africans, we know that Civil Wars can leave scars for generations."

McMillan says both Burkina and the Southern United States have good weather, cheap land and cheap taxes.

"If you really scratch beneath the surface, Southerners should be more sensitive to the plight of the Third-World countries than anyone in the United States. I think it is no accident that [former President and Georgian] Jimmy Carter has taken an interest in the Third World, that his mother Lillian served as a Peace Corps volunteer. Carter is still widely loved in Africa."

FOR YEARS,

McMillan worked African outposts, venturing into cities only occasionally. Now her work is primarily in metropolitan circles. Her dwelling is in high-rise hotels; she travels by chauffeur-driven cars from boardroom to government office; she has served on various national and international teams designing projects for the World Bank and the United Nations. She says the stakes are high.

On one hand, McMillan is drawn to this challenge. "There is a certain headiness in dealing with governments. There is an intoxication of being where decisions are made." Yet she admits to feeling unschooled for the task. "As an anthropologist, you know in your gut what works. Being direct, saying exactly what I think, has worked well for me until now. But in the diplomatic mode, you must negotiate."

"My eyes have been opened to the huge complexity of policy making. This is a different culture—the culture of donors and national government administrators."

The civil servants working for bilateral agencies like USAID and the Dutch government, or the multilaterals like the UN

and World Bank, must promote programs that are consistent with their governments' and/or agency's policies. For instance, a U.S. or Dutch aid program must consistently address women's issues "or it will be shot down at home."

African officials operate under their own peculiar constraints. Most represent young governments that rely on urban minorities (rather than rural majorities) to stay in power — "they simply cannot adopt policies that would weaken those allies'

Della McMillan Photos



**SOUTHERNERS,
MORE THAN OTHER
AMERICANS,
SHOULD BE
SENSITIVE TO
THE PLIGHT OF AFRICA
TODAY.**

positions, even if it would be better for the whole country." To keep donations flowing, these officials "must also whistle Dixie" to the United States, the European Economic Community, the Russians.

Donors like the World Bank and national governments are constrained and encouraged by policies or concerns of their constituencies. One country may give money earmarked for education, another for health or agricultural development.

Tension mounts as each group tries to meet the Burkinabès' needs and at the same time respond to constraints of all the other constituencies.

"I became more empathetic with the Burkina government and why they seem to design policies that don't always benefit their own people. They are forced to answer to the donors and to the urban Burkinabè.

"My job," adds McMillan, "is usually to try to get all of these groups moving together in a positive direction, to dance the dance of foreign funding."

For her, that job can be frustrating, even tough, especially when the design for funding seems impractical, its application not workable at the grassroots level. "You know what the local officials say they want. You know what the data has taught you. You know what a particular donor will fund. You know what has worked and not worked in other areas of the world. There are these constraints, but also the opportunities, of the dance. As an anthropologist you can say it's useless, I can't accomplish anything. They won't listen to what the rural constituent really needs.

"You can throw up your hands. You can walk away. You can write a paper. You can even get an endowed chair at a university writing papers on how the world system works against grassroots development.

"Or," she says, "you can get in there and learn a whole new set of skills that no one teaches you in grad school—diplomacy.

"This requires you to be a whole different person. You are not in the village learning and beloved and non-threatening. For me it's much easier to go out and do a study. It's much harder to determine what's doable, then push what you think is good as far as you think you can."

This past summer McMillan worked on behalf of the United Nations Development Program in Nigeria, then spent six weeks in Washington, D.C., and Uganda, coordinating a conference on Involuntary Resettlement in the Environment for the Environmental Division of the World Bank. "Now I must argue a position," she admits and grins.

"To me, it's a lot more fun to sit around and drink tea." **ASC**

Jeff Worley is a freelance writer in Lexington, Ky., and former assistant professor of English, Pennsylvania State University.



MCMILLAN
ON EDUCATION:
THINK GLOBAL IN SCOPE,
PREPARE WOMEN
FOR LEADERSHIP

The July day Della McMillan '75 stopped by Agnes Scott, she was on her way to make a presentation to the World Bank. During those moments, she expressed her concerns for contemporary training of women who will one day assume roles of leadership in the world.

In successful presentations and negotiations — “the trick,” she says, “is to make what you know easily understandable and quickly usable.” She laments that her early training did not require courses in public presentation and notes additional gaps.

“I see one of the challenges of women’s education — whether in college or high school — is to give women the chance for leadership roles that are very different from the overarching sex roles in the society. This is where the game gets most difficult: I am used to being very direct, saying exactly what I think.

“My Achilles heel is I don’t respond in meetings in the most professional ways: tonalities, facial expressions, body language. That will cause people not to take a person seriously. I do wish someone earlier in my career had helped me work on this. Maybe I should have played Little League baseball.”

McMillan urges students to explore cultures outside their own. “I think it is crucial that curriculum at the university level provide courses about Third World countries. Teachers, people in military, businesspeople all need this perspective.”

And finally, advises McMillan, “If I were 18, today, I would be learning Chinese or Japanese or one of the Eastern European languages.

“I would be turning my eyes toward Asia or the former USSR.”

The Rapture of Self-Expression



EVERYTHING BY TERRY McGEHEE

What is creativity? Where does it come from? Do some of us have it . . . but not others? Must it be mysterious and remote?

Guess what?

In the second grade, I was the one who drew the "better" cat. One evening, when I was supposed to be practicing my reading, I drew a CAT. The next day, when I carried it to school, I was DISCOVERED.

On that day in the second grade I was labeled ARTIST. And from that day on, I received encouragement concerning my creativity.

But many others, who did not share my second-grade experience of affirmation, cease to believe in their own ability to create. The myth that creativity had been placed outside their boundaries dampened that creative spark and made the process of art-making inaccessible and therefore, beyond possible achievement.

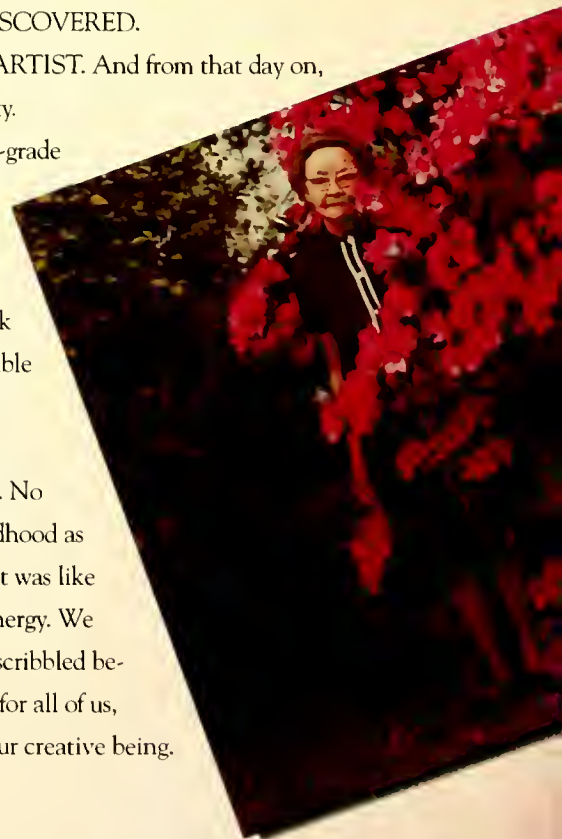
I wish to dispel that myth.

We come into this world with creative abilities. No matter what country or culture, we spend our childhood as creative entities. Many of us have forgotten what it was like to be a freewheeling, ever-inquisitive bundles of energy. We sang before we knew we couldn't carry a tune; we scribbled before we knew we couldn't draw. There was a time, for all of us, when we did not know there were limitations to our creative being.

What happened?

When did creative atrophy begin?

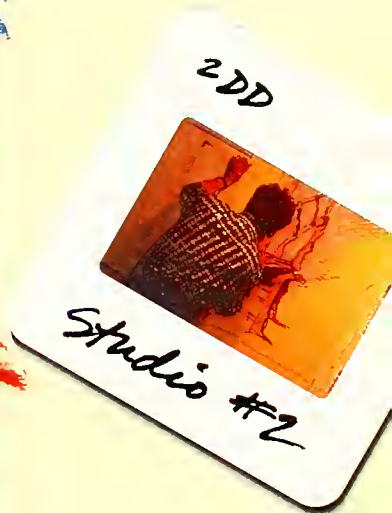
that color
in sky is depends
on what planets you
live on a cat
Safari



grandmother "Mi Mi"
Maxima, Florida



My grandmother instilled in me a strong sense of freedom—to explore, to dream. She would have liked the series of drawings, "I AM A CHAIR" begun in 1985. (I titled the series long before I actually believed they were self-portraits.)



I AM A CHAIR



doo-ba daba doo-ba daba
doo-ba daba doo-ba daba



Making art is like camping out - it's hard work, uncomfortable, yet wonderful. It puts you back in touch with nature.



Studio #4

Deer Tracks



Studio #5

Tent Site

When did we begin to say, "Someday I want to take a painting class or music lessons or knitting or gardening or . . . or . . . or . . . ?"

For the past 15 years, my challenge has been to balance the demands of teaching with my sincere interest in making art. The foundation of both areas is the belief that self-expression is essential to the realization of our potential as human beings.

Conscious participation in creative activity is a goal worthy of our serious consideration. The positive results of self-fulfillment are reminders in this technological, out-of-time, out-of-touch world that we are still alive.

We live in a time and place in which we have lost sight of meaning and often lack feeling because of our inability to tell content from form. We look to "information" for answers: the TV, billboards, newspapers, books, magazines, education, malls. . . . We move faster between and among objects that we possess and our worlds are so cluttered we do not notice the possessions anymore. Our expectations are so high for gadgets that will make our lives more efficient so we can accomplish more.

But what more do we need to accomplish outside of ourselves?

"People say that what we're all seeking is a meaning for life. I don't think that's what we're really seeking. I think that what we're seeking is an experience of being alive, so that our life experiences on the purely physical plane will have resonances within our innermost being and reality; so that we actually feel the rapture of being alive." —Joseph Campbell, *Myth and the Modern World*

I believe we live in a universe worthy of our awe and wonderment.

Yet when did we last feel rapture? Where have we placed the subjective, the intuitive, the mysterious, the accidental? Is it "God"-centered and outward, self-oriented and inward, some combination, or have we lost touch with the spiritual?

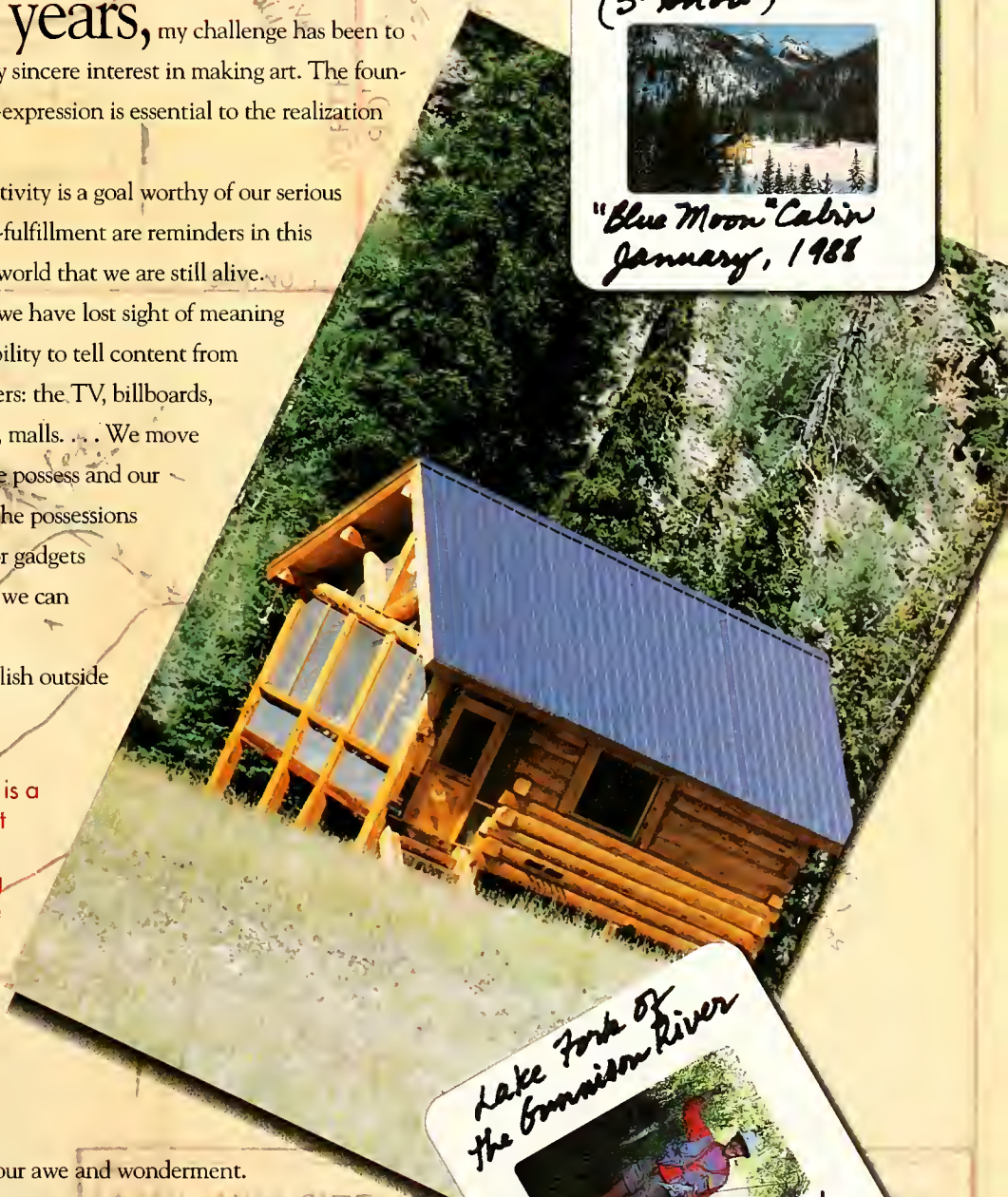
I think we are closer to experiencing the rapture of being alive than most of us believe. But how do we get in touch with it? How far are we away from it? How will we know it?

I believe self-expression is a major player in being fully alive.

Lake City, Colorado
(3' snow)



"Blue Moon" Cabin
January, 1988



Lake Fork of
the Gunnison River



Lake City, Colorado
July, 1987

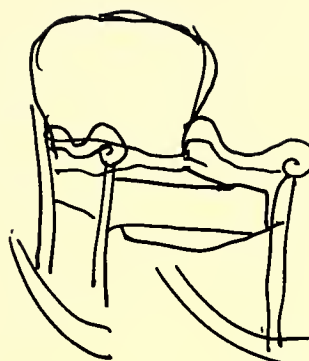


My sculptural furniture
is a balance of nature
and nurture. I
embrace natural
form yet strive to
bring good design
principles to its
side.



What are we doing with our lives and when have we assessed our dreams?

I once taught an evening art class—people of all ages, with different training in art and very different needs. Four women in their 60s had signed up; each said she wouldn't have taken it alone. One of the women was very intent on painting a purple orchid. "Honey," she exclaimed to me, "if you can teach me how to paint an orchid, I will be indebted to you forever." . . .



Intuitively I realized she was asking for skills, not knowledge; she knew more about orchids than I would ever know, but she could not make the translation from knowledge to form. I began to ask her about orchids. She "painted" the orchid in words. Every question I asked, she could answer. Then we talked about color, light, texture and brushstroke. And soon she was able to paint her orchid to great satisfaction.

I never touched her canvas.

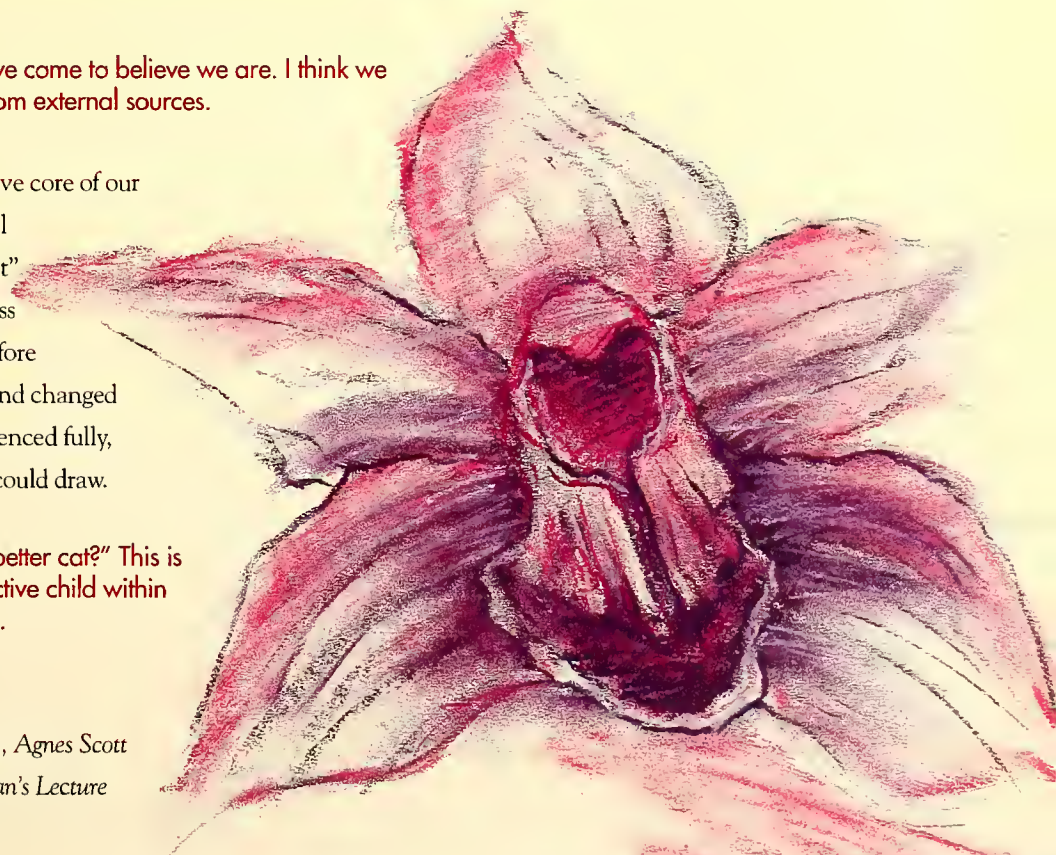
She refused to take the appropriate credit for her knowledge and continued to support the "great artist myth" by suggesting I had unusual powers as an artist. She saw me in a grocery store years later and spoke, with great devotion, of what I had done for her.

I believe we are much more than we have come to believe we are. I think we possess many of the answers we seek from external sources.

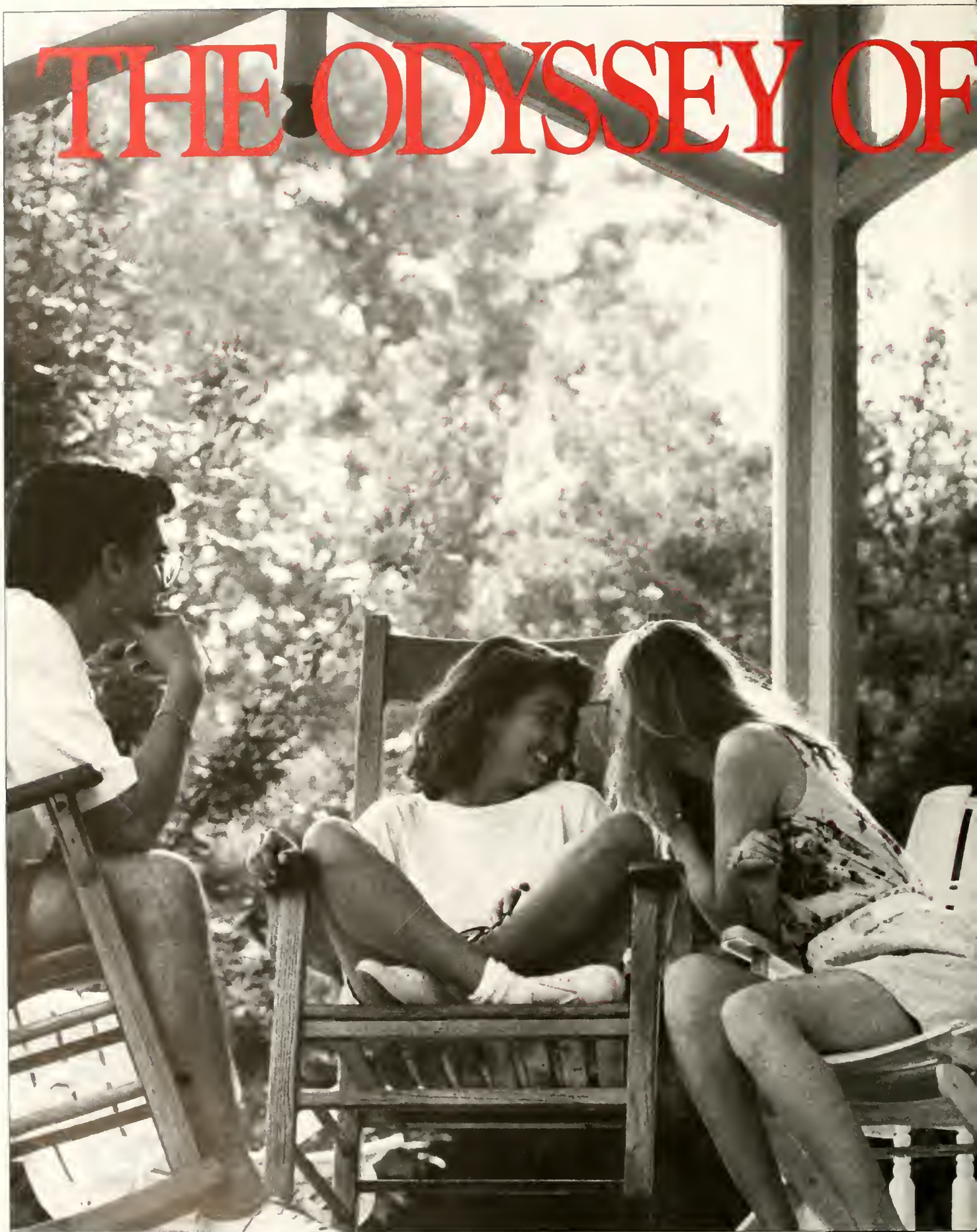
But to rediscover the creative self-expressive core of our beings; to express ourselves freely; to dispel the debilitating fears that "I have no talent" (or "what will it look like?") we must access our memory. We must go back in time, before institutions and value systems interfered and changed our world, back to the memory last experienced fully, when we were children, and believed we could draw.

Ask yourself, "What if I had drawn the better cat?" This is the first step toward reclaiming the creative child within and it holds the hope of being fully alive.

Terry McGehee is chair of the art department, Agnes Scott College. The article is excerpted from her Dean's Lecture delivered in the spring.



THE ODYSSEY OF



DISCOVERY

Written by Celeste Pennington
Photographed by Monika Nikore



A MIXTURE OF EMOTION
AND RATIONALITY, ESTELLA
MATHEU BEGINS LIFE AT ASC

If fresh tee-shirt and white sneakers make Estella Matheu blend with other first-year students at Agnes Scott, what sets her apart is easy, light-hearted laughter.

It surrounds her like afternoon sun as she and roommate Kathy Durkee sit with two new friends in the gazebo. It follows her into the night as neighbors take a break from studies for a romp through Walters halls.

She keeps a teddy bear on her bed. "I am very emotional," she admits. But stark against the wide white wall above her bed is a curved black and silver stethoscope. She smiles. "I am also very rational." Estella is 19, a biology major from Houston, Texas. She plans to be a pediatrician. Her special interest is in infants with AIDS.

Setting aside a bias for women's colleges long enough to visit a half-dozen schools, she chose Agnes Scott based on its small classes, academic reputation, campus, dorm life and "the kindness of its people." It was, she concludes, "custom-made for me."



Of a record total 684 (527 first-year) student applicants, Estella Matheu is among the 152 newly matriculated first year students at ASC. Beginning this issue, AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE will document four years of contemporary student life, following Matheu and the Class of 1995 from orientation through graduation.

First-year students Estella Matheu and roommate Kathy Durkee with Emory freshmen Andrew Groelinger and Brian Lenzie, new friends they've made since arriving at ASC.

AS TIME COMES TO LEAVE,
ESTELLA'S PARENTS ADMIT, "WE FEEL
GOOD. BUT WE WORRY, TOO."

Estella's father, Walter, reaches into a sack and gingerly pulls out a small package wrapped with a pink bow. "This is for her roommate," he says as he places it on the dresser.

It's 10:30 a.m., Saturday. In muggy August 24th heat, Walter and wife Teresa — like hundreds of parents — have already hauled boxes, duffle bag, laundry detergent, dresses and luggage

under the Welcome Scotties banner and up to their daughter's third-floor room. While Estella empties suitcases into a closet and chest of drawers, her parents make her bed.

Then they look around. Her lamp is on the desk. Her jeans, shoes and short formals are in the closet. Her "pet" plant sits in its tiny glass vase on the windowsill.

Their work here is almost complete.

"We are feeling good," her mother

insists. "But we worry, too." Walter stares out of the dorm window, then teases his daughter to beware of any Romeo who might try to scale the walls. She says not to worry, then giggles. She will throw the pet plant on any intruder.

"When she is little, we always take care of her — we never leave her with a babysitter because we did not want to leave her with strangers," explains Teresa. Walter holds up his

index finger and says just two words: "One daughter."

These immediate family ties are strong. All but one member of their extended families — Italian French-speaking and Italian Spanish-speaking — reside in Argentina and Uruguay. Estella is their only child.

"She is our life," says Teresa.

On the Monday after orientation, Walter and Teresa talk about that long ride back to their home in the Spring Branch suburb of Houston. As the three finally head down the sidewalk leading to the parking lot and the family car, Teresa stops and reaches for Estella. If they walk on to the car, she says they may cry.

"I think," Teresa tells them, "the best way we can say goodbye is right here."



*Which way to
Decatur? Upperclass
students provide
informal orientation.*



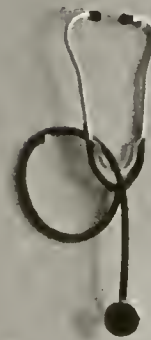


Estella's parents Teresa and Walter help her move in to the third-floor Walters residence hall (far left). "My mother didn't want me to go this far away to school, but she was as impressed with Agnes Scott as I was." After first-year student orientation, Estella says goodbye to her parents (above). "If we cry it is because we will miss her — but also because we are happy for her," says mom Teresa. "It's the best way we can feel."

HER STETHOSCOPE HANGING
ON THE WALL, PREMED STUDENT
ESTELLA AWAITS HER ROOMMATE.

By noon
on Satur-
day only
about 50
percent
of first-year students
have checked in to
residence halls.

They do not know
roommate assign-
ments until they
move in. Names are
posted on doors. A
green book with
senior pictures
identifies names
with faces. Estella
sits, anxiously wait-
ing: "Roommate,
where are you?" she
wonders, and sighs:
"I'm not excited
any more. I'm going
to lunch." She
looks for her orien-
tation schedule.
"When is lunch???"





Estella: "I'm a little homesick for my old room, my friends, talking on the telephone. I used to talk on the phone to my friends all night. My parents are passing my phone number to my friends so I can get some phone calls. It feels so good to talk to anybody on the phone."

Teresa: "I can picture her studying. I can imagine her with her friends. For a parent, this is peace of mind. We miss her a lot. But every day we thank God she is happy. She is a woman. Soon she will be 20 years old. She has to open her little wings and fly."

Estella: "My parents have sacrificed so much for me."

Tall mirrors catch and multiply

reflections of students in tights and leotards making quick, crisp motions with arched feet, pointed toes. "Very nice," encourages professor of PE Marilyn Darling. "Other side. . . ."

Serious, graceful, erect, Estella is accustomed to the discipline of dance.

During high school she juggled studies with a part-time job in a medical clinic and social life. She brings to ASC honors biology. She understands Spanish, some Portuguese and Italian. She's taken six years of French. "My parents have encouraged me to be whatever I want," she says. "I am really ambitious—and nervous."



THE HURRIED, HARRIED FIRST WEEK
PROVIDES A BACKDROP FOR, AND AN
INSIGHT INTO, ESTELLA'S FIRST SEMESTER



Long before Estella sat down with Frances Kennedy, her advisor, she read the academic catalog and then deliberately worked out a detailed schedule of classes for each semester for four full years at Agnes Scott.

"Are you a morning person?" inquires Kennedy.

"I don't want to be, but I can be," Matheu answers with a laugh.

They start with English 101, 8:30 a.m. . . . and work down through biology, math, psychology, PE and 200-level French.

Kennedy stops: "This schedule leaves only 10 minutes for lunch. . . ."

Estella's dream of college collides with reality in a relentless succession of early classes, focus groups, part-time library job, mandatory convocations, residence hall meetings, an



honor code mock trial, laundry, ironing, after-hours Black Cat planning, reading, research papers, study for tests—which starts all over the next day with a hurried bagel breakfast.

Immediately classes — such as French (above)—prove challenging and stimulating. "I have to really sit down and

concentrate," says Estella. "Studying is not that easy for me. As far as biology and psychology are concerned, I have such a love for them, so learning does not seem that hard." Ballet (far left) and fitness exercise (left) also

prove taxing, rewarding. "I was scared. I thought they might make me take folk dancing. That's just not me."





In her first letter from home, "My Dad said how much he missed me. They said they were glad I was going to such a fine school and to behave. . . . My parents are very caring people. They have high expectations for me."

Before classes started, seven ASC students packed into a white Yugo, looking for Emory University — that and an Alumnae Association sponsored-MARTA ride to learn about Atlanta's mass transit system — helped introduce Estella to life off-campus.

With roommate Kathy Durkee, a lanky blonde from Jacksonville, Fla.,

who's become a surprising "soul mate," Estella has quickly learned to enjoy the city.

Kathy is as free and easy as Estella is carefully focused. "My Mom said they don't custom-make roommates," notes Estella, who asked for an outgoing, non-smoking roommate. "Mollie Merrick [associate dean of students who makes room assignments] did such a good job," she concludes. "My roomie and I are perfectly matched."

Getting away from it all is part of what they like to do together. "We went out last night," says Estella and giggles. "We didn't know we could have so much fun." **ASC**



Underground Atlanta, the Wreck Room in Midtown, excursions to Emory University, parties and football at Georgia Tech—of course, Lenox Square—and Braves baseball (with a winning season) are favorite off campus places and activities. "I've never hung out with southern women," says Estella. The associations are proving rewarding. "I didn't expect to be so at home here," she says. "To be so cozy."





AGNES SCOTT GOES Hollywood

By Mary Alma Durrett

Photography by Monika Nikore

The demure 'lady' we've known for years has become the courted star of many a movie

A team of men scurry up from the Physical Plant Office and quietly set about disassembling all the modern light fixtures that dot the College quadrangle. They collect the goods and dash out of sight. No evidence of 1991 remains. Vintage cars appear along Buttrick Drive and a gaggle of folks, trigged in 1950s fashions, pour onto the quadrangle and colonnade. A mammoth camera dolly springs up in Rebekah Scott Hall's front flower bed. Cameras, lights, reflectors, makeup artists, sound experts, grips and gaffers file in, setting the place abuzz.

The actors and director take their positions.

"Quiet on the set."

"Roll the film."

The clapboard's heavy edge slaps down on its base.

Scene one, take one.

"Action."

Agnes Scott becomes the University of Alabama in 1955; the magic and lucrative business of movie making begins.

Agnes Scott's campus is transformed in the summer months—sometimes into several worlds in one season, depending on how many film makers want the Agnes Scott look. This past summer, ASC was the setting for *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle*

Fried Green Tomatoes, one of three movies shot on the campus this past summer, transformed ASC into the University of Alabama in 1955.





Stop Cafe; White Lie, a cable TV movie starring Gregory Hines; and *The Nightman*, an NBC television movie starring Joanna Kerns. *Fried Green Tomatoes*, starring Jessica Tandy, Kathy Bates and Cicely Tyson, is due out during the holiday season.

The three projects combined netted more than \$30,000 for the College's coffers, a significant boost to the \$25,000 netted through summer workshops and seminars on campus. Says Gerald Whittington, vice president for business and finance, "In

spite of the hassle, we made money, good money.

"In order to put it in perspective," continues Whittington, "for movies to be a significant money generator, we'd have to do 30 movies a year. However,

when you wedge them in between projects in downturns, they're perfect things to do. It will never be meat and potatoes though."

Movie making remains relatively "easy" money when weighed against cash outlay,

time and workers required to generate it. The film companies assume all additional line item costs for things such as unexpected electrical power use, additional security personnel, repairs needed to restore sections of the campus to their original form if sets have prompted change. During the shooting of *The*

Richard Felber Photo © 1991 Universal City Studio



Cicely Tyson (far left) and Joanna Kerns are among the Hollywood personalities who have been filmed on campus. Others include Gregory Hines, Kathy Bates, Mary Stuart Masterson and Jessica Tandy.



Nightman, one corner of the Quadrangle was transformed into a fenced yard, complete with clothes line, mud holes and chickens.

No ingenue to filmdom, the College has been the setting for at least portions of 14 feature-length films or made-for-television movies, beginning with *A Man Called Peter* in 1955 (based on the book by Agnes Scott alumna Catherine Marshall). The past 20 years however have been the most

prolific, bringing forth: *The Double McGuffin* (1978), *The Four Seasons* starring Alan Alda (1980), *The Bear* starring Gary Busey (1983), *One Terrific Guy* (CBS, 1985), *From Father To Son* (1987), *The Unconquered* (CBS, 1988), *A Father's Homecoming* (NBC, 1988), *Murder in Mississippi* starring Tom Hulce (1989), *Driving Miss Daisy* starring Jessica Tandy (1989), *Decoration Day* (Hallmark Hall of Fame, 1990).

"I think the [College] learned an awful lot about

film making on *The Bear*," comments Karen Whipple, a 1981 graduate of Agnes Scott, who returned as assistant film editor for *Fried Green Tomatoes*. "I'm sure there are lots of stories from Agnes Scott people about that [*The Bear*]. They trashed the place, absolutely trashed the place and filmed for five weeks all over campus. . . . They'd used it for *The Four Seasons* while I was a student and for some other things, but not for that long.

"On that picture they learned a lot about what not to let people do."

What makes Agnes Scott so attractive is the look, says Whipple. Carolyn Wynens, community relations coordinator and chief negotiator of contracts with production companies, agrees. "When the location scouts call to look at the campus, they've generally seen photos of it, probably [secured] through the state film office. They say they like Agnes Scott because it looks most like an Ivy League college and its proximity to Atlanta helps too [where there's a pool of professional and technical talent to support film projects]. We've done a good job of keeping the interiors of our buildings in the period in which they were constructed," says Wynens, thanks in large part to the more than \$20 million, pre-centennial celebration restoration work. Agnes Scott's scaled-down size also makes the campus attractive. With less territory and fewer variables to control, film projects are more manageable.

The first inquiries of most scouts Wynens takes "with a grain of salt." If they come back a third or fourth time, then serious talk begins. All interested parties learn from the first that the school has to read and approve of the script in advance so as not to compromise its integrity; the rate structure, though negotiable, generally runs between \$1,500 and \$2,000 per day (depending on indoor/outdoor shooting needs); and, as Wynens states emphatically, "the needs of the campus, first and foremost the academics of the College and campus life, take priority."

Wynens gives interested companies a tour of the

ASC's voice on the set is Carolyn Wynens, coordinator of community relations, who reads all scripts and makes sure production companies leave campus in the same condition they find it. "The needs of the campus come first and foremost," she says.



grounds. "I do a little commercial for the College and I listen *hard* as they [generally the producer, the production designer and the location scout] talk among themselves. As they see the campus, they talk about what they want to do and I keep quiet. I find out more about a project that way."

Often, prospects are eliminated right away — for instance, when a company needs to shoot inside the library for four weeks in October.

And even if the production companies are given the OK, film details do change. "Film companies are notorious for a camel-in-the-tent analogy," observes Whittington. "They get in here and start expanding into everywhere. We have gotten better and better at saying, 'No, you cannot do that.' It's a technique they use to get you into the sweep of being 'a part of Hollywood.' We've kept our hassle factor down and our cost to a minimum. We make sure that they don't set a foot on the campus until we have their insurance policy certificates."

The Nightman filming required actors to engage in elaborate acrobatics, including one close-up scene that





required Joanna Kerns to land face-down in a mud puddle. Afterward, production folks appeared aghast that the College wouldn't allow her to go into Main to take a shower.

"She understood completely and would not have considered entering the building muddy," says Wynens. "We gave her a hose to rinse off with, then I took her up for a shower."

When film crews are on campus, Wynens is the College's presence on the set. With walkie-talkie in hand, she is a mobile "mission control" on-line with the College's security crew. Often, traffic is the easiest thing to control. The hard parts, says Wynens, arise when the city of Decatur decides to cut the grass on the railroad right-of-way within earshot of the film set or a train whistle blows in the middle of a crucial scene or the number of jets flying overhead seems to triple. "And then there are the times when somebody stumbles into a building [even though they've been asked not to] with a cigarette and sets the smoke alarm off." But those moments are rare.

The Nightman's crew was "one of the best we've ever worked with. The organization of people was good and the schedule was tight — shots were thought through and planned out by the director," says Wynens.

Because of our cumulative knowledge, other colleges are calling ASC for advice on

handling movie inquiries.

The added benefits are that College folks get to know some celebrities. "When they were filming *Murder In Mississippi*, starring Tom Hulce, there were two children on the set who were big fans of [Hulce's earlier movie character] *Amadeus*. When he found out that they wanted to meet him, he said, 'Where are they, where are they?' It was a privilege for him to meet them."

When *Driving Miss Daisy* was being filmed, Jessica Tandy was waiting inside Buttrick for her scenes. Recalls Wynens, "It was such a cute sight to see her kneeling down to read the low-to-



Vintage cars such as this Thunderbird lined Buttrick Drive to create a 1955 scene in *Fried Green Tomatoes* at the Whistle Stop Cafe.

the-ground press clippings about the College that are posted outside the public relations office."

While sequences shot on campus don't always make it into the final film, the fun and the magical moments linger, Wynens concludes. "Plus, it's great public relations for the school. When movie shoots are going on, the campus becomes a focal point in the community." **ASC**





ON BECOMING A Cut-up

Karen Whipple '81, spent a good part of this past August sitting in a dark little room in Senoia, Ga., watching someone cut up *Fried Green Tomatoes*. Not exactly your garden variety work.

Maybe some explanation is in order. Whipple has been working as assistant film editor on the movie version of *Fried Green Tomatoes at the Whistle Stop Cafe*, an adaptation of Fannie Flagg's book about life, friendships and changing times in a rural Alabama restaurant. She has been tagging and cataloguing every foot of rough film shot and cut, including the commencement scenes that brought the project to Agnes Scott's campus for two days.

"I handle syncing the dailies. I do not cut. I handle all the paperwork, more organizational-level things. Every trim, every piece of film that's been shot and cut [I record] so we can find where it is, without even looking at the film. I won't start cutting until I get to the 'associate' level," says the Georgia native who majored in theater at ASC.

The *Tomatoes* project brought Whipple full circle — back to the turf where she did her first film work. Following graduate study in theatrical technical design at Northwestern University, Whipple returned to Atlanta. "I got involved in production of *The Bear*," a biographical film of University of Alabama Coach Paul "Bear" Bryant. Agnes Scott "became" the University of Alabama from 1933 to the 1950s for *The Bear*.

When the movie crews "trashed" the campus, Whipple, who aided in set "dressing," was "very much caught in the middle because the film people would say, 'Let's do this,' and I'd be saying, 'We better ask somebody first.'"

She was baptized into the fellowship of diplomacy.

"That's why they brought me on; they wanted someone as a go-between who would have some experience. I hadn't gone over into post production yet, what I'm doing now. The more I worked in production, the more I thought there were other aspects of it that were appealing. You work more with the director, more with the idea people. When you are in the art department, you're out there in the mud, painting houses in the rain. It's less fun than it looks."

Since that transition, Whipple's clipped off a list of film projects, adding seven titles to her resume. *Fast Food*, *Goin' to Chicago* and *Constant Reminders*, were all filmed



ASC's Karen Whipple: a film career that's "at lot of fun."

in 1989 and Whipple served as either apprentice film editor or assistant film editor; *From My Grandmother's Grandmother Unto Me*, *Sensini Na? (What Have We Done)* and *Once in a Blue Moon*, followed in 1990; and *Talkin' Dirty After Dark* in early 1991. On all but *Sensini Na?*, she worked as assistant film editor.

"I got involved with that one about two weeks after I moved to Los Angeles. I was the sound editor for it," she says. The film, nominated for an Academy Award, is based in South Africa. It's the story of a black man who is mistaken for a African National Congress organizer. He's pulled off a bus and beaten and questioned. "Then they realize that they have the wrong man and say, 'Very sorry,' and they're gone. Obviously, he's changed by the experience," says Whipple. "I had to place the sound, do a lot of research, about what would be native to that area. When we did background voices, we were careful to use Zulu only."

Her favorite movie to date was *Grandmother*. "It was a stage play, a one-woman show, [that had been] touring the Southeast for about three years. John Allen brought me in [after almost all of it had been shot] and we started reworking it. It's difficult making a theater piece into a film because it doesn't cross over well, but that was a good crossover for me, because I understood the theater end of it so well. It was a lot of fun, very much a woman's story, talking about Appalachian women through the ages." —Mary Alma Durrett

Our Readers Write

What you like and what you don't

For the past couple of months I've looked forward to the late morning mail—my chance for a sack lunch break and a word from ALUMNAE MAGAZINE readers. It took less than a week after mailing the Spring 1991 AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE—responses to the readership survey began pouring in.

Ninety percent of those who filled out surveys are alumnae. Ages run from early 20s to mid-90s. Most are avid readers with tastes ranging from news magazines to *The Nation*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Southern Living* and *Grandparents* to *The American Journal of Dance Therapy*. "I read over 30 magazines a month and four newspapers a day," notes a respondent from the class of '68. Those handwritten comments, filling the spaces provided and sometimes running along the bottom or sides of the survey form, offered the most interesting insights.

According to the survey, almost 75 percent read from "several" to "all" of the articles in the magazine. (Less than one percent confessed to tossing the magazine without reading it.) Some readers skip around, reading shorter articles first. Many more claimed, as did a member of the class of '50, "I read AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE from kiver to kiver." About 75 percent hang onto each issue from one to six months. A number of readers pass their copies to others: family members, students—even alumnae of other women's colleges.

Most of you are fairly clear on what you like—and what you don't.

"I want more about alumnae and faculty," requests a reader from the class of '48.

"I like articles that transport me back to the ASC I knew or keep me up to date with what's happening now," from the class of '69.

"Use less shiny paper. The reflection is hard on old eyes," says an alumna from the class of '40.

"I want to know more about the controversies, not just the positives," notes a reader from the class of '37.

"Visually, this magazine is gorgeous," says another.

Ninety percent of the survey respondents indicated they are pleased with magazine format (size, length, and type size). Between 70 and 80 percent approved of photo use and article content. Almost 90 percent believe the magazine offers a positive and/or balanced and informative view of Agnes Scott.

Generally, readers asked for more alumnae and College news, particularly related to faculty and students. You also are interested in trends in higher education, College history, contemporary issues and contemporary student life, in that order.

Readers also asked for unvarnished truth. "It's a little overly slick, like a PR piece. No one ever seems to have any problems," complains one. Most surveyed don't like how-to articles or reviews of books not written by Agnes Scott faculty, students and staff. Some expressed concern about the costs of producing the magazine.

Already, we are shaping magazine content to reflect more in-depth coverage of alumnae faculty, contemporary student life—and history of the College. Because readers are busy with careers and family, our mix of articles will continue to include several shorter pieces. And we are constantly looking for cost-saving measures for production. "Cover Return-to-College students," one requests.

We will.

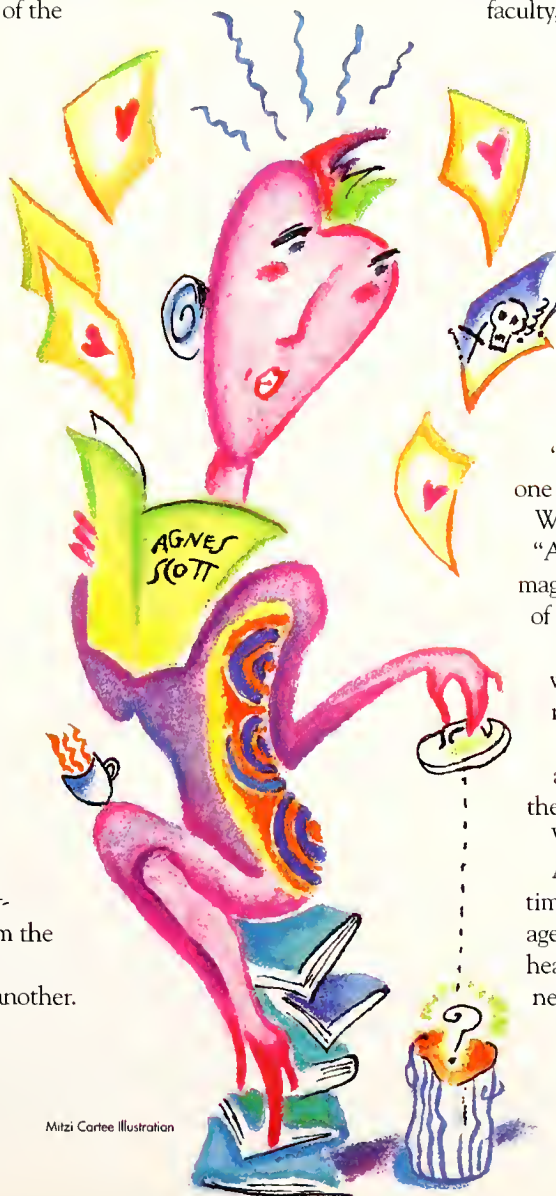
"Are you using recycled paper for the magazine?" asks a member of the class of '55.

We are. We are also experimenting with both dull and glossy paper for reproduction and readability.

"Keep the magazine geared to our audience," admonishes a reader from the class of '66.

We'll try.

And thanks to you who took the time to fill out the survey and the postage to mail it. I'd like to continue to hear from you. So don't wait until the next readership survey to write. . . . **ASC**



The Gazebo: Linking ASC's Past with Her Tomorrow

To the side of Woodruff Quadrangle, the Agnes Scott gazebo stands, a conundrum from another age. The word gazebo is derived from the 18th century mock-Latin formation of the English "gaze" with the Latin suffix *ebo*, meaning "I shall." To understand the gazebo as more than an architectural embellishment, perhaps, would be to value contemplation. A glance over the shoulder rather than a gaze seems to fit our 1990s, fast-forward style.

Once, the Agnes Scott gazebo stood surrounded by a small brick patio in front of Main, near College Avenue. Students called it the Summer House. It served as a cover for the College well. While documentation is sketchy, the well was closed around 1909 when as many as 30 students fell ill with typhoid and the source of the disease was discovered—sewage seeping into the well. The well was capped that year. But the gazebo stayed.

In the 1920s, a circular drive proposed for the front of the campus eliminated that space for the gazebo. Frances Gilliland Stukes '24 remembers an effort to preserve the painted white structure: an alumna wrote President James Ross McCain threatening never to return to campus if the gazebo were destroyed.

The gazebo was moved west of Rebekah Scott Hall. With the move it took on a new appearance and a new name. The sides were enclosed and benches were built around the inside. Students began calling it the Round House. Caroline McKinney Clark '27 says a pink rose vine covered the outside. "It was a nice place to collapse,"



she notes.

For the next 60 years it remained in that location and served a number of functions: day room for students who commuted to class, prayer room, memorial chapel, Christian Association center, even an office of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. One senses the old structure struggling for a rightful place and identity.

Some alumnae vow that while they never visited the gazebo, they were fond of its

presence. Others remember it as a place to take a date. Rumors circulate about more than one marriage proposal happening there. For a few it was a place of retreat from classes and the dorm. For Martha Davis Rosselot '58, it took on a great significance late in her senior year. "I was struggling with what to do with my life," she remembers. It was in the quiet moments within the gazebo prayer room that she made a decision to take a job in Indianapolis with a Methodist church. She remains in Christian education today.

Just four years ago the Round House became a gazebo once more, moved to its current location on the quadrangle and renovated to its original 1890s appearance. Often at Christmas

it's decorated with bows and evergreen boughs. In Spring, classes sometimes meet there. But for a few it's just a peaceful place to push back and forth on old wooden rocking chairs beneath its pointed roof.

April Cornish '91 says she likes the gazebo because it gives her a sense of history and continuity with students who came before. "From the gazebo," also notes Cornish, "you can take one sweeping look at the campus."

In a society which places a premium on purpose quickly followed by action, there is need for a place to draw away from the center and view life with more than a glance. Perhaps the Agnes Scott gazebo has now found its proper place. —Bill Bangham is a magazine editor and freelance writer. He wrote about best-selling author Clyde Edgerton in the Spring AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE.



Once nicknamed the "Round House," the gazebo's renovation and restoration in 1987 turned into a beautiful focal point of campus.

Picture This. . .

Appealing? Enter Agnes Scott's "Best Shots" Photo Contest and you'll have the best shot at getting your hands on the \$200 first place prize, \$100 second place prize or \$50 third place prize. If you've captured that irreplaceable slice-of-life moment on film since Jan. 1, 1991, now is the time to bring it out and prop it up against the competition. The contest is open to all alumnae, students, faculty and staff of Agnes Scott College.

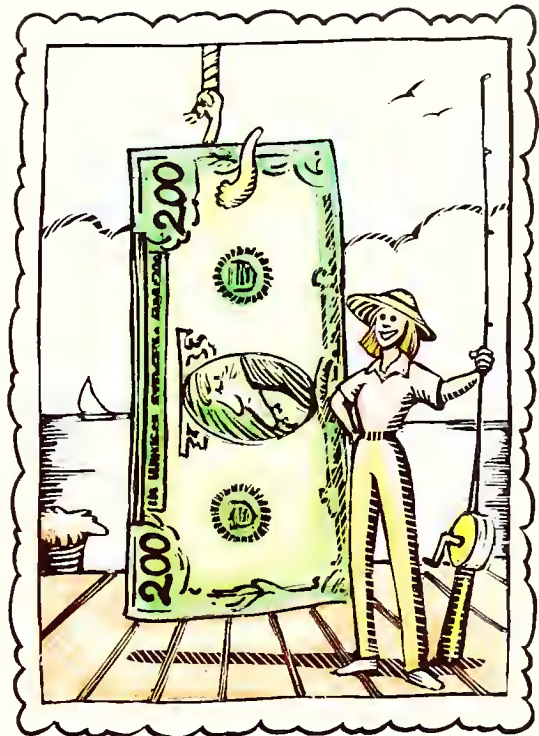
But remember, you've got to play by the rules. Here they are:

- 1** Send your 8 X 10 black and white prints or color slides taken after Jan. 1, (repeat *after* Jan. 1, 1991).
- 2** Enclose your name, address and phone number with each entry and include the names of all identifiable people appearing in the photograph.
- 3** All entries must be received in the Publications Office, Agnes Scott College, Buttrick Hall, 141 E. College Ave., Decatur, GA 30030, no later than Dec. 31, 1991 (*better make it fast*).

Entries will be considered the property of Agnes Scott and cannot be returned. Entries will be judged by a panel of professional photographers who have worked with Agnes Scott College and are familiar with our campus.

Winning entries will be published in the spring 1992 edition of AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE.

Go ahead, give it your best shot!



This could be you getting close to \$200 in cash

Living history for ASC: Milton Scott remembers

Milton Scott, 95, remembers it vividly. It was past the dusk curfew. He was a young man walking through the Agnes Scott College campus after a longer than normal lecture here. The path to the Scott family home led him past Agnes Scott President Frank Gaines' house—(where the Letitia Pate Evans Dining Hall now stands). Gaines caught and chided Scott, grandson of College founder George Washington Scott, "mistakenly" on campus past nightfall. Scott took little comfort in knowing

that this remonstrance was not so severe as those Gaines delivered to a contemporary who persisted in after-hours banjo serenades to ASC women.

As part of a series of "History and Tradition in Winnona Park" talks hosted by the organization in September, Scott recounted a range of historical anecdotes, including the zeal with which Gaines policed the campus for those breaking the curfew (1896-1923). The meeting was part of a regular gathering of the Winnona Park Neighborhood Association at the Winnona Park School.

The Scott family developed Winnona Park, a residential project on a section of their

expansive land holdings. Scott told of buttermilk and strawberry parties at the family homeplace, of skinny-dipping in a branch that traversed the rolling property, of plans to develop a golf course that were shelved long ago, and of the Scott family's migration into Georgia. On that subject, Milton Scott's daughter, Betty Scott Noble (a current member of Agnes Scott College's Board of Trustees) added detail.

Milton's grandfather, George Washington Scott, a veteran officer of the War Between the States, had moved to Decatur in 1875 from Tallahassee, Fla., following a yellow fever epidemic. Ill health had

driven him south from his native Pennsylvania, where his mother, Agnes Irvine Scott (the namesake of the College) had been brought by her mother in 1816. The young Agnes Irvine, as she was known then, had rather reluctantly journeyed from Northern Ireland to the United States. Noble explained that Agnes Irvine was afraid of both being scalped by Indians and of being frowned upon by Presbyterians in America who disapproved of dancing. Noble said that Agnes came nonetheless, married leather worker John Scott in 1821 and lived the rest of her life in Pennsylvania. —Mary Alma Durrett

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HAVE YOU GIVEN US YOUR BEST SHOT?



Monika Nikore did when she photographed Estella Mathew and the Class of '95 for this issue. But she's not eligible for our photo contest. *And you are!* The contest runs until the end of the year. For more information, see our story on page 41.

AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE MAGAZINE SPRING 1992



DOCUMENTING THE INWARD JOURNEY

Preservationist Gayle: NYC's "Cast Iron Lady"

Margot Gayle '31 has saved a ton of New York, literally. A champion of preservation causes for more than 40 years and a master grass-roots activist, the energetic Gayle has focused most of her life on researching and saving the things many considered old fashioned and useless—cast-iron buildings and bridges.

Gayle was taken by the distinctiveness of cast iron, the delicate designs into which it could be shaped and the ruggedness of the metal that could be inexpensively produced and quickly assembled. From her Upper East Side "command center"—an apartment filled with remnants of past projects (clips, files, books, notes, photographs, a personal computer, salvaged floor-to-ceiling mirrors and decorative iron pieces)—down to her old turf in SoHo, Gayle has gained fame as the "Cast-Iron Lady." This past fall, the diminutive Gayle was handed a hefty bouquet of praise for her work by the New York Landmarks Conservancy in the form of the Lucy G. Moses Award for Preservation Leadership.

New Yorker Magazine writer and critic Brendan Gill encapsulated Gayle's lifetime of work in a speech before presenting her with the Moses award in October. He cited as one of her most notable accomplishments, the founding of the Friends of Cast-Iron Architecture in 1970. Through FCIA Gayle successfully leveraged public support and funding to

Monika Nikore Photo



save a long list of cast-iron buildings and bridges built in New York City between 1850 and 1900. Many of them are included in *Cast-Iron Architecture in New York*, a photographic record that Gayle produced jointly with photographer Edmund V. Gillon Jr., in 1974, of more than 100 cast-iron buildings.

But her effort doesn't end there. Gayle has used her knowledge and persuasiveness to attain recognition for James

Bogardus, responsible for starting the cast-iron building movement in 1848.

Bogardus, a self-educated Dutch-American inventor, revolutionized a milling method that could be applied to many grinding needs—corn, wheat, paint. The wealth he accumulated from this invention and the technical knowledge in iron casting he acquired by attending British expositions of similar technology allowed him to revolutionize the

commercial building industry and capitalize on the idea during a boom time in New York's history.

"It must have thrilled him because he came back and said, in effect, 'In England, they just use it for interior construction. Why not for outside?' Today, everyone calls to mind his name with that [industrial] connection but they don't know anything more about him," explains Gayle, who is finishing a book about the inventor. "I will add a good bit



Recognizing the beauty of New York City's cast-iron architecture, ASC's Margot Gayle fought to save it for future generations.

of original information about Bogardus."

Gayle's passion for preservation began soon after she and her family moved to New York in 1944. While her husband served overseas in the military, Gayle worked as a staff writer for CBS. From her Greenwich Village apartment, she

launched a host of political and preservation campaigns, which "nearly drove my family crazy," she says. A failed attempt to win a New York City Council seat in 1957 didn't daunt Gayle, whom many Scotties knew as Margaret McCoy in 1928-29. She eventually served as assistant to the commissioner of the New York City Department of Public Events and as information officer of the NYC Planning Committee.

In 1959, while a freelance

magazine writer, she rallied a group known as The Village Neighborhood Committee for a three-year fight to save the 1877 Jefferson Market Courthouse. She led the push for passage of the city's 1965 Landmarks Law which preserves historic structures and in 1966 she founded the American Victorian Society, which educates the public on the importance of numerous historic structures. Gayle has long been a member of New York's Municipal Art Society, has served on former Mayor Ed Koch's city Art Commission and has served on the city-controlled Consultative Advisory Group, pushing for acquisition and preservation of high quality public art. In 1988, with art historian Michele Cohen, Gayle penned a guide to outdoor sculpture in Manhattan.

While her own legacy is impressive, Gayle is even prouder of her recent efforts to gain recognition for the man who started the cast-iron movement, James Bogardus. Today in SoHo, a pie-shaped traffic island park (with six trees) bears Bogardus' name. "You know you have to go through a lot of rigamarole to get something permanently named and in an old city, everything's already named," observes Gayle. "But we got it through the local planning board and through the Parks Committee of the New York City Council. It all came off just fine. Mayor Ed Koch signed the final bill and said, 'If Margot says it's a good idea, we know it's a good idea.' And it's a stone's throw away from the very few Bogardus buildings still in existence."

— Mary Alma Durrett

Education Consultant Lucas: Helping Arctic Teachers Teach

Bracing herself and her child against the weather, which hovers near 55 degrees below zero, she quickly makes her way to the plane. Once she's safely inside, the pilot readies the two-seater for take off to a remotely-located school in the Arctic region.

Traveling from one assignment to another by plane is typical for Mary Paige Lucas '73, a curriculum consultant to rural school districts in Alaska. "Because of inclement weather and unpaved roads in rural areas, traveling by mail plane is the quickest and safest way to go," she explains.

Her 10-month-old son often accompanies her on assignments. "I just pack his little playpen and set it up in the classrooms. It is pretty informal, and I usually stay four or five days at a time when I go out to the districts."

Lucas' work as a consultant has taken her to more than 15 school districts in Alaska—from small Arctic villages to cities such as Anchorage, where she now lives with her husband, a natural resources economist, and three children. She enjoys traveling but admits it can be hard to manage a hectic schedule and raise a family. "I have a lot of support from my husband. Without him I could not do this type of work."

Her job involves working with elementary and junior high school-level teachers and administrators on a contract basis. One of her more challenging projects was to design a



In the pristine Arctic wilderness, Alaska education consultant Mary Paige Lucas '73 helps native peoples preserve their culture while they learn to live in a white-oriented society.

behavioral management training program for teachers' aides in the northwest Arctic. She has also maintained a five-year collaboration with Alaska's Special Education Service Agency (SESA). With SESA's approval she makes modifications to school curriculums in order to accommodate neurologically-impaired and other special education children.

Her work has also taken her directly into the classroom where she has conducted cooperative education workshops in which students learn to work in groups rather than individually. "This workshop fosters self-esteem and it's an Eskimo way of working together. It fits well into how they do things at home and it has helped to implement lessons in the classroom," she says.

Lucas notes that another aspect of her work—which she finds very important—is her ability to bridge the culture of mainstream society and the unique culture of the Eskimo. "It involves mixing the white culture of the school setting and the native culture of the town. From there I try to figure out how to keep the Eskimo heritage and culture, yet help them prepare to move ahead in the 20th century.

"Eskimos want to be able to function in society—to get a job, run a business, work a computer . . . I never know what I'm going to find, who I'm going to meet and how it is going to work. I would have been considered to be just one more person who came in and out, but I have a genuine interest and pleasure in working with

them in *their* way."

In many of the school districts Lucas visits, the Eskimos live in very small, isolated communities. Although many speak English and some have satellite television to connect them to the outside world, they embrace their own cultural values. Lucas explains these values as being "not as competitive, being respectful of elders and operating within extended families."

Lucas, a psychology major, looks back on the long-lasting repercussions of her education. "One of the things Agnes Scott teaches is to be able to adapt to a situation and how to work with and see the whole picture. And in this type of work that is necessary."

Following graduation from ASC, Lucas taught in Douglas

and Cobb counties. She describes her move from Georgia to Nome, Alaska, in 1978 as an "impulsive decision, and I don't tend to make impulsive decisions." A friend teaching in Fairbanks told her of the state's shortage of special education teachers. So Lucas did some research and literally struck gold—opportunities were abundant. Soon a position was offered and within two weeks she went from 95-degree to 45-degree weather.

In 1983 she and her family returned to the "lower 48" so that she could attend graduate school at the University of Delaware. When they returned to Alaska in 1987, Lucas began consulting and working on her Ph.D. dissertation. She completed her doctorate in education in 1991.

On returning to Alaska she and her family settled into a house on the coast of the Cook Inlet, just off the Pacific Ocean. Their reason for returning to the state: job opportunities, its geographic beauty and adventure. "The opportunities here are special—not as many bureaucratic layers to go through. This is also pristine country—the forest is right here. I have moose in my backyard and the mountains and oceans are gorgeous.

"Alaskans have a spirit of adventure about them," she adds. "They want to branch out and try things. People here have a lot of energy and are creative."

True to her description of Alaskans, Lucas is also fond of adventure. Each time she steps into a mail plane she begins an "educational adventure."

—Audrey Arthur

READING BETWEEN THE LINES



When green-eyed Joan Kimble '91 walks into the Thompson house,
Betty Thompson's entire face creases deeply into a smile and her right arm—
the one not tied to her wheelchair—flies up to meet Kimble's affectionate embrace.

"How are you?" asks Kimble, plopping a red board engraved with a white
alphabet onto Thompson's lap.

Thompson's free hand thrusts downward, her finger lands on G.

"Good?" guesses Kimble.

Thompson cuts her eyes upward and makes a guttural yyyeh for yes.

Her finger points to I-L-O-V.

"I love," repeats Kimble. "I love. . ."

H-U-G-S.

RTC-grad Joan Kimble '91 has turned work with a quadriplegic client into something more.

Written by
Celeste Pennington

Photographed by
Paul Obregón

KIMBLE AND THOMPSON became acquainted through United Cerebral Palsy of Atlanta, where Kimble worked part time as a respite care giver, helping families care for people of all disabilities. Thompson, who at seven months of age contracted meningitis, is a quadriplegic.

With Kimble's regular visits, the two quickly developed a close relationship—at its base, this letter-by-letter communication. "I majored in English at Agnes Scott," says Kimble, a former Return to College student. She laughs: "I can spell.

"Betty has little control over her muscle functions. She can't speak, but she understands everything. Through spelling, she taught me how to care for her: How to use the lift for the wheelchair, where to find the soap, where to find her toothbrush, how to turn on her typewriter."

Kimble *can* spell. She is also attuned to Thompson's more subtle communication: a shift of her eyes or flutter of eyelids, a hand motion, the nuance of sound without words. For everything to click, Kimble must read between the lines, exercising skills in psychology, imagination and intuition. "Has anything been going on?" she asks Thompson, who points to N.

"No."

Thompson cuts her eyes. Kimble knows Thompson's joking.

R-O-B-I-S-T-A-K

"Rob is taking you to. . ."

P-O-T-L-U

"Potluck supper? At the Quaker church?"

Y-

Both grin.

H-U-M-O-R, spells out Thompson, is another key to care. "You have to really like the person who is helping you," Kimble explains. "We [caregivers] are constantly in your face."

MENTALLY TAXING is the way Kimble describes work. "I must always be thinking for two." For Kimble the job is a constant tug-of-war: to anticipate need yet not interfere with her clients' self-sufficiency.

The work requires great patience, as well, reminds Estella Sims, respite care coordinator for United Cerebral Palsy. "Dressing a person takes time. Feeding a handicapped person may take more than three hours."

Kimble is constantly seeking new ways to

Joan Kimble's relationship with quadriplegic Betty Thompson is more than caregiver/client. A deep friendship has evolved as they've worked together. Whether in the Thompson house or on valued walks, "I must always be thinking for two," says Kimble.





Kimble "takes the extra step. She is there even when she isn't getting paid."

Kimble believes the government does too little to meet the needs of people like Thompson. She often writes to public officials, urging creation of special group homes. Thompson's father, Raymond (below right), now spends six hours a day in hands-on care for his daughter. What happens, wonders Kimble, when Raymond—now in his mid-70s—can no longer provide this care for his daughter?

communicate, analyzing and breaking down daily tasks into basic components as well as frequently lifting, bathing, dressing, feeding, shifting, moving. "This job is exhausting," admits Kimble.

"It takes my mind and my body and my heart."

Critical to doing her best is Kimble's ability to assess and mentally catalogue each client's capabilities. Thompson, for instance, reads, works jigsaw puzzles, types with one hand, and takes "walks" through the neighborhood in her electric wheelchair. "You must," says Kimble, "allow every person to do whatever they can for themselves.

"You have to learn each person."

What she has learned in her four years of working with the handicapped is that "each one is so different from the last." Mentally retarded clients she describes as stable, predictable. The challenge is to teach them basic living skills. Simply washing hands, explains Kimble, must be thoughtfully communicated: "This is a water faucet. Turn on the water. Pick up the soap, please. Put the soap on your hands. Lather up the soap. Put the soap down, please. Rinse your hands. Turn off the faucet. Pick up the paper towel. Dry your hands. Now, put the paper towel in the basket. For some, to turn on the water before they pick up the soap is quite an accomplishment."

Her mentally ill clients have intelligence, good mobility and communication skills, yet behaves unpredictably. Diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic, this person requires careful observation and protection from doing things like overmedicating himself.

Kimble chose this work over teaching English in a school where she encountered drug-related discipline problems. She found two part-time jobs

working with handicapped persons. Seven months after graduation—and in the midst of a hiring freeze—she was hired full time by Gwinnett County Mental Retardation. "The people Joan helps are very fortunate," notes Sims. "When she wanted to work out a program for a child, I remember she called late one night wondering how she could help. She takes the extra step. She is there even when she isn't paid."

Teaching task analysis and training others to work with the mentally retarded interest Kimble. "The mentally retarded are extremely loving people. You begin talking, and they respond. Not only am I able to give love in this relationship," she says, "but my love is returned."

Eventually, Kimble would like to manage a home for people like Thompson who have normal intelligence but special needs for communication and mobility. She is acutely aware of this need for a home as she relates to Thompson, 44, and to Thompson's 73-year-old father, Raymond. He is proud of his daughter and her accomplishments, and has devoted his retirement years to her care. But he expresses concern for her after he is gone. Her only option now would be a nursing home. "People there are often senile," says Kimble, "not mentally quick like Betty. We are afraid she might end up with no real communication."

Kimble has helped Raymond draft letters to state officials and representatives expressing the need for a group home in DeKalb County. "I am a friend who is concerned."

FRIENDSHIP partially accounts for the successful shorthand communication between Kimble and Thompson. "I read people fairly well," says Kimble. "But Betty reads me like an open book. She is that tuned in." Even though Thompson is no longer an assigned client, Kimble stops by to talk, to take her friend on an outing or for a walk: Thompson honk-honking the horn on the wheelchair and laughing—Kimble running to keep up.

Because the two are such good communicators, last year Kimble was chosen to translate for Thompson when she appeared on a local telethon. But now and then even Kimble fails to second guess, as this day when Thompson spells out her reason for their enduring friendship: I-L-O

"I love?" Kimble translates.

H-E-R-S-O-M

"I love her sometimes?"

S-O-M-U-C-H. **ASC**





Being outdoors is a special treat for Thompson, one she and Kimble share together. Despite her disabilities, Thompson remains active; she serves as secretary for a sports program for the disabled—she has learned to bowl with a ramp.

A SOLITARY ACT

Keeping a journal gives words to thought and documents a person's inward journey.

Written by
Lynn Bulloch '64
Illustrated by
Mitzi Cartee

Physical growth is easy to recognize, but personal growth is inward and elusive. In the metaphor of Lao Tse, it is evanescent, like smoke going out the chimney.

—IRA PROGOFF, JOURNAL WORKSHOP LEADER, DREW UNIVERSITY

For an hour the business executive scribbled notes. The man, a Princeton graduate in his 60s, had already crafted a tightly written letter to his shareholders, but it was this freely written journal account of a crucial, life-changing experience—a turning point—that he wanted to present to the investors.

Instead of what is normally a very image-conscious corporate note, this communication was marvelously unguarded. He was determined to offer more to his readers than straight numbers and the proverbial bottom line.

Usually reserved for the writer's use, alone, a journal is characterized by a frankness unlike writing done for publication. As defined by Webster, a journal or diary is a daily record of experiences and observations.

Reasons for keeping a journal are as varied as each writer: one documents significant family or historical events; another notes regular touch-points of a life in progress; one collects poems, jokes or song lyrics; while another chronicles the inner life, or, with intensive journal keeping, works through personal crisis. Some educators of young children use group journal-writing to enhance writing and reading skills. For professional writers, material from journals may provide the seeds of a play or novel.

I think of it as a log book of one who is on a journey.

As a form, journal writing actually began to flower in the late Renaissance period, with its focus on the individual.

Some of these and later journals offered great records of social and political history, such as *Journal d'un Paris*, kept by an anonymous French priest from 1409 to 1431, an invaluable resource to historians of the reign of Charles VI. While many men have kept journals, through the centuries women have proven to be the more diligent and prolific journal-keepers.

As a discipline, according to a recent article in *The New York Times*, journal-keeping is rooted in 16th century England: then, Puritan clergy instructed the faithful to keep daily record of their

spiritual lives. The earliest surviving example is the religious self-examination of Englishwoman Margaret Hobby, dated 1599. Letter diaries were in vogue by the time of the American Revolution. And here, pioneers optimistically kept such journals to be mailed out at the journey's end:

"If we drown," wrote Margaret Van Horn Dwight matter-of-factly in 1810, "there will be an end to my journal."

Historically, suggests the *Times* article, women particularly have understood journal-keeping as an opportunity for self-assertion and self-communication, setting apart time, as described by English writer Mary Berry in her diary in 1836, to have a "little colloquy with myself every day."

For me, journal-keeping provides inner stability and a sense of connection within the complex tapestry of my own existence. It provides an antidote to the contemporary world that, as e e cummings noted, daily seems to be trying to make me someone I am not.

Its value for me became particularly clear in the summer of 1986. After an 18-year career as counselor and group therapist, I had arrived at a painful moment: no matter how wonderful my life appeared on the surface, I was crying every night. Out of that time, call it mid-life crisis or deep psychological shift, I felt compelled to make a career change. I learned, then, that life offers no place of honor for darkness. So I turned to the wisdom of keeping a journal. Thumbing through the pages of my journal dating back to that year, I found this tear-stained entry dated June: "I may break down in front of the staff," I wrote. "What does this mean? Am I breaking down—or am I breaking through?"

Under certain stresses, certain violent events, losses, separations, one experiences the world with the emotional size of Alice in Wonderland. . . . smaller than events call for.

—DIARY OF ANAIS NIN, VOL IV, 1945



In recording their thoughts, many "journalists" discover that the dreams they hold can be realized within themselves.

Journal-keeping begins as a very private discipline and requires only rudimentary tools, ranging from a pocket-sized notepad and pencil to an elaborate art book and costly pen, depending on the style of the writer. There is no right or wrong way to keep a journal—again, styles vary.

Journal-keeping usually begins as a silent work. Simple and solitary.

Yet like the daily walk or aerobics workout that gets the heart pumping, journal-keeping can grow into a regular exercise of the heart and mind.

A technique I suggest for beginning journal-keepers is this: with pen and journal in hand, sit quietly, for a moment closing your eyes and breathing deeply. Clear your mind of distractions, then write deliberately, and without censoring the flow.

While on one level this activity may seem innocuous, I like to point out that on another level it may very well be slightly subversive as a writer begins to listen to the sounds of her own soul. Some journal-keepers have been known to give up strict attention to what others expect as they tap that normally elusive inner voice.

While this discipline may begin by blessing the life of the writer, it sometimes has immeasurable implications for others, as well. What reader can resist a literary peek through another's window and the privacy, revealed?

Artist Georgia O'Keeffe's published journals reflect humorously and obliquely on her life's work. "I don't know what Art is," she wrote in her New York Diaries, 1916, "but I know some things it isn't when I see them."

Writers Virginia Woolf and Anaïs Nin used their journals to try ideas, to collect fragments of information, to explore their own minds.

Anne Frank's diary and Etty Hillesum's journal, historical gems, gave each of them as writers—and each of us as readers—tools with which to sift through life in the midst of Holocaust.

I have often been downcast, but never in despair. I regard our hiding as a dangerous adventure, romantic and interesting at the same time. In my diary I treat all the privations as amus-

ing. I have made up my mind now to lead a different life from other girls.

—DIARY OF ANNE FRANK, 3 MAY, 1944

Contemporary journal-keeping, suggests Harriet Blodgett, author of the *Times* article and editor of *Capacious Hold-All. An Anthology of Englishwomen's Diary Writings*, suggests that the Velcro-sealed Filofax or Day Runner which she calls a "ubiquitous yuppie handbook" fills the need for a personal diary at the same time it keeps the lives of "status-seeking men and women on track and on time."

In her research, she found that Filofax ancestry actually dates back to 18th century England where it became common for women to use bound pocket diaries. The 19th century version of this pocket diary might include an almanac, verses, notes of personal interest, and a space for household expenses.

In our next century, Blodgett suggests, diaries could be on computer disk.

Whatever the form, I believe the basis of journal-keeping is the unfolding of a person at different intersections of life. I have come to trust the process. I believe it helps scratch out the clues of our existence and gives voice to an inner thought-life which is often squelched by circumstances or lost in the barrage of other voices that direct and shape us.

A woman attending one of my journal seminars, last year—Tapping the Writer Within—has found that inner voice. She told the group that as a child she had kept a diary that recorded family events. More recently, at age 50, and after her fifth divorce, she discovered her latest journals were filled with poetry, for her, a new genre.

Later during the afternoon seminar, as she and the other participants wrote in their journals, I could hear this woman chuckling.

When, in the final hour, I gave group members an opportunity to share whatever they wished, she read a poem.

She called the poem "Prince Charming," and observed that the prince she had sought all of her adult life was probably within. **ASC**

Additional research for this story was done by Emily Pender '95.

Linda Bulloch '64 is a playwright and writer from Maysville, Ga., who leads journal-keeping workshops. She is also coordinator for the upcoming International Women's Writing Guild seminar which will be from 9 to 5 on Saturday, Oct. 31, 1992, at Agnes Scott College. The program is the first Southern seminar in the organization's 15-year history and will include presentations by four Southern authors. For more information about the seminar contact Bulloch at 404-652-3271.

A STUDENT JOURNAL

Mary Sturtevant Cunningham '33 was a pediatrician's daughter from Philadelphia who attended Agnes Scott during the Depression.

Active in YWCA and Mortar Board, she worked to change College chaperonage rules and in 1931 she supported an effort to "boost Southern industry" by wearing 25-cent beige cotton hosiery. In 1933, she played "Light" in the May Day Festival and helped direct "The Stewed Prince (In Two Sips and a Final Gulp)."

After graduation she returned to Philadelphia to work as a fund raiser for the Museum of Natural History. In 1936, she married her high school sweetheart, Gilbert L. Bean. They lived in Braintree, where she worked with the town's Historical Society. After Bean died in 1972, she married Donald Cunningham.

The Smithsonian Institution recognized a program she developed for children as a prototype for giving youngsters an appreciation of life in the 18th century. At her death in 1990, the Historical Society called her a guardian angel, "a philanthropist in the truest sense of the word." Among Cunningham's papers was found a small ring-bound diary recounting notes she'd kept during her college years (1929-1933). Given to ASC by her family, the journal is excerpted below.

1929

ARRIVAL

We had a good time on the train because about 50 boys from Riverside Military Academy entertained us with their victrola. One of them in particular said he wanted to see me. . . .

My room is quite nice, rather big with two large closets. The girls are all very nice to me and my "Grandmother" is the president of the Senior Class and the most popular girl in the school.

I was glad to get my first letter from home. Almost everyone weeps buckets over their first letter, but I didn't. I haven't been homesick at all. . . .

STUDIES

I am getting used to studying so long and it doesn't

seem nearly so bad as it did at first. We have a Latin prose test on Thursday. That makes me shake in my shoes, but I am learning how to study and I'll do my best to pass it.

There is a story around here that one of our Latin teachers was engaged to Mr. Bennett of "Bennett's Latin Grammar" and broke her engagement because they had a fight over the ablative case.

Oh, Thornton Wilder spoke here on Wednesday. He was excellent and his talk showed a good deal of understanding of human nature.

CLASS ACTION

Last night the Sophomores went around selling things. They said they would launder our curtains for 25 cents apiece. They also sold us chapel seats for 25 cents, all of which was spaghetti—we bit.

After dinner there was a Student Government Meeting which all the Freshman had to attend. As soon as it was over they turned out the lights and shut the doors so that no one could get out. Then the Sophs came in dressed in long robes and singing a funeral song. They carried a coffin. They called certain Freshmen up before them, who had to kneel before the coffin and put their foreheads on it. These lowly rats were told to provide a dance at a certain time and place before the whole school. Some had to take a census of all the black cats in Decatur. . . .

Now I will tell you how we are dressed. Our hair is up in curl papers, no less than 10. We have white middies with long sleeves, a white petticoat and a gingham dress, black stockings and white tennis shoes, cotton gloves and a cap. We wear the cap outside and carry it inside. A candle we hold in our left hand and whenever a Soph asks us where we are going, we must say, "Trying to find our way out of the fog."

MY BIRTHDAY

I had not been looking forward to a birthday away from home but now I am almost decided that it is just as much fun to get lots of packages and letters as to have a birthday dinner. Your box arrived Monday morning, and now there is one piece of cake and three brownies left. Need I say the food was enjoyed by everyone?

Notes from
the college
writings of a
Depression-
era Agnes
Scott student.



From golfer Bobby Jones to socialist Norman Thomas, a lineup of famous people tantalized Cunningham.



Mary Sturtevant Cunningham (first row, right) and other first year students. The candles are to help them "find our way out of a fog."

DORMITORY DEMENTURE

There has been loads of excitement here this week. On Monday night a group of us were together in a girl's room having a feed for the girl whose leg was broken. Suddenly we heard someone playing taps on a bugle. We rushed to the window and saw a man outside tooting away. We called "encore" and he started to play "O Solo Mio." A girl from the college ran down the drive, met him and they ran down the street together. Great was the excitement, for we were sure we had seen a real honest elopement. . . .



After two days of much talk and rumors, it was discovered that the girl was only a day student merely going home. What a disillusionment, and especially after we were beginning to believe that romance was not dead after all.

Y.W.C.A

Last night a group of us went to the "Manless Dance" given by a group of industrial girls at the Atlanta Y.W. I never realized before how interesting girls who worked in the mills could be. I hope that I will have the opportunity to see them again. Dad, will you tell me something about the industrial situation? What is the average income of the working class? What about labor unions and communism? I'd like to know more. . . .

1930-1931

THE DEPRESSION

Things are in a pretty state here in the South. Almost every day we hear that a bank has failed. Several [girls] will probably have to stay here during Christmas, if they cannot go home by bus. I never saw such an absolutely broke community. None of us has any money to spend.

The most exciting event happened on Thursday when the Decatur bank failed. Some Commotion! The school, campus organizations and lots of individuals, especially faculty members, lost lots of money. I don't know how hard hit the school was, but not very badly I guess, because it has its money in several banks.

THE LEISURE LIFE

Norman Thomas spoke here this afternoon. He is very tall, has white hair and wears very ill-fitting clothes. I don't believe in his politics, but I certainly admire him because he has the courage of his convictions.

On Tuesday night I went with a huge crowd from school to hear Paderewski, and he was wonderful. He played Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," Chopin's "Nocturne in E. flat" and Rachmaninoff's "Prelude." The crowd was so enthusiastic they made him play three encores.

Last night a group of us went over to Emory University to hear Carl Sandburg read some of his poems and play and sing songs from "The American Songbook."

I saw Bobby Jones play in a charity game. We couldn't afford to buy a ticket, but we drove along the road beside the golf course and stood on the car where we saw quite well. The point was to see him rather than to see him play.

THE CAMPAIGN

For the next two weeks, the administration is planning to put on a campaign to raise enough money to finish paying for the new building which we built this summer. We are working hard to help with it.

Of all the crazy times to raise money, this is the worst. . . . They asked the students and faculty to pledge \$20,000. We did that and more.

1931-32

CONSTRUCTIVE THINKING

We have been working hard to get the chaperonage rule changed. As it stands now, it is nothing more than a farce. . . . There is a meeting on Thursday which will tell whether we have been doing any constructive thinking.

ON BEING A JUNIOR

I think that the Junior year is the nicest of all. This is the time when we can enjoy our friends so much. Our class is all in a dither about Junior Banquet, which I think is a pretty dumb entertainment. But, after all it's the only official time when men are entertained out here, so I guess it is pretty important. A dance would be much more worth getting excited about. (I am going to invite a boy from Emory.)



1932-33

STUDIES

I am taking American Lit, American History, a survey course of German Lit, German Conversa-

tion, Art History and Genetics and Evolution. . . .

I talk of my exams as though they were terrible things, when really I am having a fine time. Not having to go to classes or to have any kind of a regular schedule is giving me a complete vacation. Of course there is always studying to do, but I can sleep late, stay away from meals and be as lazy as I please when I don't have an exam the next morning. This week is my easy one. I have four exams next week and they are all pretty hard.



MAY DAY

I was told this morning that I am to do a solo dance in May Day. That has been the height of my ambition. I realize that it will be difficult to imagine this horse getting out and flitting before all those people. My costume is white crepe de chine, and cut exactly like an evening dress.

SENIOR OPERA

The Senior class always gives a burlesque on the evening of May Day. I am general chairman, which means I can't do any acting. This year we're presenting "The Stewed Prince In Two Sips and a Final Gulp" by the Senioropolitan Operetta Company. We practice every night. I have to see a million people a day, and when I go to bed and try to get some sleep, I lie awake and think about all the people I have to see the next day. You would think that I didn't enjoy it, by the way I am complaining, but I really do love it.

MISCELLANY

The Fox Theater here is making an all Atlanta picture and one of our Freshmen is the heroine. They have been taking pictures out here.

Everything is out here in full bloom. Atlanta is famous for its dogwoods and believe me, justly so. The main residential district looks like fairyland. In addition the azalias are in bloom.

FRIENDS AND LAST DAYS

Although our old crowd is divided, we see a good bit of each other, so I don't miss them as much as I thought I would.

I am sleeping out on the roof at night and it is glorious. I have been busy getting a tan and playing tennis. These last days are so much fun and so short. **ASC**



In the worst of times, students and faculty managed to raise \$20,000 for a new building.

LOVE IN THE MORTAR JOINTS

On their spring break, 13 Agnes Scott students help build a new family of friends—and four habitats for humanity

Written and photographed by Mary Alma Durrett



FRIDAY "I just didn't
MARCH 20 want
5 P.M. today
to end," Savannah
sophomore Nancy Zehl im-
parts our collective feeling as
she kicks the red clay off her
running shoes, takes a seat in
our familiar muddy maroon
van and readies herself for the
short but bouncy ride back to

our home away from home—
the First Baptist Church of
Starkville, Miss. We are dust
covered and physically weary
but we are high with the eu-
phoria of accomplishment.
Sixteen of us have completed
our week (March 15-20) as a
work group for Habitat for
Humanity which builds and
refurbishes homes, world-

wide, through the efforts of
volunteers and recipient
homeowners.

This week we started one
house from the ground up,
walled and sided two others,
and finished (or very nearly
finished) a fourth. We have
made friends. We have seen a
new place, worked hard, nego-
tiated our way through prob-



lems, eaten heartily and accomplished much. We have learned a good deal about ourselves.

Tomorrow we will begin our 300-mile journey back to the campus of Agnes Scott College but tonight, in our final huddle with our co-workers we will "die and go to cat-fish heaven." A rivers-edge

eatory known as The Friendship House Restaurant provides us with a seemingly never-ending stream of cat-fish.

I savor the food and company—the dozen University of Vermont students, the local Habitat for Humanity board members, the women from the First Baptist Church who have

coordinated the lunch and laundry needs of Scottie group.

What's stuck in my memory for the moment is the sheer beauty of the day—blue sky, cool breeze, warm chatter and pure exhilaration from hoisting up the framework at the Washington Street site.

Another house is begun.

Like an ol' time barn raising, lifting the framework on the Habitat home was a high point for the ASC and University of Vermont crews that worked on the Mississippi site during spring vacation.

Women in workclothes find "at days end, it's nice to see what you've accomplished."

SUNDAY "This is
MARCH 15 where
NOON rubber meets
the road," says Chaplain Patti Snyder as she and I point the two vans full of women and workclothes toward north Mississippi, arriving in Starkville at about 4:30 p.m. We find the church fellowship hall where we are to bed and

bathe this week, divide into snoring and non-snoring groups and unfurl the sleeping bags and foam cushions. Dinnertime arrives and we beat a path to the First Presbyterian Church for the first of many meals given to us by total strangers.

We arrive in Oktibbeha County after much preparation.



MONDAY Scents
MARCH 16 of
7 A.M. coffee

and sweet rolls awaken me. Rick and Elizabeth Gaupo, the site coordinators from Habitat International, and the Vermont group join us for our first of five pre-work devotionals. We gather our hammers and lunches (which we made the night before) and head for the work sites. "I saw a side of life I've never seen before," says Theresa Hoenes, a sophomore from Marietta, Ga., who is among the students I travel with to the Holland family house site, out on a secluded dirt road beyond the expanse of Mississippi State University.

Fire destroyed the Holland's home in November. The stark symmetry of their new home-in-progress stands in contrast to the lumbering, old home which had a geodesic dome as its focal point. The family's belongings are strewn out across the lawn—toys, clothes, appliances. Hoenes and most of the other workers spend the day sanding, staining and coating baseboards, painting the house interior, tiling the floors, or wiping up the sticky black adhesive that seeps up



Nancy Zehl '94 and French instructor Marie-Christine Lagier work on door frames. Although she didn't bring many building skills, said Zehl, she brought what is most important: "All you need is an ability to care."

through the flooring squares.

Owner, Debbie Holland is the hardest of workers. She is on her knees all day, laying

down tile and custom-cutting the pieces that wrap around the plumbing fixtures. Her three sons are bright and in-

quisitive and play all around us, making swords of anything that doesn't move, including sheetrock.

Debbie schools them at home and admits that they are behind in their studies. Her husband, Sonny, is in town at his regular job.

The Hollands have purchased the home on what Habitat Founder Millard Fuller calls the "Bible Finance Plan": 500 hours of donated service to the organization plus a no-interest mortgage issued over a fixed period. Their monthly house payments are made at no profit to Habitat partners and actually will be used to build other homes for the needy.

"I enjoyed meeting the families and working with them, especially the Hollands and their little boys," comments Hoenes.

"It was nice to be able to actually see what you had accomplished at the end of a day."



Christy Beal '95 (right) cut all the lumber used in making the door and window headers for the Washington Street house.

Kara Russell '92 (left) found many tasks familiar: her father is in the construction business.

Fuller's message in song—"Give a little love"—becomes the theme of the Habitat week.

**WEDNESDAY
MARCH 18** The group **8:10 A.M.** is physically tired. For two days we have installed insulation, hung sheetrock, mudded walls, affixed siding, sanded, shoveled, hammered and painted. It is raining and will likely continue all day. Personalities rub and friction results.

Snyder advises: "We have to learn to be patient with a lot of people."

I am in need of inspiration.

Enter, Georgia Fuller for the daily devotional.

She tells us about the origin of Habitat in her native Americus, Ga., about the ridicule she and her family (Millard and Linda Fuller) have endured for daring to reverse the trend of poverty housing. Through volunteer labor, management expertise and donations of money and materials, Habitat will have built 13,000 homes, worldwide, by the close of this week. Fuller reads from scripture in Galatians about the importance of being bold and teaches us a song she has written the night before, called "Give a little love. . . ."

For three hours today it rains down on volunteers Julia Short, a sophomore from Tennessee, and UV student, Charlotte Sector, who refuse to give up their outdoor posts at the siding saw. Short, with a length of siding, negotiates her way up onto a sawhorse and beneath steadily dripping eaves, hammers siding onto the house.

As Georgia Fuller says, "There are lots of consequences to doing God's work."

Georgia Fuller '93, daughter of Millard and Linda Fuller, founders of Habitat for Humanity, found some down time in the evenings to play piano. Her song, "Give a Little Love," became a theme of the students' alternate spring break. An excerpt expresses the mood:
*"When you see your neighbor's in trouble now,
 Give a little love.
 You just better get on the double now,
 Give a little love.
 Don't just keep it, take and deliver it,
 Give a little love . . ."*



A HABITAT FULLER AT ASC



When Georgia Fuller enters a room, if her nearly six-foot frame and long, wavy brown tresses weren't enough to command attention, her effervescent personality invariably does. This Agnes Scott College junior is the daughter of Habitat for Humanity founders Millard and Linda Fuller.

"I grew up in Habitat," explains the Americus, Ga., native.

"We had a sign out in front of our house that said we were going to 'Eliminate poverty from the face of the Earth.'



With our whole family and a few others working, we had just enough people to lick the stamps to send out fundraising letters."

Most people thought their plan was a foolish little whim.

Detractors ridiculed her parents; the people they helped were often harassed. Millard Fuller's name was purportedly second on local law enforcement's list of Communist Party members. "Jimmy Carter's name was first," Fuller says and laughs. "But that didn't stop them. As my father would say: 'There are times for

being bold or foolish and this clearly was one. For Christ's sake, we are fools.'"

Georgia Fuller has participated in numerous work projects in the United States and in Tijuana, Mexico. Since the first house was built in 1969 in southwest Georgia, 300 houses have been built in Fuller's home county alone, and Habitat for Humanity has grown into a worldwide movement building 13,000 houses.

Today Habitat has building projects in 800 cities in 37 countries worldwide, averaging 15 houses per day.

On the evening of day two, with the group of ASC and University of Vermont "Collegiate Challenge" homebuilders tired from physical labor and bracing for a day of work in the rain, Fuller inspired us with her memories of Habitat. Putting musical talents to work, she taught the group an a cappella song she'd written specifically for that morning's devotional. In the evenings throughout the week, it was not unusual to hear her singing in the stairwell of the church where the ASC group stayed or playing

the piano in one of the church choir rooms.

A French major, with minors in religion and German, Fuller plans to study in Angers, France, next year before returning to ASC for graduation.

"I love to travel and Habitat is starting to have more projects in Europe now, so I know that for the rest of my life I am going to be interested in participating in Habitat in one way or another," says Fuller, "because Habitat fulfills what I perceive to be the goals of Christianity."

Monotonous work turns joyful, tired muscles ache, and the new home progresses.

THURSDAY The site on **MARCH 19** 9:30 A.M. Washington Street is mighty muddy. I am shoveling gravel around the rim of the house. It is chilly. Nancy Zehl and Nitya Jacobs, a first-year student from Maharashtra, India, are hammering odd nails out of two-by-fours. Christy Beal, a first-year student from Ellijay, Ga., proves quite adept with the circular saw and is cutting and assembling door and window headers to be used in the frame.

The work is a bit monotonous. We play a word game until the sound of slinging gravel and buzzing saw drowns

out our voices.

Nancy and Nitya ask Glen Heath for their next job. Heath, our site manager and a construction veteran advises, "Lay those studs onto those horses."

Nancy repeats, "Lay the what on the what?"

We laugh as Heath adds the needed definitions.

My shoulders ache.

From carrying lumber to "mudding" and sanding drywalls, students proved they could do the work. ASC, developing a campus chapter of Habitat, will work on an all-women built house in Atlanta this coming fall.





THURSDAY At
MARCH 19 Trinity

9 P.M. Presbyterian Church, students and homeowner families meet for the first time and sit down together for supper. I'm across from Mary Isaac, a quiet woman of about 50, who works in a professor's office at Mississippi State. She says when she found out she was going to get a Habitat house she didn't sleep all night. With this project, she has almost completed her 500 hours of volunteer labor required of homeowners. Children are moving about the fellowship hall at Trinity, playing, talking and laughing as the other homeowners tell their stories and the group applauds.

Then Snyder presents ASC's contribution of \$1,500 to Habitat local board member Wilson Ashford. Months ago we began raising money for this Habitat for Humanity "Alternative Spring Break" project, soliciting our friends and helping with a benefit play performance by Atlanta's Theatre Gael. Agnes Scott participants are 16 among 3,000 students nationwide, from 100 colleges and universities who have contributed \$140,000 to Habitat and building homes in 70 cities across the United States.

The ASC and UV students move to one side of the fellowship hall to sing our newly learned, "Give a little love," song.

Everyone stands to applaud. Then handshakes and hugs break out all around.

"For many in the group this was an important trip because



Building a home also means building community for students.

His family's home rising in the background, T.J. Holland carves a sword from discarded sheetrock. Like other family members, he contributed "sweat-equity" during the week of intense building by the visiting collegians.

they had not only an opportunity to apply things learned in the classrooms of Agnes Scott to real life situations but to come to terms with their own religious beliefs and philosophies," says the chaplain. "This was a first-hand example of how you live out

what you believe."

The entire group forms a circle and joins hands.

Snyder sings a benediction. A kind of spiritual energy fills the room.

And for that bright and fleeting moment, we are a Habitat community. **ASC**

—Writer Durrett traveled to Starkville with the Agnes Scott students mentioned above, as well as Christy Beal, Jessica Daugherty, Joy Farist, Sarah Fisher, Nitya Jacobs, Marie-Christine Lagier, Lora Munroe, Lisa Rogers, Kara Russell and Jennie Sparrow.

New ASC master's degree to further teaching careers

With an eye toward education for the next century, this summer Agnes Scott will offer its first graduate degree program, a Master of Arts in Teaching [MAT] Secondary English.

The initial graduate session will begin June 15 with as many as 5-10 students enrolling in the first-year class.

The College takes its place with 15 (out of 84) other women's colleges in the United States to offer graduate-level degrees. Because federal law mandates that all newly created graduate programs cannot deny entrance to students on the basis of gender, race or creed, the Agnes Scott program will be open to men.

The program will emphasize gender equity in public school classrooms. "So that young women will realize their potential, we need men and women teachers who are sensitive to the destructive effects of bias in the classroom," says Dean of the College Sarah Blanshei.

"We want to provide the model for a bias-free, gender-equal education," concludes Blanshei.

"The MAT program will enable Agnes Scott to do an even better job of preparing well-educated teachers for the schools of Georgia and other states," observes President Ruth Schmidt. "Fine teachers are desperately needed and this is an area where Agnes

Scott's mission and strengths match the need."

During the next decade, according to Ruth Bettendorff, associate dean of the College, about one-third of the pre-college teaching force will retire. By 1995, she says, the need for teachers will increase by 24 percent and half of that need will be in

cant course work in English. The Graduate Record Exam (GRE) is not a prerequisite for admission.

The MAT degree will require 45 credit hours and student teaching in Atlanta metro area high schools. "Students will take between 12 to 15 credit hours per session with schedules tailored to fit

The MAT plan evolved as "we were reflecting on the College and thinking of ways to make the institution more viable, exciting and directed toward the next century." —Linda Hubert

secondary education.

Bettendorff will direct the new office of graduate studies.

Agnes Scott's program is designed specifically for students who have either made a late decision as undergraduates to become teachers or for those who have been out of school for a few years.

Distinctive from MAT offerings at other colleges will be Agnes Scott's writing workshop, "an exciting hands-on experience, a chance for graduate students to develop their own writing as well as learn good ways to help others with their writing. It will focus on composition, shaping ideas and communicating those ideas," according to Linda Hubert, chair of the English Department.

Academic requirements for students participating in the Agnes Scott program will include either a bachelor's degree in English or a degree in a related field with signifi-

the needs of the individual student," explains Hubert. "Classes will be small to provide lots of personal attention."

Tuition for the summer graduate session will be \$2,875; during the academic year (fall and spring semesters) it will be a total of \$5,750.

Seniors like Return-to-College Student Florence Hardney-Hines believe the MAT could dovetail nicely with the announced Scott-Free Year 5 which will offer ASC students completing graduation requirements between December 1991 and August 1992 the first opportunity to take classes during a fifth year, tuition free, on a space-available basis. "I already know the teachers," she says. "It gives me more options to enable me to teach."

The graduate program will be separate from undergradu-

ate studies, explains Dean of the College Sarah Blanshei. Graduate students will not participate in undergraduate organizations or activities and male students who enroll in the program will not be housed in Agnes Scott residence halls, she says.

"Agnes Scott is not becoming a co-educational institution," emphasizes Blanshei, who with other administrators downplays the impact of a possibly greater male presence on campus.

The plan for the Agnes Scott graduate program grew out of the Strategic Plan. Hubert, who worked on the plan and was a guiding force in the MAT proposal, says, "We were reflecting on the College and thinking of ways to make the institution more viable, exciting and directed toward the next century. ASC has always provided qualified teachers at the undergraduate level.

"Now we will develop a program to train teachers who will be able to make a difference in the classroom in the next century."

Bettendorff adds, "Offering a graduate program provides a new dimension to Agnes Scott in the eyes of other academic institutions. We are known for the quality of our undergraduates; now we will be recognized for providing quality teachers for the classrooms of tomorrow."

As ASC readies for the arrival of its first graduate students, Hubert concludes, "This program makes good sense in terms of Agnes Scott's history and future."

—Audrey Arthur

BODY TALK

Alumnae ranging in age from the mid-twenties to the late eighties share how they keep fit.

Written by
Celeste Pennington
Photographed by
Paul Obregón

The rhythm starts easy. The singing is seductive: "Dahlin', dahlin' stay, please stay. I want to see you in the morning sun, every day, every day," croons Bob Seger to 20 women gathered in the Briarlake Baptist Church gymnasium. Three times a week, a lanky, lean Deborah Long Wingate '72, leads the class of 55-to 75-year-olds in an hour of carefully choreographed muscle-stretching, mind-bending dance. She calls it conscious movement—training for body and brain.

"If you don't use it, you lose it," warns Wingate. "It boils down to that."

Wingate is a certified dance aerobics instructor. She explains that with aging, "things like walking backward become more difficult. So as we do dance aerobics, we move backward to remind our bodies how to do that. When we do side lunges, it reminds our bodies that if we get off balance, to steady ourselves, we can lunge to the side instead of falling."

To call on muscles only to sit, stand, walk forward and lie down eventually limits the body's repertoire of motions, diminishes flexibility, stamina, balance and coordination.

"Rumba," barks Wingate and the women raise their right arms, bent at the elbows. "Good posture!" A few more steps. Then they lunge forward, in sync. Perspiration pops out on a forehead here or there and the class moves as one in intricate steps. Their motion is quick, light and controlled.

This is *low-impact* aerobics. As the rhythms change and the tempo escalates one wonders should real exercise seem this fun?

It's the notion of "no pain, no gain" that Wingate decries as myth. "You open any magazine or turn on any TV commercial and that's presented as the standard. But that's not real."

This is. Wingate and a core group of 10 or more women have been exercising, together, for eight years now: 45 minutes of aerobics, 10 minutes of floor work exercising abdominals, gluteals and thighs, and five minutes of stretching and upper body work with rubberbands. The workout is a challenge. But there is also a pervasive sense of well-being. Wingate explains, "We carefully monitor the effort at intervals in class. These women



know when they are working hard—and whether they are working harder than they should."

♦ ♦ ♦

Regular aerobic exercise reduces the risk of heart disease, improves mental outlook, lowers blood pressure and cholesterol. It can also cause chronic health problems. "If your body is hurting," warns Wingate, "it's saying to stop."

♦ ♦ ♦

REGULAR AEROBIC EXERCISE like running, brisk walks, bicycling and aerobic dance, reduces the risk of heart disease by 50 percent, decreases mental anxiety and depression, lowers blood pressure and cholesterol levels and improves the delivery of oxygen to body muscle cells, according to an article in *Women's Sports & Fitness*.

Few argue the value of exercise. Yet the experts differ widely on what constitutes *effective* exercise.

Must a person work out at 70 percent of the maximal heart rate for 30 minutes, three times a week? The answer hinges on individual physical condition, exercise needs and goals: does a person



*Exercise, says dance
aerobics instructor*

Deborah Long

*Wingate '72, is
crucial to life-long fitness.*

*"If you don't use it," she warns,
"you lose it."*

need to build muscle, for instance, or to increase aerobic capacity or to burn fat?

The growing concern is that long-term exercise, as noted in a recent article in the *New York Times*, can actually lead to painful, often chronic health problems, so some fitness programs make people less fit. Even young people.

Wingate ruined her knees, running. She advocates carefully monitored exercise. "Why put your muscles and joints in jeopardy," she reasons. "If

your body is hurting, it is saying to stop."

Pushing the body beyond its limit can also produce hormones that cause stress rather than reduce it, warns Ralph LaForge, director of health promotion at the San Diego Cardiac Medical Group, interviewed in the April issue of *Working Women*.

♦ ♦ ♦

Bicycling and aerobic dance are safe sports for injury-prone athletes. Even no-sweat activity can yield health benefits. "Listen to what your body is saying," advises Wingate, "and adjust."

♦ ♦ ♦

WITH INCREASING AMOUNTS of exercise and intensity, risks grow exponentially. "Your body," Wingate notes from her own experience with injuries, "will win, every time."

Running and tennis can cause knee and ankle injury; jumps and lunges can result in athlete's leg (a partial pulling away of the Achilles tendon from the calf muscle). Swimming, often regarded as one of the safest and most beneficial sports, pro-

Exercise is individual; each sets her own pace. But for all, it's a perscription for better health.



For alumna Pauline Hoch '55 (right), exercise fights high cholesterol; for Jane Espy '42, exercise is a remedy for arthritis.

duces tendinitis of the shoulder among 10 percent of serious recreational swimmers within one year of swimming.

Bicycling, which avoids pounding the legs and feet, is one of the best sports for injury-prone athletes, according to the *Times* article. Because of the low intensity of the workouts, aerobic dance injury rate is also quite low; and researchers have found that fewer than 10 percent of those injuries require medical treatment.

The Public Health Service has revised its national fitness goals for A.D. 2000, which will call for adults to be physically active 30 minutes each day. Each person is encouraged to find exercise that will be enjoyed on a regular basis.

Even no-sweat activity can yield health benefits. For those who don't care to walk or can't run, regular physical chores like window washing, car washing and gardening will foster fitness.

In fact, researchers at the University of Pittsburgh compared volunteers who gardened for an hour a day with those who ran 20 or more miles a week. While the runners burned far more calories, they showed only slight health advantages over their gardener counterparts, according to the article in *Working Woman*. "The three times a week program is only relevant for a sedentary person who wants to improve her aerobic capacity," insists James M. Rippe, author of *The Exercise Exchange Program*. Yet he also notes a number of other things like improving flexibility, reducing risks of heart disease and better weight control as valid goals for fitness.

Running 20 hours a week, reports one study, showed only slight health advantages over gardening an hour per day.

GETTING BACK IN SHAPE after pregnancy was Wingate's goal when she began taking dance aerobics almost a decade ago at a YMCA. Later she decided to teach. "I knew if I did not teach, I would not participate on a regular basis."

Each woman in the class has an individual goal. Trim Pauline Hoch '55, who has participated for five years, says, "I have very high cholesterol and pre-osteoporosis. I'm involved to keep cholesterol down and my bones intact."

Each also has different physical limitations which become more pronounced with age. Each



person's height for leg lifts varies as does the depth of lunges. "From your head to your toes, from your brain to the soles of feet," says Wingate, "aging makes a difference."

Wingate emphasizes the importance of taking differences into account as each person becomes involved in exercise. "We don't make comparisons. But we must listen to what our bodies are saying to us, and adjust." Agrees Hoch, "You can bring vigor to this experience or you can tone it down."

Wingate knows the long-term values of fitness and keeps the class moving. "March forward and reach," she calls to the class. "Left, left, turn from the left. And back."

"This class helps keep all my joints moving," says Jane Stillwell Espy '42. She smiles. But she's not kidding. She names arthritis and rheumatism as prime motivation for her regular dance aerobics workouts. That and the fact that Wingate keeps it fun. "Just about the time I feel like, 'Oh, no, why do we have to do this?' they have a routine to music from my era," says Espy.

Out on the floor today, Espy moves smoothly, gracefully to the Big Band sound of "Satin Doll."



VIRGINIA PHILIP '61

A Runner's World

On February 1, Gellerstedt Track echoes with the soft clip-clop-clip-clop of feet and a chorus of belabored breathing: Who who who who, hah-hah-hah-hah, hnh-hah, hnh-hah, hnh-hah, hnh-hah.

"This is lap four?" asks one runner edging past another.

"Yeah."

A frosty breeze freezes faces, nips at bare legs and hands. One woman who checks her watch, hardly lifts her feet above the blacktop as she scoots along.

"Ha-HAH, Ha-HAH, Ha-HAH. I'm hurtin'," admits a silver-haired man. "HAH! HAH! HAH! HAH! HAH! HAH!" another runner loudly yells as he gasps in the biting air.

Among the 73 competing in this Atlanta Track Club-sponsored hour run emerges the slim, compact form of Virginia Philip '61 in white knit gloves, shirt and pink-purple-teal-swirled spandex.

She runs easily, she breathes easily, face forward, cropped dark hair bobbing. Now and then, she grins.

Even after 50 minutes, after the trackside is strewn with overheated runners' discarded hats, gloves, T-shirts and empty paper cups, and after the run has slowed many folk—with haggard faces and heaving chests—to a walk, Philip keeps pace.

Finally, a gunshot cracks out over the field.

Philip stops. Stretches. Smiles. "It's time to rest," she says, while the man behind her catches his breath. "You begin to wonder, are they ever going to shoot that gun?"

Her spotter fills out a little blue card after tracking 26 laps plus 713 yards in lane 3. That divides out to more than 6.5 miles in an hour. "Four to five years ago, I could run under eight,"

Philip runs for health, for solitude, for friendship—for, most of all, the challenge.



Philip dismisses her many medals and awards, but she's proud of her runner's chart that shows a nine-month total of 608.8 miles.

laments Philip, 52. Later when medals are passed out, she gets one. Another runner catches Philip's eye and mouths: "You *always* win something."

If that spells frustration to other runners, so must the fact that Philip just ran more than six eight-minute miles with no hard breathing and a mere film of perspiration glistening her forehead.

In the larger scheme of things six or seven miles is just no sweat for Philip; the Saturday before she ran 20.

Philip is a marathoner who celebrated her 50th birthday by running one of the most physically challenging events, the Boston Marathon. She ran the New York Marathon that same year. "Your body is destroyed after a marathon, but your head is happy."

She laughs a little. "It is difficult to walk after a marathon."

* * *

VIRGINIA PHILIP grew up in LaGrange. Childhood friends remind her that as a kid, she didn't like playing out-of-doors. At Agnes Scott she was a chemistry major, "absolutely not" involved in sports. She remembers her off hours being spent in the campus gathering place, the Hub, playing bridge and smoking.

It was in 1978, a year after Philip quit smoking, that she began to exercise to improve health and to lose weight. She started running with friends after a Y exercise class. Then she joined co-workers at The Coca-Cola Company in the Peachtree Road Race. "I decided on July 3. I competed on July 4. I remember asking, 'Am I going to come in last?' My friends said no. What I remember about the race is the sound of this thundering herd around me."

Philip won a T-shirt that day and became a regular in the 10K event. "It's like a party running down Peachtree Road. People play music and carry flags. My mother who was in her 80s, would come up every year. As runners stampeded down the street, she'd be there, clinging to a lamp post. I'd run by, stop and give her a kiss."

* * *

THE CACHE OF SYMBOLIC AWARDS Philip has accumulated—glass plates, a second place silver tray from the Savannah Marathon, pottery mug and bowls from runs in North Carolina, assorted medals and what she calls "tacky trophies with plastic runners on top"—she quietly dis-

misses as "somewhere in the closet."

What Philip does show is a dog-eared paper, marked 1978. On one side a yellow highlighter traces her paths on a photocopied map; on the other side a chart records daily distances run. The chart begins with a 3.6 mile run Friday, July 21, and continues through April 6 the following year. The first week adds up to 18.1 miles and slowly increases every few weeks until the nine-month running total is 608.8.

In the intervening 14 years Philip has maintained a general conditioning regimen, running four or five times a week. "It makes me feel physically stronger and emotionally calmer." Each week she logs about 20 miles. "That varies. From year to year, from day to day, I experience periods of different kinds of motivation. Sometimes it is to run in the company of other people. Sometimes it is to run alone, to have that solitary time. Sometimes it is to set a goal and make it."

The goal before Philip at 5:45 a.m., this Saturday, January 25, 1992, is the London Marathon which occurs in spring.

To prepare, during the week she has run in downtown Atlanta from her office where she is executive assistant to the senior vice president for science for The Coca-Cola Company, to Piedmont Park. On weekends she has added two miles every other week until she's running 26 miles for the last three weeks before the marathon.

"The decision to run a marathon," she explains, "means I have to make a commitment to follow a training schedule. I have to plan around it. For instance I know that a training run of 20 miles will take all of this Saturday morning."

Philip keeps two pairs of running shoes lined with simple felt orthotics which she has built up herself to push the balance of her foot to the outside. She smooths on a little lip balm, but otherwise runs without tape and the other paraphernalia connected with muscle strains and aching joints experienced by many distance runners. She saves her stretches for *after* the run: "My muscles," she explains, "are warmer then."

She ran a week ago in the snow. This dark morning temperatures hover around 30. The silver of a half-moon shines down through the bare tree branches as Philip steps out the front door of her town home. The perfect stillness is broken by the swish-swish-swish of nylon warmups and Nikes' soft pop against black top as Philip heads down the hill onto Habersham.

"This is my favorite time of day. Nobody's out there. It's a very solitary time for me," says Philip.

"I can see the sun rise. I love the quietness of it."

* * *

FOR THE NEXT HOUR Philip runs up and down gentle hills, past dormant houses and into pool after glowing pool of street lamp light.

Daylight reveals tiny puffs of breath forming a halo of light, air and moisture around her face as she inhales-exhales. The air is burning cold.

By 8:53 a.m., she's joined by a friend and legal assistant with Coca-Cola, Gale Nairne, who along with Philip has competed on the company team. At 10:01 a.m., Philip is pulling up the hill toward Peachtree Street, still running steadily as she finishes the last leg of her workout.

By the time she reaches home she admits her breathing was a little shallow toward the end of her 20 miles, but, she says, "I'm not running hard enough to get winded." She does a few long, slow stretches against her Volvo.

"My legs feel *used*," she says as she prepares to go in the house to shower. "It feels good to have done it."

She grins and assures, "I'm not going to run any more today."

* * *

DISCIPLINED, STRONG, mentally tough are all words applied to runners who have gone the distance (26 miles and 385 yards) since marathon running began in 1896. (Women officially joined the competitive ranks of marathoners in 1972.) Philip began with the Savannah Marathon in 1985; the Boston and New York marathons in April and November of 1989.

In London, she'll compete along with friends who are traveling with her. She's been thinking about this marathon since that first one in Savannah. "It's a big one." For the past three years, she and her friends have talked about it. And since late last year, she's been regularly training for it. "I'm ready. I'm as well-trained as I've ever been."

When she arrives in London she will rest, drink plenty of water and try to eat carbohydrates and avoid fats.

For about a week after the London Marathon she says she will take a break and resume her normal running schedule.

"A marathon? *Anyone* can do it," she says.

SARAH QUINN SLAUGHTER '26

A Drawer Full of Walkathon T-Shirts

Slaughter is not into the celebrity video work outs. She just watches Atlanta's Peachtree Road Race. "I'm not into running or jogging," she quips. She is into walking. She has a drawerful of walkathon T-shirts to prove it. Last October she was recognized as the oldest among roughly 800 members from 150 churches participating in an 8.2-mile Stone Mountain walkathon to generate money for Wesley community centers.

Not so much to keep in shape for those events, and on no set course, she gets out and walks a couple of miles daily.

She's one among a impressive array of Agnes Scott women—some competitors (a number of them marathon runners like Virginia Philip), some not—who find exercise so enjoyable, or sport so physically challenging, that it's now an integral part of their lives.

MARY ANNA SMITH '78

MARTHA THOMPSON '66

Running for Life . . . and Fun

Sporting Agnes Scott T-shirts, last spring Mary Anna Smith of New York and her coach, Martha Thompson of Washington, D. C., partici-

Sarah Slaughter '26 at the Agnes Scott challenge race at Gellerstedt Field. She walks daily: to the post office, to Ansley Mall, to her church. Pretty good for a woman pushing 88.



The “why they exercise” varies. But for all, there is pleasure in the challenge and in the feeling of completion.



Mary Anna Smith '78 Photo

Running gives Mary Anna Smith '78 (above) “a great way to maintain weight.” For Tennis Hall of Famer Ruth Lay '46 (right, with Kristin Louer '93, ASC's top tennis player and one of Lay's former students), “there is nothing greater” than coaching 30 young players a week. “They are my friends,” she says.



pated in the five-mile Alamo [Car Rental] Alumni Run through NYC Central Park.

“Running for speed is very much of a talent,” says Thompson. “Distance running is a discipline.”

To build endurance, Smith, a special events consultant whose clients include American Express and the Museum of Modern Art, runs mornings along the loops through Central Park: “It’s a great way to maintain weight. The more you run, the more you can eat.”

Thompson, who works for Compuware, literally runs errands or runs to see friends. She likes to map out interesting courses for herself, like running a series of area bridges. She has run on vacations in Ecuador and Africa and recommends it as a “great way to learn a place.” Often she and Smith meet in Atlanta to run the Peachtree together. And Thompson has run the Chicago and New York marathons, back to back.

It’s the New York Marathon that the two love

to have run. It begins early in the morning and touches various boroughs in the city. “You run through all the ethnic neighborhoods. The children reach out and touch you,” says Thompson. “When you enter Manhattan there are 200,000 people on street corners cheering for you.”

CAROLYN WEAVER '89

Challenged by Rock Climbing

Weaver is limber—and short. She eliminated a field of activities dominated by tall folks and made rock-climbing her sport of choice. “Rock-climbing was something I could do respectably well, early on,” she explains. “It helps that I can bring my foot almost to my shoulder.”

Weaver, a marketing analyst for an insurance company in the Atlanta area, likes the clear-cut goal and personal challenge of the sport. It holds

an element of danger. And on picking a course to the summit, she says, "You have to fight every step of the way."

Her interest in climbing was piqued along the Appalachian Trail. One experience in Virginia stands out.

Two male climbers tried and failed to scale the face of a rock, there.

"I fell, too. I wondered if I would bust my head. But," she says, "I made it to the top."

RUTH RYNER LAY '46

Tennis Halls of Fame

Southern Tennis Hall of Famer Lay ranks as a tough competitor in her own right, honored in both the Southern and the Georgia Tennis halls of fame. And she has been to Wimbledon nine times with her students. She spends three to four hours each day on the tennis courts, coaching 30 young players a week. "There is nothing greater than working with young people," insists Lay. "They are my friends."

Over the years, Lay, of Norcross, Ga., has recruited some top players for Agnes Scott's tennis teams. She follows their play with more than passing interest. Lay and Anne Register Jones '46 (who played tennis together at Agnes Scott) purchased purple and white warmup outfits for this year's team.

RACHEL KENNEDY LOWTHIAN '37

Gutsy Golfing with the Pros

A "gutsy old woman" is how a Delaware newspaper describes Lowthian. Her golf partners have included pros Nancy Lopez, Hollis Stacy, Patty Rizzo and Sandra Post during 13 years of Pro-Am tournaments. "In spite of her 76 years and a total hip replacement, Lowthian plays 18 holes of golf three or four times a week and consistently scores between 95 and 105.

She likes the mental rigor: "You have to think through your shots." She enjoys the out-of-doors, the scenery, the birds. "Most of all," she says, "I like my partners. We just have a great time together."

Lowthian, who began golfing in 1965, played every day for a while and had a 19 handicap. She

remains among few amateur women competing in pro-am events. "It's pretty nerve-wracking on the first tee," the sturdy Lowthian admits about playing with the pros. "You always want to get off on the first tee with a good drive."

JOSEPHINE SULLIVAN '44

Jumping to Better Health

Sullivan of Greenville, S.C., says her six children were a bit shocked when she began training for master's level track and field events. But she says, "They got used to it." This winter she placed first in the long and triple jumps at the

After appearing in a tournament together, pro golfer Nancy Lopez congratulates 72-year-old Rachel Lowthian '37.

"Nancy is one of the finest young ladies in the sport," says Lowthian, who laments that so few women play in the Pro-Ams. "I am chagrined that other women golfers are afraid."



Gannett Photo by Michael Schwarz/Rochester Times-Union

Spry got into exercise when she found team Frisbee an addictive sport.



Spry, a caseworker for Family and Children Services in Cobb County, Ga., practices regularly. For out-of-town tournaments, she—like many—often stays in the homes of other players.

Master's indoor track meet at Brown University. She won a gold last summer in the triple jump during an international track and field competition drawing 5,500 Master's athletes to Finland.

She begins training (aerobic exercise and weight lifting) around January and competes at indoor and outdoor meets through the end of summer. Her best is 12 feet 3 3/4 inches in the long jump and 23 feet 4 inches in the triple.

She also competes in the 55-meter and 200-meter runs at 9.8 and 40 seconds, respectively.

"I think this makes a difference in strength and endurance and lung capacity. And this has opened up a whole new world.

I didn't think there would be anything like this, competitive sports, for someone as old as I am."

Although Sullivan usually tries to win, there is one exception. When racing along the beach with grandchildren, she says, "We sort of tie."

ANNE SPRY '86

The Ultimate in Frisbee

Sports are something Spry has engaged in only "under pressure." Three years ago she came to watch a game of Ultimate [Frisbee], and was literally dragged into the game because the team needed an additional woman (coed leagues require each team to have at least two women on the field at all times).

"They were so desperate. It didn't matter to them that I was awful," remembers Spry, who enjoyed herself in spite of having to run up and down a soccer-sized field, catching and passing a plastic disc until it was caught in the end zone. Now she's a regular on the women's B-Flat team, competing in Southeastern tournaments from South Carolina to Florida.

Ultimate, invented by a New Jersey high school, is played in 30 countries. It consists of two seven-member teams attempting to keep a Frisbee in the air and moving down field to the goal.

"The people are very nice. After about the first two or three weeks of playing, I thought, this is awfully fun. And once you get in shape," says Spry, "it is addictive." **ASC**

Mortar Board: Sixty Years Of Highest Honors

The clock closes on midnight. Sixteen young women cross the quadrangle, a space framed in red brick, amber lit. They walk in pairs and in threes. Robed. Figures in black. They duck through doors. Reappear. Cross again. Enter others. They glide. A Chimera. Monastic. Something ancient, venerable.

There is little sound, only snatches. The swish of cloth. Heels against brick. One woman softly calling to another as they pass.

For 60 years each spring at Agnes Scott, in ceremony more ritual than secret, soon-to-be-graduating seniors have tapped juniors to take their place on Mortar Board.

It is an unbroken chain.

Though the years have brought changes, those with a view of six decades still find familiarity in the practice and intent of the organization. The values recognized among its members then—leadership, scholarship, and service—remain intact.

Mortar Board arrived at Agnes Scott through the efforts of 14 members of the Class of 1931. Members of HOASC—the Honorary Order of Agnes Scott College—a campus honor society for seniors founded in 1916 with aims similar to those of Mortar Board, petitioned the national organization for a chapter on campus. A charter was granted and Mortar Board began the following year.



Members of Mortar Board in 1945: Always the highest ideals . . .

When the new honor society began, it simply picked up where the old one had left off, numbering among the membership those elected since 1916.

Katherine Morrow Norem '31, one of the 14 who brought Mortar Board here, remembers selecting juniors for that first year's membership. They were leaders, involved in student government and other campus organizations, holders of an exemplary standard of scholarship. People like herself—feature editor for the college newspaper, member of the YWCA board, class secretary, and “probably some things I’ve forgotten.”

Membership was announced at a special convocation held during chapel. “Agnes Scott was a Presbyterian school and we had chapel every day,” says Norem. She remembers it as lovely. A procession of seniors in caps and gowns, faculty in colorful academic hoods. Later there was dinner and investiture of new members who wore the recognition pin of their senior sponsors, a simple “H,” until Mortar Board pins arrived the next year.

“While Phi Beta Kappa

honored scholarship, HOASC was something more. It was about the highest honor you could get at Agnes Scott,” says Norem.

Ann Chapin Hudson Hankins '31 agrees. “It recognized what you did for the college.”

Many of Hankins' contributions were on the athletic field, but it was as YWCA president her senior year that she made a most lasting contribution. The Y sponsored a forum, a meeting with black students from Spelman and Morehouse colleges, to discuss racial issues. In 1931, no black students attended ASC. Even when students from the three colleges met, they were not allowed to eat together—“There were laws against such things then,” she says. And there were other ramifications. She recalls the parents of one Agnes Scott student almost pulling her from the college for participating. Out of that experience grew the Maude and Waddy Hudson Memorial Scholarship for black students. It is named for Hankins' parents. She and her husband contribute funds each year.

Through the years, one characteristic common

among individual members of the honor society is commitment—perhaps over-commitment—to causes both on and off campus. The most notable shift in Mortar Board in recent years has been to not only to recognize this commitment, but to make it a characteristic of the organization itself. Traditionally, Mortar Board has been responsible for Black Cat, student elections and service projects for the year. During 1991-92, Mortar Board sponsored faculty lectures, two blood drives, a family at Christmas; members did volunteer work at an elementary school, helped with the Special Olympics, collected funds for an international hunger relief agency, worked one night in a women's shelter, worked with mentally handicapped adults, tutored non-reading adolescents and adults, and secured a grant that will bring a literacy program on campus next year.

It's not surprising that the organization accomplishes so much, says current president Jennifer Bruce '92. “We didn't turn down a thing. These are committed people. All you had to do was mention a project and hands shot up.”

What next year's Mortar Board will accomplish is anyone's guess.

What is sure, the time-honored values of leadership, scholarship, and service will be passed from one class to the next, one generation to the next, one decade to the next—women linked across time in what is best at Agnes Scott College.

—By Bill Bangham

BEST SHOTS CONTEST WINNERS



First Prize

"Meghan"
Hannah Griffin Wildner '81
Norcross, Georgia

Second Prize

"My Husband at 50"
Patricia H. Cooper '61
Eaton Rouge, Louisiana



Honorable Mention

Untitled
Lisa Freeman '95
Atlanta, Georgia





Third Prize

"Crippling Candles"

Barbie Stitt '92

Chattanooga, Tennessee

Honorable Mention

Freedom—

Tbilisi, Republic of Georgia

Tracy Penny '93

Dallas, Texas



Honorable Mention

Untitled

Lucia Sizemore '65

Stone Mountain, Georgia



Honorable Mention

Violinist Dana Chesnut

Carolyn Thorsen '55

Atlanta, Georgia

Decatur GA 30033

“Out of the Fog”

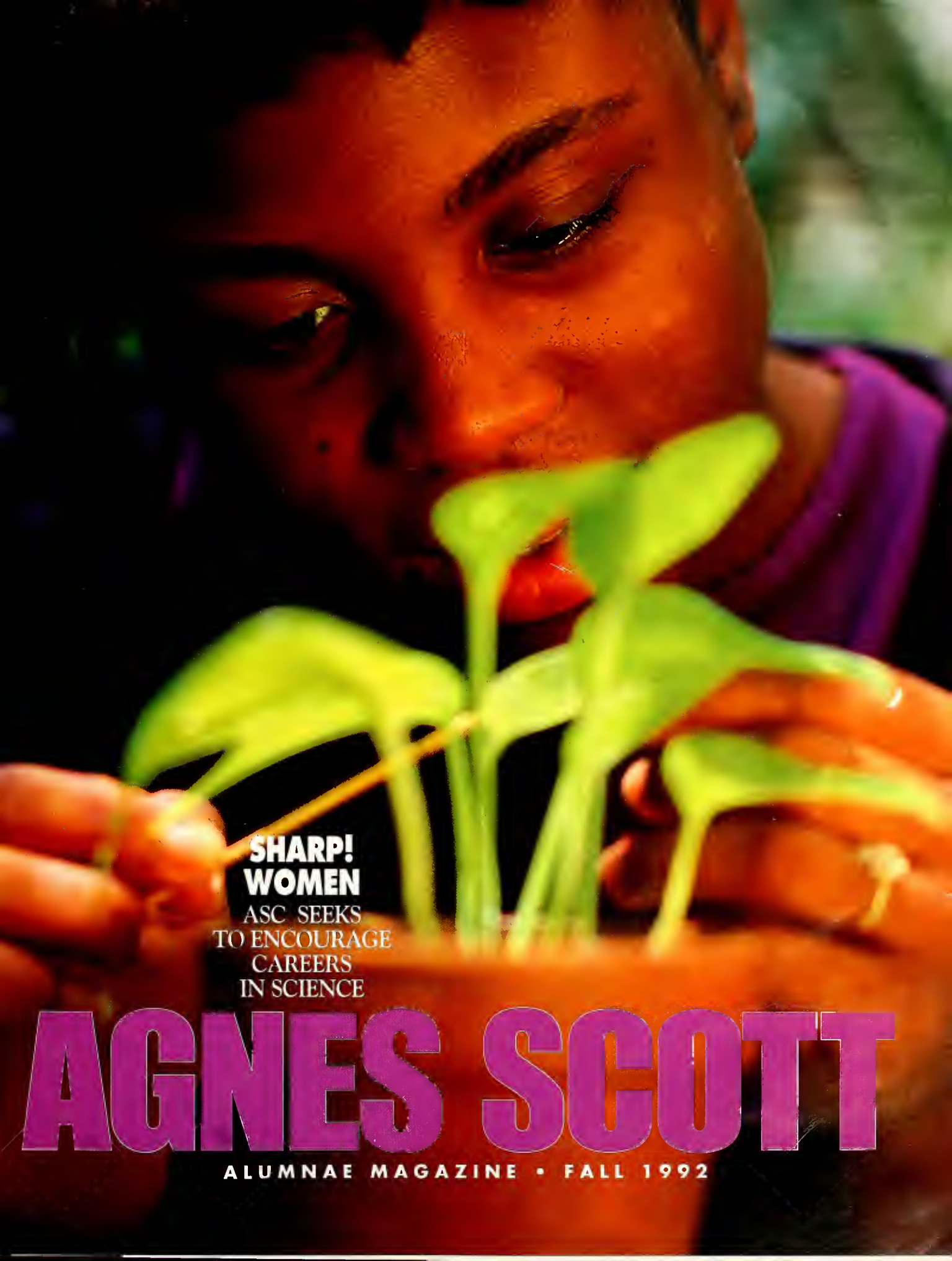


*A candle we hold in our left hand
and whenever a Soph asks us where we are
going, we must say, "Trying to find our
way out of the fog."*

—from the journal of
Mary Sturtevant Cunningham, 1929
Page 13



recycled paper



**SHARP!
WOMEN**
ASC SEEKS
TO ENCOURAGE
CAREERS
IN SCIENCE

AGNES SCOTT

ALUMNAE MAGAZINE • FALL 1992

Ernest Hemingway stood up to write. To the right of his typewriter he scrawled in longhand, then transferred his copy to type. Robert Frost wrote in an armless chair so he would have complete freedom of movement. James Thurber had poor eyesight and a phenomenal memory, so often he composed in his head and wrote by dictation. Truman Capote wrote lying down. He insisted that he was incapable of writing anything he thought he couldn't get paid for.

Writers' quirks. It seems those endearing idiosyncrasies have gone the way of manual typewriters and worn fedoras. Like staff in Agnes Scott's Office of Publications, more and more writers today work *seated* at computers.

The quirks, we all suspect, are in the technology.

In one corner of this office sits assistant publications manager Mary Alma Durrett with head slightly down and fingers pounding the keyboard in a way that heats up her Macintosh SE with first drafts that throw caution—and typos—to the wind. "You certainly write with verve," observed an alumna reader. She does. That word also fits Durrett, who started her career as a feature writer for the *Mobile Press Register* in Alabama, worked a few years in magazine writing/editing, then switched to public relations. Her litmus for writing parallels a Carson McCullers character's measure for romance: does it "make you shiver?" Durrett edits *Main Events* and contributes to this magazine and other College publications. A contrary computer is about the only thing that slows her down: "There's a pattern on my computer screen that I've never seen before," she calls out.

"Is it a plaid?"

"No. Stripes."

Editorial assistant Audrey Arthur brings to publications dignity: strains of classical music waft from her small desk-top radio accompanied by her keyboard's rat-ta-tat-tat. She likes the Thurber approach to writing, working constantly to "make the finished version seem smooth and effortless." She has a degree



Art Lossak Photo

Writers' Quirks

iceberg principle: "There is seven-eighths of it underwater," he said of his writing, "for every part that shows." Even a small story is built on a couple of notepads of interviews, a stack of library books and photocopied magazine excerpts. Then I write to rewrite. As Dorothy Parker said, "I can't write five words but that I change seven." My 20-year career spans Texas newspaper reporting in the early '70s, seven years of magazine writing (dealing primarily with religious, ethnic and socio-economic issues), eight years of book publishing plus movie and video script writing. On computer I've edited many books and authored a few.

Burp. Blip. Blip. Beeeep. "Can you hear this?" asks Durrett. Her computer continues: Boing-boing. "I don't want to overreact, Celeste, but I smell something burning. . . ."

Sometimes I wonder if the great writers would have swapped some of their quirks for ours. I can imagine at least Truman Capote "the horizontal author" would have appreciated a laptop computer. First drafts he wrote longhand.

Final drafts he wrote with his typewriter balanced on his knees.

Celeste Pennington

Editor: Celeste Pennington. Contributing Editor: Mary Alma Durrett. Editorial Assistant: Audrey Arthur.

Design: Harold Waller and Everett Hullum. Student Assistants: Elizabeth Cherry '95,

Willa Hendrickson '94, Josie Hoilman '94, Helen Nash '93, Emily Pender '95, Tonya Smith '93.

Publications Advisory Board: Jenifer Cooper '86, Christine Cozzens, Carey Bowen Craig '62, Bonnie Brown Johnson '70,

Randy Jones '70, Helen Nash '93, Kay Parkerson O'Brian '70, Edmund Sheehy, Lucia Howard Sizemore '65.

Cover: Tynesha Davis, a high school student, works with plants during the SHARP! Women experience at ASC.

Photographer: Phillip Spears.

What fun to see Sturdy's [Mary Sturtevant Cunningham '33] journal excerpts in the *Alumnae Magazine*.

But so much of the fun was left out! I have a five-year journal with brief entries. . . . On October first, hazing started. The Sophomore funeral marched into Chapel after the Student Government meeting, and then they ran us through a gauntlet. . . . The next day I made Chris Gray's bed, carried her books and dragged mine in a shoebox. . . .

On October 8, the school got a radio.

In March we began to worry about "Spring Raid" when the Sophomores would descend unannounced on the Freshmen with who knows what dreadful consequences.

We danced on Inman porch; went to the tea rooms (often in our pajamas) for snacks after the dates were shoed out of Main at 10 o'clock. . . .

I guess our pleasures were simple, but they were happy days.

Margy Ellis Pierce '33
Newton Square, PA

Congratulations on your excellent article, "Love in the Mortar Joints."

Our copy arrived on Wednesday and all of us here at the Fuller house thoroughly enjoyed reading the article and viewing the outstanding photographs. Especially I want to commend Mary Alma Durrett on the photograph which appears at the beginning of the article. You can almost *feel* the energy and excitement of the wall going up. . . .

Millard Fuller
Founder, Habitat for Humanity
Americus, GA

In a recent issue of the *Alumnae Quarterly* there was a story about May Day at Agnes Scott. . . . My mother, Ethel McKay Holmes '15, was the first May Queen on the first [official] May Day in 1913. I enclose a picture of that first May Day from an issue of the *Agnes Scott News* (I was Editor in 1944-45).

Leila B. Hobnes '45
Thomasville, GA

Agnes Scott Alumnae Magazine

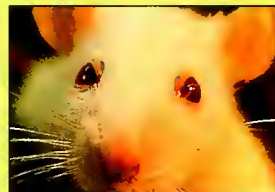
AGNES SCOTT

Fall 1992 Volume 70, Number 2

Page 5

O Rats!

by Audrey Arthur



Responding to a national shortage of scientists, ASC devised a unique program aimed at engaging young women in research science.

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The Renaissance of Marguerite de Navarre

by Mary Alma Durrett



International scholars gathered here to re-examine the work of this religious reformer, writer and patron of the humanities.

Page 14

Wonder and Lighting

by Harriet Stovall Kelley '55



Some stunning examples of the serendipity of scholarly research.

Page 20

When Corporate Patterns Don't Fit

by Celeste Pennington

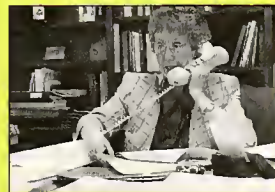


Erin Odom '85 scrapped a promising corporate career for fabric, needle and thread.

Page 24

The Merits of Self-Scrutiny

by Celeste Pennington



A few words about the SACS self-study from Dean Sarah Blanshei, who knows college accrediting commissions from the inside, out.

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Book Review: Life of the Party

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In Memoriam: Llewellyn Wilburn

ASC's Anderson: Political Insider Brings Others In

The red, white, and blue Democratic logo on Karen Anderson's business card bears the identifiable donkey head silhouetted in profile beside the outline of the state of Georgia. The donkey's ears are angled up in a V for victory fashion. "Winning in November is a reality," believes Anderson.

"We are extremely excited about the large number of women candidates running this year," says Anderson in a confidently modulated voice.

Anderson '90, is a behind-the-scenes professional staffer helping Democratic women and men win election this fall.

As a political director of the Democratic Party of Georgia, she advises and provides resource services to candidates throughout the state.

This past July she attended her first national convention in New York, acting as a primary staffer for the 109-member Georgia delegation.

Months of preparation led up to the convention, from managing delegate selection to updating the state's 40-page plan so that it might be properly implemented.

She initiated affirmative action workshops throughout Georgia to enlist proportional representation of women and minorities—the state's delegation was comprised of 50 percent women and 31 percent minorities.

A typical convention day began at 6 a.m. and ended after midnight back at the hotel, planning sessions for the next

day's events. In between she made sure that shuttle buses ran on schedule to and from the Madison Square Garden Convention Center, that the 109 delegates arrived at the right locations and at designated times each day, that they even hummed a few bars of "I



Anderson is working to involve more women in Georgia politics.

Love New York" and "Happy Days Are Here Again."

According to Scotty Greenwood, executive director of the Democratic Party of Georgia, Anderson was the "reason that everything came together so well. She managed to give the same attentiveness to the average delegate as she did to the VIPs . . . She's an incredibly good listener and effective communicator. And she really follows through on what she says. Her word is golden."

As political director, Anderson's primary duties now include overseeing opposition research, targeting for state races and building strong links between the state organization and local legislative candidates.

During her years at ASC, Anderson (daughter of Margaret Shugart '62) was active in campus politics and was elected

president of the Student Government Association her senior year. A double major in political science and economics, Anderson learned early to work from within to affect change.

ASC's Gus Cochran, chair of the political science department, recalls Anderson as a soft-spoken student who could lead by the forcefulness of her convictions. "Karen was one of a whole group that really changed the student body from inward-turning and not terribly interested in larger political issues, to one that became politically engaged."

Issues included advocacy for on-campus day care, a fully operational recycling program and a stronger women's studies program. Looking back, she voices appreciation for the diversity of opinion at ASC. "I don't think outsiders realize its extent."

Two weeks before graduation Anderson answered a 1988 recruitment letter filed away in the college placement office which sought applicants for an internship program at the state Democratic headquarters. Immediately she was called for an interview and was hired. In May of 1990 she began work with the party as a research assistant on a small stipend.

Now she is setting up the delegate selection process for the state in what Greenwood describes as a "meteoric rise" for the young alumna.

Because of the current political climate, Anderson believes a lot of women will be elected in November.

But she firmly dismisses the idea of ever running for political office herself.

—Barbara Allen Kenney is a free-lance writer in Decatur, Ga.

Eddie Ross illustration





Keller Barron: A Career of Bringing Out the Vote

Care about politics. Have a sense of responsibility. Be involved in issues for the sake of your community and for your children.

Those were lessons Keller Barron '54 learned at Agnes Scott 38 years ago, and they are the lessons she has applied to her life and work as a volunteer for the League of Women Voters and as the paid director of research for the South Carolina Joint Legislative Committee on Aging in Columbia, S.C.

As a national board member, Barron chaired the League's efforts to lobby for the Equal Rights Amendment.

Since 1979, the Atlanta native has worked with the South Carolina house and senate and advocacy groups to improve conditions for the aging.

She effortlessly recalls the long list of her committee's accomplishments and speaks passionately about each of them. They include giving the aging person power of attorney, the right to name an individual to make health care decisions in the event of disability; the homestead exemption, relief from property taxes as income decreases; and a death with dignity act, allowing a person the right to die a natural death versus having one's life sustained by medical technology.

The tempo of her conversation increases as she describes South Carolina's current efforts encouraging businesses to provide employees adult day care in addition to child care.

"We're emphasizing commu-

nity-assisted living—home and community care versus institutionalized care. Working people can place their parents in adult day care and care for them in their homes at night."

Barron chuckles when asked if she, at age 60, is benefitting from her efforts to improve the aging's quality of life. It is the



Barron has been active in the League of Women Voters, which informs citizens about government and lobbies for certain issues.

baby-boom generation, she explains, that benefits from such legislation, because they will take care of their parents.

Agnes Scott graduates in South Carolina's capital city take care of each other. When Barron needs legal advice or an advocate in passing legislation, she phones attorney Mary Smith Bryan '65 or Elizabeth Goud Patterson '68, University of South Carolina law professor, or "our pride and joy" Jean Hoefer Toal '65, the first woman elected justice of South Carolina's supreme court.

"Our ASC network makes a difference in a little state," says Barron with alumnae pride.

—Leisa Hammett-Goad
is a communication specialist in
Stone Mountain, Ga.

Susan Phillips: An Opportunity to Influence Policy

In the imposing marble corridors of the nation's central bank, among the country's top economists, Susan M. Phillips '67, is in her element.

"Coming into this environment provides opportunity for a lot more than policy-setting," says Phillips, who was appointed in December 1991 to fill an unexpired term on the Federal Reserve Board of Governors. "I had been specializing, but now I am going back to the basics of economics. It is like climbing back into a textbook." Thoughtful and analytical—not prone to snap judgments—she enjoys the process of re-examining policy, mulling over ideas, fine-tuning her own. "I don't want to be rigid or unthinking," she says. "I want to keep fresh ways of looking at things."

Phillips was vice president for finance at the University of Iowa when Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady called to say that President George Bush wanted to nominate her to become a member of the Federal Reserve Board.

When Brady and Fed chairman Alan Greenspan interviewed her for the job, they delved into "how I go about making decisions, how I analyze something. Some people in the economic world are strict monetarists who only look at the monetary supply. Others are more concerned with ideology. I come from a more pragmatic background."

Each member of the board works with the others to refine

and influence the direction of economic policies for the country. Banking regulation, for one, is a perennial topic of discussion at the Fed.

Basically the Federal Reserve Board has supported banking deregulation, but Phillips says the discussion doesn't stop there. Even though



Phillips' "pragmatic background" made her right for the Fed.

a policy may be established, its impact and its side effects may be understood only after time. "You monitor the effects of regulation, things in the economy that happen to affect them."

When Phillips' ideas about federal monetary regulations don't mesh with those of the other members of the board, she says, "You have to convince the other governors of your point of view. Sometimes you convince them at the board table. Sometimes you . . . direct the staff to investigate." And, she grants, "There has to be a certain amount of give and take."

Phillips' career has led her from the futures market to scholarly examination of the theory of regulation, to the Fed. Her areas of specialization in-

clude options and commodities futures, financial management and the economic theory of regulation, all a far cry from the career as a math teacher that she envisioned more than 20 years ago.

"While at Agnes Scott, I thought I would be a math teacher. When I went to do my student teaching, I wasn't crazy about it. I liked teaching, but dealing with the discipline problems in high school, I didn't like. And I didn't like the routine." That's why she began exploring other options.

From the days when Phillips worked as a resident assistant and Mollie Merrick (now associate dean of students at Agnes Scott College) was resident director of Walters Residence Hall, Merrick remembers that Phillips was "one student who was willing to go far afield when it was time to look for a job. She went to Indiana and Boston at a time when most students just wanted to stay in Atlanta."

Phillips wound up working for an insurance company, then later went to graduate school. (She received a B.A. in mathematics from Agnes Scott College in 1967, a master's degree in finance and insurance from Louisiana State University [LSU] in 1971, and a Ph.D. in finance and economics from LSU in 1973.) She worked at the University of Iowa in 1978 as an associate professor and later was named associate vice president for finance and university services in 1980.

In 1981, she was appointed to membership on the Commodity Futures Trading Commission [CFTC], and became its chair in 1983. At the CFTC,

she gained a reputation for minimizing government regulation of the marketplace. She returned to the University of Iowa as vice president in 1987.

Phillips' adaptability to new places and new roles arises, perhaps in part, from growing up in an Air Force family. "We lived overseas a lot so I was exposed to lots of things. When I lived in England, in the 5th or 6th grade, I can remember people weren't fond of Americans. They would ask you what time it was, you'd answer and they'd know just by those few words that you were an American."

"I did have English friends, and very much enjoyed living there, but there was some adjustment, too."

In her spare time, Phillips still enjoys travel. She's been to the coral reefs of Australia, taken helicopter rides over Hawaii, marveled at the reconstructed versions of the *Niña*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria*. Seeing such diverse parts of the world opens her to new ideas, says Phillips, the same way her college education did.

"The variety of liberal arts stretched me," Phillips says. "You don't have the luxury of concentrating in one area, you dabble. It gave me a sense of breadth. The struggle of trying to do well forced me into the rigor of studying. It was a very competitive environment. I worked in the library, and one of the faculty, Dr. [Henry] Robinson in math, asked me to tutor. There was a sense and tradition of studying being hard work."

—Elaine Furlow is an editor with an environmental communications group in Washington, D.C.

O RATS!



Responding to a national shortage of scientists—especially women scientists—each summer Agnes Scott College brings sharp young women eye-to-eye with the adventure of research; their projects are both educational . . . and rewarding.

Written by Audrey Arthur
Photographed
by Mark Sandlin
and Phillip Spears

While many teenagers headed for the beach, lounged at home or earned money this past summer, several Atlanta high school students spent part of their break at work in Agnes Scott's laboratories, classrooms and greenhouse—participating in significant scientific experimentation.

The psychology project involved rats.

It compared the stress levels and the resulting neurological effects on rats raised in different envi-

ronments (rats living alone in small cages versus those living in rat communities with enriched or activity-enhanced settings). The experience brought Emily Kyle, a junior at Woodward Academy, face to face with realities of research.

"We thought there were going to be these cute little mice. And here were these huge rats," she says, "with red eyes."

What she and the others discovered through careful monitoring, testing and finally dissection is that rats living in enriched environments were

SHARP!
Women is focused on educating women and minorities in science. It also "helps teachers who will reach many more students than the ASC summer program can."

healthier, more alert, "had a thicker cortex and bigger brain cells," notes Assistant Professor of Psychology Barbara Blatchley who headed up the psychology team. "They were better rats."

Kyle and nine other high school students were part of a two-week program called SHARP! (Science Honors Associates Research Program) for Women. According to Assistant Dean of the College Patricia White, three-year-old SHARP! Women is one of the few "hands-on" science programs in the nation that involves teams of students and faculty working together on research projects. It is an outgrowth of the Strategic Planning Process and its call for the College to develop a Science Center for Women.

SPECIFICALLY SHARP! WOMEN is focused on educating women and minorities in science. This year it included both students and teachers from five high schools as well as Agnes Scott students and faculty working in teams on four individual projects in biology, chemistry, mathematics/computer science and psychology.

"The American Association of University Women issued a report about how females aren't encouraged to pursue science careers," White says. "We need women not just because they are women but because there is an overall shortage of scientists. Women will help fill that shortage."

Recently the National Science Foundation in Washington, D.C., further quantified the need, reporting that the number of men and women

Beth Barnes '94, chemistry major, was part of a team led by chemistry professor Leon Venable that worked to create compounds that don't exist in nature.

who earned degrees in physical science, earth, atmospheric, and ocean science declined in 1990, with the exception of math/computer science (which did not experience a decrease in male recipients). Most scientific degrees earned by women were in fields of psychology, social science and biological/agricultural science.

The SHARP! Women pilot program grew out of a research project undertaken by White and Professor of Biology Sandra Bowden. They realized that Agnes Scott students needed research experience for teaching, research and post-graduate studies. Two Agnes Scott students assisted in research the first year. The next year the program expanded to include six high school students and four ASC students working on two teams, biology and astronomy.

White and Bowden knew, too, that high school teachers needed research experience to remain on top of scientific advances and technology. So now SHARP! Women is also a way "to help teachers who will reach many more students than we can."

THIS SUMMER, Frances Dale, biology/physics teacher at Avondale High School, welcomed the opportunity. "My greatest pleasure is learning about things, firsthand, rather than reading about them. It's also great to see the kids get a joy out of this hands-on experience." Through labs, she and students worked side by side. "Students think that teachers know everything," Dale says with a grin, so now and then "it's probably fun for them to see a puzzled look on my face."

From the outset, emphasizes White, "SHARP! was not a lab [in which only lecturing takes place], this was research. They were collecting data and analyzing data. The high school students had to explain to the other high school teams what was happening to their projects. It was nice because whenever students had a break, they would go to someone else's project and there was an exchange going on.

"It worked well."

So well in fact that this year two additional high schools were invited to participate. Each project team was comprised of a high school teacher and students, and an ASC professor and students. Participating high schools were Woodward Academy, Shamrock, Columbia and Avondale. Students were chosen for the program based on application, transcripts and recommen-





ASC students Jane Xu and Elizabeth Isaacs helped monitor the stress levels of lab rats in the psychology project.

dations by science teachers. High school faculty members were also selected, based on applications and nominations by school principals and/or science coordinators.

"SHARP! Women gives the high school students a chance to see that there is an awful lot of everyday work that goes into scientific discoveries," comments Frances Kennedy, a biology instructor/lab coordinator at Agnes Scott.

She coordinated the biology project which was designed to show how hormones applied to the leaves affect growing plants.

During the two weeks, students learned the importance of teamwork, says Kennedy, as they learned how to dab hormones on delicate plant leaves, compare growth rates, harvest plants, use a centrifuge, run protein assays (strength or potency tests). "SHARP! Women gives students an early view as to whether they would like to pursue science as an everyday affair, and it's good for the undergrads because it gives them a different lab experience. Class lab is often self-contained, whereas, in this research experience they experimented and made predictions. As in real life these predictions and experiments didn't always come out as they thought they would."

THE MATHEMATICAL PORTION OF SHARP! Women was directed by Dan Waggoner, assistant professor of mathematics. He, together with ASC student Laylage Courie '94, wrote a computer program utilizing the latest Windows graphic environment. It allowed their team to visualize polynomial equations in non-traditional ways. Producing a single picture often required over 16 million algebraic operations. However, using optimized computer routines together with state-of-the-art PC's [personal computers], these computations were completed in minutes as opposed to hours.

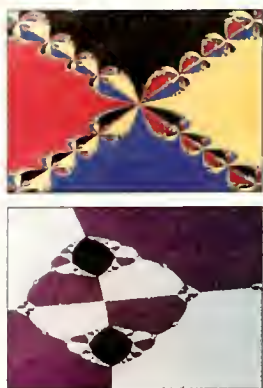
"Students discovered on their own that for cubics the picture depends on only the configuration of the roots," Waggoner says. "If the roots form similar triangles, then the pictures are similar. By the end of the program they could fairly accurately predict the image that they would get, given the configuration of the roots. However, as with all research projects, more questions were raised than were answered."

Andrea Bradner '93 also worked with Waggoner. She believes SHARP! Women is especially valuable because it gives high school and college students a chance to identify scientific in-

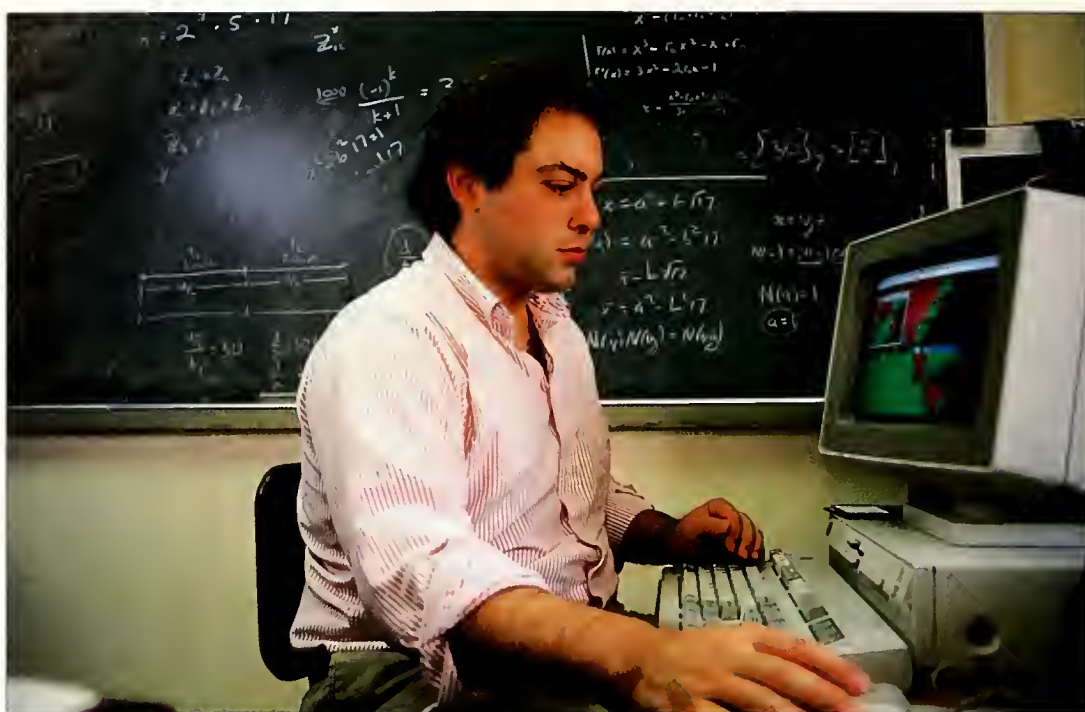




ASC biology
instructor/lab
coordinator
Frances
Kennedy (*at
right with ASC
student Annette
Sessions*)
conducted a
project designed
to show how
hormones
applied to the
leaves affect
growing plants.
The experiment
gave students
“a chance to
see that there
is an awful lot
of everyday
work that goes
into scientific
discoveries.”



As a result of participation in SHARP!, high school students will take their knowledge back to their high school science classes.



Dan Waggoner's team wrote a computer program to visualize polynomial equations in non-traditional ways (left).

terests. "I told Dr. Waggoner that I wished I'd had this opportunity in high school. I went through four or five different majors before I came back to math. If I had been encouraged about math I would have had a better idea of what I wanted in college."

The team led by Leon Venable, associate professor of chemistry, concentrated on exploratory synthesis, creating new compounds that don't exist in nature.

One project was aimed at making compounds (based on organic, polyvalent elements ruthenium and boron) which may have potential use in cancer treatment. "The evidence is preliminary, but we think we have managed to attach the organic molecule beta estadiol, an estrogen steroid, to the ruthenium atom," says Venable. Researchers are currently working to make boron site-specific by using the steroid to guide it to the cancer. But says Venable, "we've not managed to add boron yet."

The second project included an effort to prepare a class of compounds—molecular wires—which could be used to transmit electrical currents. He believes that these could be produced to pack more information—or electrical current—into a much smaller space than can conventional wires. Venable made an analogy: it would be like making the largest computer on campus fit in a shirt pocket.

He believes that molecular wire, which was produced in small quantity by the SHARP! team,

could revolutionize circuit design, yet it's "years away from practical application."

Overall, Venable said the students were eager to work in the labs. "They weren't shy or intimidated. They synthesized new compounds."

ASC STUDENTS WORKED 8-12 weeks this summer. Students and faculty have indicated interest in expanding the high school portion of SHARP! Women from two to three weeks, and White notes that Agnes Scott would also like to add more high schools to the program. They are limited, however, by the availability of ASC faculty and by funding. (The program which will continue its fourth year next summer has been funded by a \$100,000 grant from The Coca-Cola Foundation and individual gifts.)

Although the program's long-term impact is not yet evident, as a result of participation in SHARP!, high school students will take their knowledge back to their high schools where some will conduct science projects.

A few ASC faculty and students will continue their research projects through the academic year. And several ASC faculty have presented findings to professional organizations.

Waggoner summarizes the importance of SHARP! Women by noting that fewer and fewer males are becoming scientists. "If we are to survive [as scientists] we have to attract women. If we don't, we are wasting half the intellect out there."

THE RENAISSANCE OF MARGUERITE DE NAVARRE

An Agnes Scott professor is helping academicians and others rediscover the contributions of a 16th century French author.

Written by
Mary Alma Durrett



Marguerite de Navarre might have felt at home at her birthday dinner on April 13 with chicken, lentil stuffing, beef ribs and leeks lapping over the edges of the dinner plates and wine glasses raised in her honor. She might have enjoyed the Georgian Dancers performing Renaissance dance and the Emory Early Music Consort performing period music. Air conditioning and electric lights would have certainly been a curiosity though.

The dinner, held just two days after the 500th anniversary of the French queen's birth might have gone unnoticed had not her resident devotee, Regine Reynolds-Cornell, brought her into the light for all to study.

Reynolds-Cornell, Agnes Scott's Adeline Arnold Loridans Professor and chair of the French department, recognized 1492 as being important for more reasons than Columbus' voyage. It marked the birth of Marguerite d'Angoulême, duchess of Alençon, queen of Navarre, who is recognized as an outstanding figure in the

French Renaissance. Reynolds-Cornell, a French native and authority on the life and works of Marguerite de Navarre, launched her own "retro-journey" to Marguerite's world this past April 13 and 14 through an international symposium held at ASC. Reynolds-Cornell gathered a group of scholars from Italy, France, Canada and across the United States who could illuminate the powerful queen's life (1492-1549) and works within the context of French history and offer insight into the public, the private and the secret life of Marguerite.

"Very few women achieved star status" in that age, observes Reynolds-Cornell, whose doctoral dissertation focused on Marguerite's *Heptameron*. "There had been many studies written about [Marguerite], but she was not considered an important character. She was considered more a dilettante and a mystic, very interested in religion—in this because she saved lives—but was simply not considered a great *brain*, a great influence, a great power in terms of literature."

But Reynolds-Cornell holds a different opinion. "She was very influential in church reform." She was a kind, well-educated woman, who was fascinated with religion and who wrote "with the didactic aim; never totally to entertain." She wrote meditations, songs and plays, all of which dealt with religion, with death or relationships of people—love, friendship, marriage, faithfulness, integrity—with intellectual and social "prisons," with liberation of the intellect, but never manners.

BORN APRIL 11, 1492, to Charles de Valois-Orleans, comte d'Angoulême, and Louise of Savoy, Marguerite was influential as queen consort to King Henry II of Navarre and as the sister of King Francis I, who almost by a fluke (French kings Louis XII and Charles VIII died without male heirs) acceded to the throne of France in 1515. She was a patron of Humanists and Reformers, and a writer, producing poems, spiritual essays, songs and novellas. *Heptameron*, considered her most important work and published posthumously in 1558, is a collection of 72 stories told by travelers delayed in their return from a Pyrenean spa.

A voracious reader, Marguerite had other habits—good hygiene and a balanced diet—which



Many members of Marguerite's circle were brought up on charges of heresy, their works condemned. Many were killed. "This was a time when people were burned at the stake for their religious beliefs."

seemed rather quirky for her day. Her idiosyncrasies would not have been tolerated had she not enjoyed the "protection" of court life; but she was, after all, a product of court life. Two years after her brother Francis was born (Marguerite was four years old at the time), their father, Charles, died. Marguerite, her mother and brother were invited by the king to live in the castle Amboise and both children were educated by outstanding scholars. "It was a happy and warm intellectual place to be when she and her brother were together," comments Reynolds-Cornell. "The only person she thought had no faults was her brother. She adored him. Friendship was a passionate thing in the 16th century, a lot more important than it is now, like a bond."

When Marguerite was 17, (and thought to be practically past marrying age), Marguerite's marriage was arranged to Charles, Fourth Duke of Alençon, who is described as a "kind man of limited intellect." Distraught by the betrothal, Marguerite is said to have "wept enough tears to hollow out a stone" during the wedding ceremony. To the union she brought intellectual passion and a vast library which she continued to build. She liked to entertain and was given to kitchen innovation, but led what Reynolds-Cornell describes as a rather dull life. However, 1515 proved a turning-point.

With the death of King Louis XII, brother Francis advanced to the throne, and Marguerite, with the added title of duchess of Alençon, was allowed much freedom and greater cause to traverse the provinces. She witnessed first-hand corruption within many convents, "some were little more than brothels," and recognized a need for reform within the Catholic Church which had grown wealthy and powerful as the poor became poorer. She was familiar with Martin Luther's works and was influenced by the doctrinal and disciplinary reformists: François Rabelais, Clément Marot, Bonaventure Des Périers and Étienne Dolet. Her spiritual concerns drew her to seek counsel in the Humanist scholar Jacques Lefèvre d'Étaples and precipitated what Reynolds-Cornell describes as a "turning point in Marguerite's spiritual itinerary."

She became involved in the evangelical movement and extended protection to the scholars who wished to return study to the classical Greek texts. This approach, which grew into what is now called the College of France, differed greatly from

the scholarly methods employed by the traditional Faculty of Theology of the University of Paris (Sorbonne). Explains Reynolds-Cornell: "It was a direct challenge that the University of Paris took very badly but they [College of France] engaged the best scholars from Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, and people would come from all those countries to hear their lectures. It was a great Humanistic wave that engulfed Europe and Marguerite and her brother greatly influenced this."



In an age when knowledge and religion were closely entwined, "ideas deemed false or heretical posed a threat both to good order in this world and to salvation in the next. Censorship was therefore as logical and necessary to people in the sixteenth century as are traffic laws and the control of toxic substances to us in the twentieth," observes James K. Farge of the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies in Toronto in his colloquium address. "The Faculty of Theology was the heart of conservatism in France and the *Parlement* of Paris was its strong right arm." Many members of Marguerite's circle were brought up on charges of heresy, their works condemned and many killed.

"This was a time when people were burned at the stake for their religious beliefs. Books were burned and books were banned," says Reynolds-Cornell, who has published three book-length studies on French women authors of the 16th century. Marguerite protected men who advanced church reform and scholars of the new school from prison and sometimes from death. Apparently it was through her that John Calvin was informed that he was about to be arrested. "Later on she and Calvin did not see eye to eye and they stopped communicating. He felt she was not austere enough. Others thought her too austere."

While the ecclesiastical and intellectual battles dominated Marguerite's life, economic and geographic wars raged beyond the provinces. In 1525, a failed battle placed Francis I in a Madrid prison, the captive of Emperor Charles V of Spain.

"It was because of Marguerite's husband's [Charles duc d'Alençon] misunderstanding of some battle plan," that her brother, the French king, was captured, and her husband was mortally wounded, explains Reynolds-Cornell. "Charles d'Alençon was of course very remorseful and upset

about that." He died after 15 years of marriage, leaving no heirs.

BROTHER FRANCIS was "the person she loved most in her entire life," and Marguerite would not rest until he was freed from prison. She traveled to Spain to seek his release and found him ill. "She was beside herself," explains Reynolds-Cornell. With the Spanish crown she negotiated fiercely for his release, all the while watching the approach of her passport deadline. "When she secured his release and documents were drawn, she left not in a carriage but on horseback, galloping across the Pyrenees to beat the sunset. When she arrived back in France she collapsed from her horse and sustained a nasty cut on her leg."

Charles V was so impressed with Marguerite's abilities that he asked for her hand in marriage. His request was not obliged. In 1527, Marguerite married Henry of Albret, king of Navarre, who was 11 years her junior. With him she bore a daughter, Jeanne d'Albret (who would be the mother of Henry IV of France). Henry was fond of Marguerite but as Reynolds-Cornell explains, "he much enjoyed the company of attractive women" and entertained a mistress. The complexities of loyalty, friendship and marriage Marguerite chose to explore in *The Coach*, *Comedy for Four Women*, *On Perfect Love* and later in the characters of *Heptameron*.

WRITING HAD ALWAYS BEEN Marguerite's response, particularly in times of death and mourning which were frequent. She lost her father, husband, aunt, nieces and nephews, endured several miscarriages before giving birth to a daughter, lost a child in 1530 and endured the death of her mother in 1531. During these periods of mourning and contemplation, Marguerite wrote. Her *Dialogue in the Form of a Nocturnal Vision* and *Mirror of the Sinful Soul* (which was banned) followed the deaths of her niece and daughter. Between 1526 and 1530 she penned *Prayer to Our Lord Jesus*, *Salve Regina*, *Théâtre Profane*, *Prayer from the Faithful Soul* and *Discord Between the Soul and the Flesh* which centered on Paul's Epistle to the Romans.

By 1535 when six "heretics" were paraded and burned at the stake in Paris, Marguerite had already left court (possibly at her brother's request), begun to travel extensively and spent a good bit of time in Béarn. In 1540 she resided at the Louvre.

After 1542 Marguerite was less in the public eye and kept a low profile because her brother hardened his stance against moving away from church tradition. "That was a very logical thing for the King of France who needed the church to reaffirm his power and to get money," observes Reynolds-Cornell.

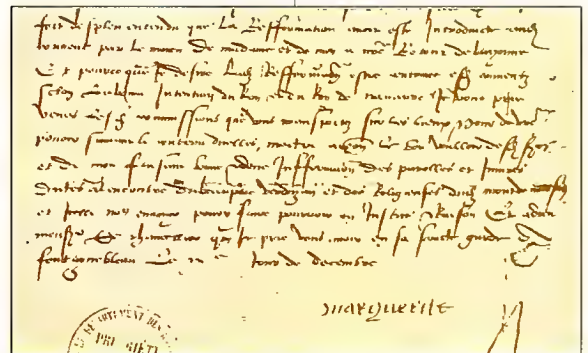
Comedy for Four Women is believed to have been written in 1542 and *Most, Much, Little, Less* in 1544. The latter was critical of the Roman Church and revealed her belief that the differences between the Sorbonne faculty and her circle could not be reconciled. By 1546, all the key members of the Humanist circle were dead, her husband's mistress had borne him a son, Marguerite's daughter was restricted from travel to Navarre, and she was even more isolated from her brother (who died in 1547).

Surrounded by death, Marguerite began to contemplate her own life and what legacy she might leave, prompting publication of *The Pearl of the Pearl Among Princesses*. "I feel that she included a sample of every genre in which she wrote," explains Reynolds-Cornell. "I think she did that to show that she was a versatile and creative woman. That was very rare and it shows that she was perhaps not as humble as we thought she was, especially in light of the title."

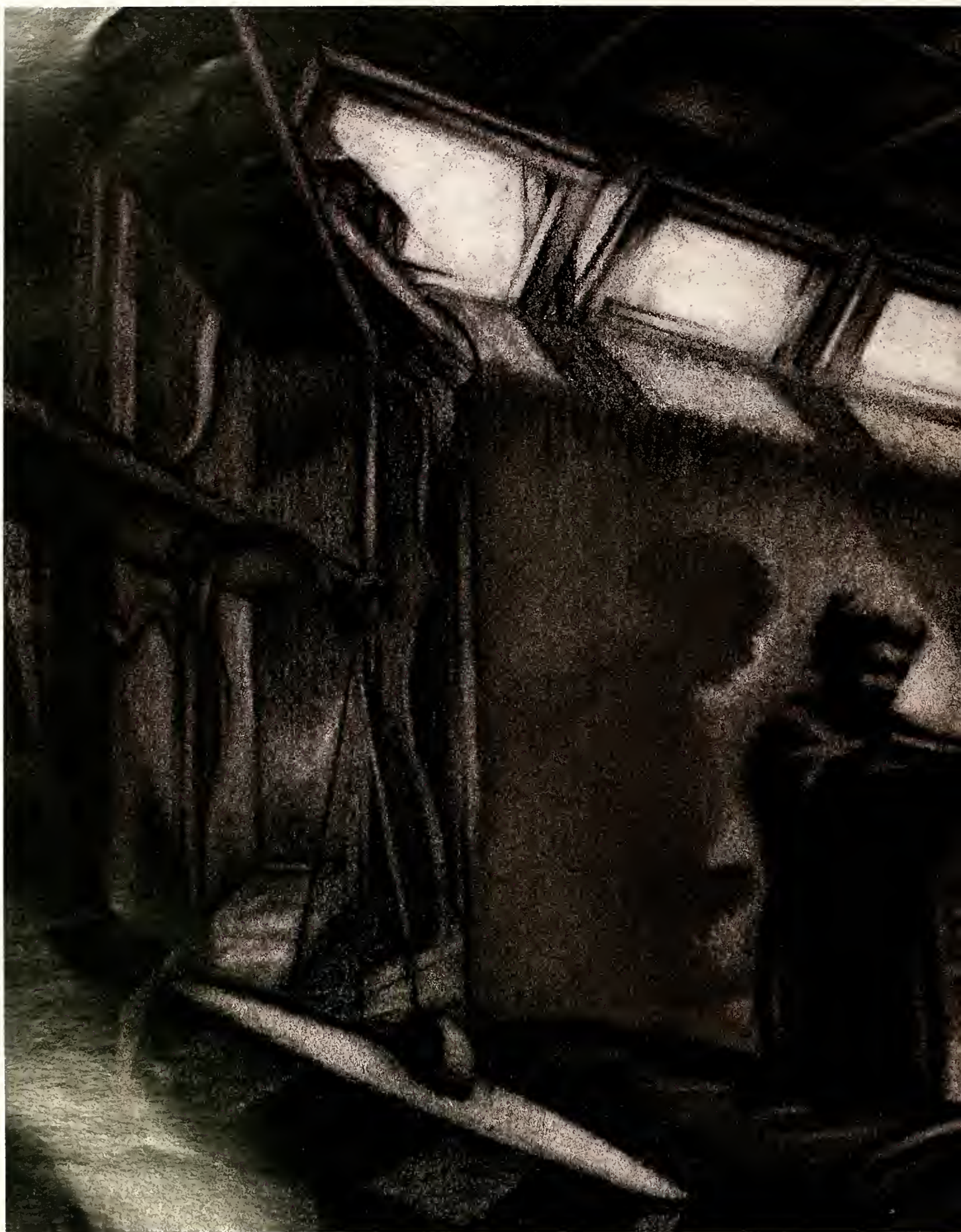
She died in 1549.

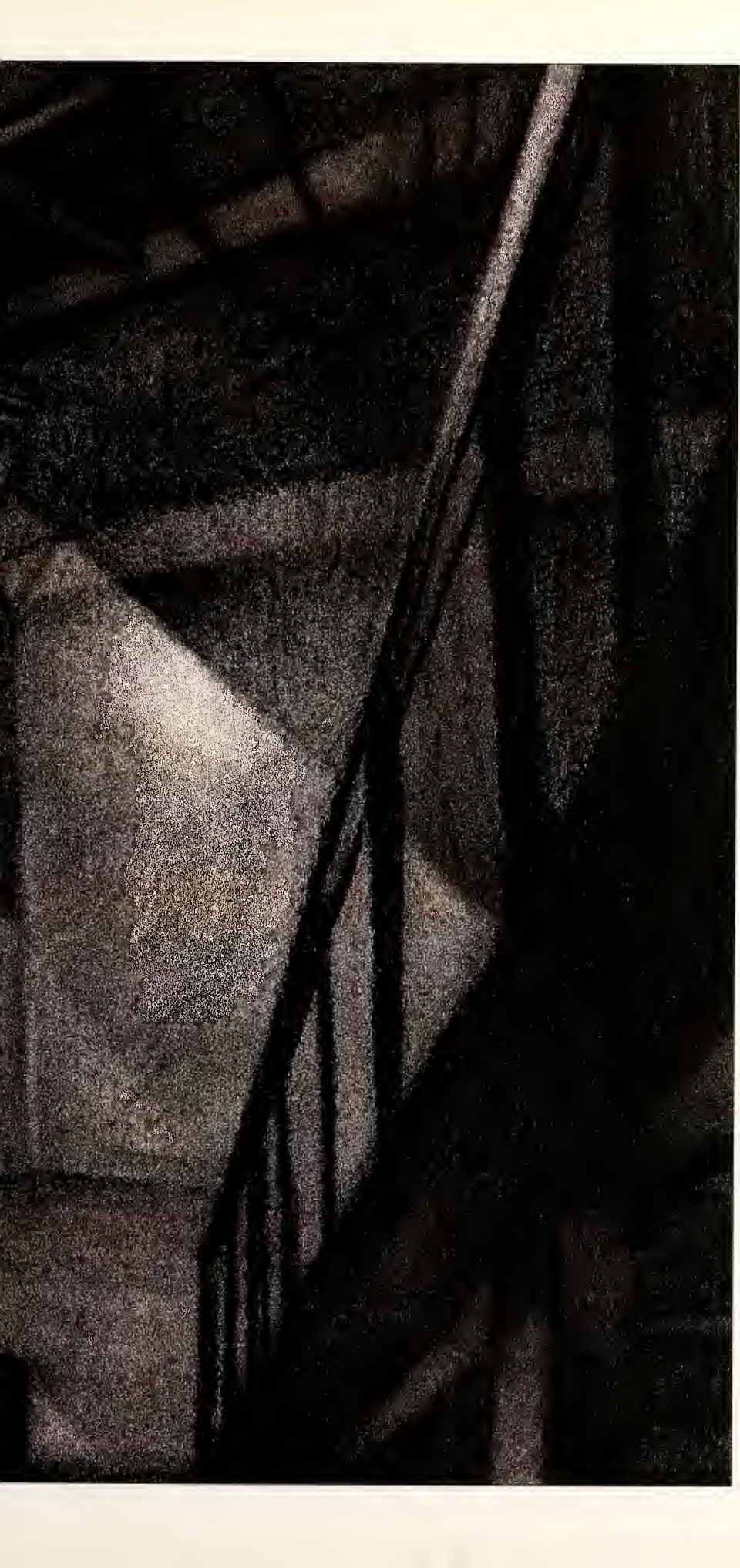
Reynolds-Cornell's insights on the French writer, illuminated in her doctoral dissertation, *The Storytellers in the Heptameron's Contribution to Political and Social Thinking of Marguerite de Navarre*, were used by Robert Aulotte, professor emeritus of the Sorbonne, in his lectures on Marguerite. Aulotte, the former president of the International Society of 16th Century Specialists, participated in the recent ASC colloquium.

"When he read my dissertation, he sent me a letter and said he realized that women perhaps understood Marguerite better than men did and that there was a dimension that had escaped them," the ASC professor relays. "That was very ego boosting."



Throughout Marguerite's life, writing was her ongoing response, particularly in times of conflict or sorrow.





WONDER & LIGHTING

*I never saw their faces, never
heard their speech,
and no one I know ever heard
their names.*

*I only stumbled on their dark
shades, some might say
by Chance. I like to think
my Muse or Angels led me
to them, hidden partly by
the night*

The Aesthetics of Research

By Harriet Stovall Kelley '55
Illustrations by Ralph Gilbert

Research is formalized curiosity.
It is poking and prying with a
purpose. It is a seeking that he
who wishes may know the
cosmic secrets of the world and
they that dwell therein.

—Zora Neale Hurston

I NEVER HEARD OF ZORA Neale Hurston until my mother-in-law's Atlanta home near Little Five Points was condemned in the 1960s to make way for the "infamous" Druid Hills freeway that was scrapped before completion (now the site of the Jimmy Carter Library). Going through her basement we found a dusty old book left there apparently by a former boarder. It was *Dust Tracks on a Road* and was identified as having come from the

"Phillis Wheatley Branch of the YWCA." (I'd never heard of Phillis Wheatley, either, but through this coincidence she became one of my spiritual comrades, dear as a sister, *closer* than a contemporary.)

Hurston grew up in Eatonville, Fla., the country's first all-black autonomous community established by its own citizens after the Civil War. I never made any effort to find out about Eatonville, or visit there, but one summer right after I became acquainted with the author, we were driving home to Atlanta from a trip to Disney World in Orlando and the car died from a broken fan belt or something. We were right by an exit ramp on the highway and could ease off and coast to a safe stop. We looked up and saw that it was the Eatonville exit. . . .

Because of these unexpected encounters, my life was enriched by two women, Hurston and Wheatley, who became profoundly significant for me. I didn't learn of them in a class, no one recommended them to me, I discovered them only by accident, in the cellar of a house my husband's mother had lived in for 40 years.

Of course, at Agnes Scott I was taught the principles of authentic research: how to follow ideas through channels to conclusions, how to document findings with meticulous precision, but as any scholar knows, some of the most intriguing findings and intricate involvements have come out of the blue like "bolts from heaven."

It seems that when one becomes immersed in a subject, tidbits seem to gravitate or magnetize to our ken (to use a poetic term). Serendipity?

Lagniappe? I don't even know if it has a name, but I think it's more than these. As is true with our approach to Scripture, I think all we can do is be humble before the Mystery of these experiences and not try to equate believing with understanding.

ABOUT THE SAME TIME I became acquainted with Hurston, I moved from Morningside to Braithwood Court, in a section of north Atlanta, with streets named Hazelwood, Boxwood, Cherrywood, WillowWood. Those trees I knew, but what was a Braith? I looked it up ("A restless, roaming, discontented, disembodied spirit"—appropriate since I was never happy living there). Then my eye fell on "Braithwaite, William Stanley: Black American mystic poet, born in Boston, works unrelated to race."

De Sun, Ah!

Gethered up de fiery skirts of her garments
And wheeled about de throne, Ah!

Saying, Ah, make man after me, ha!

God gazed upon the sun

And sent her back to her blood-red socket

And shook His head, ha!

De Moon, ha!

Grabbed up de reins of de tides.

And dragged a thousand seas behind her

As she walked around de throne

Ah-h, please, make man after me

But God said, "NO!"

De stars bust out from their diamond
sockets

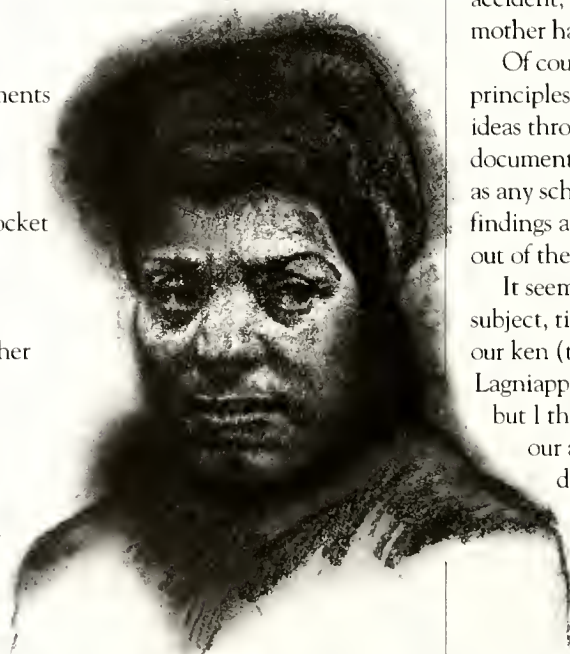
And circled de glitterin' throne cryin'

A-aah! Make man after me.

God said, "NO!"

I'll make man in my own image, ha!"

—From *Jonah's Gourd Vine*



ZORA NEALE HURSTON (1901-1960)

During the Harlem Renaissance this flamboyant, multifaceted artist wrote short stories, plays, musical reviews, novels, articles, essays and critiques for newspapers and journals. A graduate of Morgan College and recipient of a Guggenheim fellowship, her first published novel was *Jonah's Gourd Vine*.

It was some years later that I made the discovery that this man had taught creative literature at Atlanta University for most of his career. Earlier, through yet another happenstance, I became acquainted with Nan Cooke Carpenter of Athens, Georgia, whose sister Margaret Haley had collaborated with Braithwaite on some of the anthologies of *American Magazine Verse* for which he was best known. Cooke and I shared the same publisher at the time, and when we began to correspond (after I moved to Texas in 1983) she sent me a copy of his 1958 collection that her sister had edited and introduced.

CHARLES MORGAN IS ANOTHER favorite writer whose themes I share. I discovered him the year after my graduation. (I invite you to discover his themes for yourself. I think I'm the only person who has checked out his essays from the ASC library in all these years!) I was working in the library and was assigned to process for acquisition the collection of books donated by the late Emma May Laney upon her retirement after 37 years of teaching English at the College. Morgan's essays were among them. I read them only out of curiosity because Charles Morgan Kelley is my husband's (at that time my fiancé's) name. An uncanny affinity sprang up. I later learned that Morgan had died about the very time I was discovering him, the same year, also, that my own father died.

During the ensuing years, without even trying, I found more and more connections with the Morgans—people in Atlanta who had known Charles Morgan during World War II, who still kept up with his widow in London. One family kindly loaned me copies of Morgan's books no longer available anywhere else. I never sought out these people, but met them first through a tennis partner and a fellow employee of my husband.

I believe these found fellows have not so much "influenced me" as they have awakened in me the *recognition of shared affinities*. C.S. Lewis speaks of older writers as "sources, not influences nor models." But even the word *source* implies to me a priority, not mere congruity which has been my experience with these writers through the years.

There's more. . . .

In London in 1984, while on a business trip with my husband, I stopped in a small bookshop to ask directions to the British Museum and my eye fell on a shiny little green and gold book on



Times of sorrowing: yea, to weep:
To wash my soul with tears, and
keep
It clean from earth's too constant
gain,
Even as a flower needs the rain
To cool the passion of the sun,
And takes a fresh new glory on.

Farther than noon lo! the sun
mounts no higher,
And Love in man's life is his
noon-sun a-beaming.

Failure is a crown of sorrow,
Success is a crown of fears. . . .

— *The House of Falling Leaves*

WILLIAM S. BRAITHWAITE (1878-1962)

Poet, anthologist, literary critic, he is best known as compiler and editor of 17 volumes of the Anthology of Magazine Verse and Year Book of American Poetry, which helped launch the careers of Vachel Lindsay and Carl Sandburg. He wrote critical essays for such publications as Atlantic. From 1936-1945, he was professor of literature at Atlanta University.

the shelf just past the proprietor's head. It was a mint copy of Morgan's history of *The House of MacMillan* written for the publisher's centennial in the 1940s. Such a find is humbling, and I suppose, a little frightening. I was not looking for a copy of this book or any book, whatever. If the store had been a flower shop, at that moment I would have dipped in for directions. The best detective skills and experience in the world (and I think I'd have made a pretty good detective) could not have sufficed to uncover, with as little effort, these immediate (which is one of the meanings of mystic) "haps."

AMONG THE MOST GLITTERING of these gems came to me during my work on William Ferguson Smith's (my great-grandfather) Civil War papers, discovered a hundred years after he wrote them, and narrated in the third person as a novel. To validate the authenticity of his battle accounts as well as his historical and autobiographical data, I spent seven years studying the

These anecdotes about my great grandfather do not minimize the importance of pristine research. The point is to show that there are rewards and receipts of sublime inheritance even in the driest of drudgery.

period, the idiom, the customs of his era. Some puzzling inconsistencies I could not reconcile. In one early chapter there was a reference to *Por LaChaise* in Paris. Being provincial and untraveled, I naturally assumed this to be a typo for *Port* but could find nothing.

After the manuscript had already gone to press, I was in the home of a friend who had just died, helping her daughters to sort out things, and on the coffee table, in plain view, was an old copy of *Smithsonian* magazine with the cover illustration for a feature article on *Pere Lachaise*, the Paris cemetery where many notables are buried! The wonder is that the public library people I queried for reference did not make this connection, unable to find it as I had been. I cannot really fault one of them for pronouncing Versailles as "Veer-Sallies" because I myself had called *gaol* gowl (hard g) until I was grown and visited Williamsburg with my children. Again, so much for proper research.

A MORE STARTLING answer came to a puzzling reference in the manuscript about prisoners of war at Point Lookout, Md., raising the Confederate flag in their quarter of the camp. Experts from A to Z (Dr. Bell Wiley of Emory had become ill and died before I could avail myself of his endorsement and counsel) had told me an occurrence like this was not possible. My ancestor, they believed, had made it up. I doubted that. Up to this point, my great-grandfather's veracity had been impeccable. He had been incarcerated at Point Lookout. So he should know.

I queried Edwin Beitzel, head of the park now encompassing the old encampment. This time I did not hear until almost too late. To save face both for my fore-

bear and my publisher, I deleted the paragraph, reluctantly, to "purge" the original manuscript from possible error. After the gal-

leys were set, I received a long distance call from the New Hampshire Historical Society. Beitzel, who had helped me before, had retired and New Hampshire had somehow fallen heir to some of his papers, including my letter. The man who called had found a parallel incident: officials of a rebel camp had allowed the New Hampshire flag to be raised, without incident. I rewrote the passage (or rather, reinstated it in my great grandfather's original words—and at my own expense), relieved, and awed at the mysterious workings of the Guardian Angels of Accuracy.

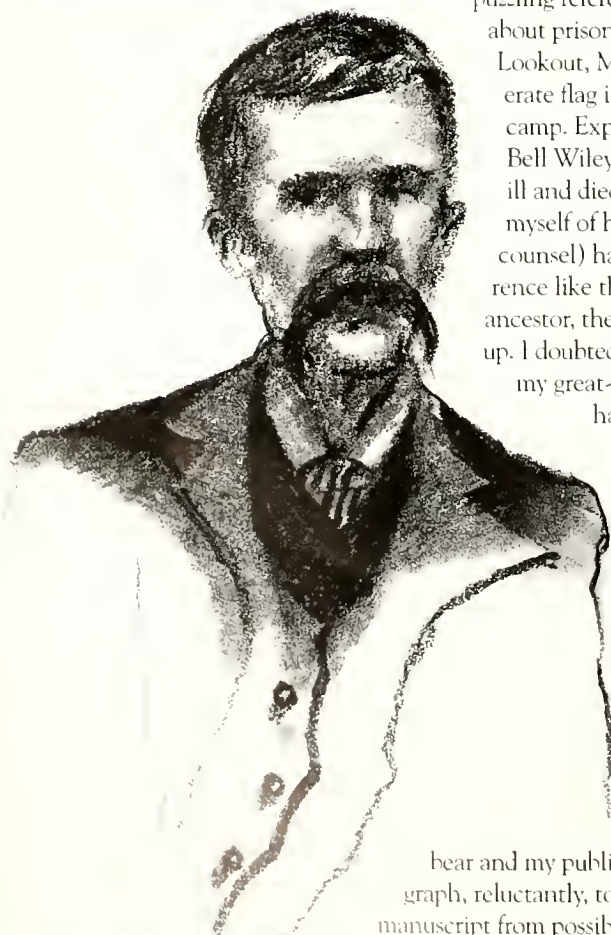
THESE NARRATIONS do not minimize the importance of pristine research. I suppose the point is to show that there are rewards and receipts of sublime inheritance even in the driest of drudgery.

I am enriched by my findings, treasures that Just Came, but would they have come were I not already focused on truth? Who said that Beauty eludes us when we seek her, but overtakes us when our minds are dedicated to our duties? The Bible does tell us to seek first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all else, material and otherwise, shall be added. And we learned in human anatomy and in Dr. William Calder's astronomy, that the corner of the eye is most sensitive to brightness and to the magnitude of the stars.

A final cap on the interconnectedness of all these things came when I inherited a large scrapbook that had been made by a village lady for my great-grandfather, the Civil War chronicler. Miss Jo Varner, whose old home is now Indian Spring Hotel (currently being restored by the Butts County Historical Society) made these books as spelling-bee prizes and convalescence gifts for her friends. Today, several are housed in collections of the Georgia State Archives in downtown Atlanta. This particular scrapbook contained random newspaper clippings and programmes, pictures and trivia, and in perusing it, my attention was arrested by a long article cut from an undocumented source, headlined, "Young Negro Poet Gains Acclaim on Two Continents." The clipping supplied, belatedly, biographical details I had not seen anywhere else, on William Stanley Braithwaite.

What is the lesson or moral of all this? Some guarantee that all missing links will eventually fall into place?

The synthesis of this, for me, came in my writing a poem. If I had to reduce the principles to a lesson or moral, I would have to say, as I say in the



PHILLIS WHEATLEY (c. 1753-1784)

Born in Africa, she was purchased from a slave ship (at about age 7) by wealthy Boston merchant John Wheatley. Within a few months of arriving in the States, she learned to read and write. By 17, she had had her first poem published. She went on to write a book of 38 poems, *Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral*, before she died at age 31, shortly after the birth of a child.

Imagination! Who can sing thy force?
Or who describe the swiftness of thy course?
Soaring through air to find the bright abode,
The empyreal palace of the thundering God,
Where thy pinions can surmount the wind,
And leave the rolling universe behind. . .
—On Imagination

"Her morning sun, which rose divinely bright,
Was quickly mantled with the gloom of night.
But hear in heaven's best bowers your Nancy fair,
And learn to imitate her language there."
—On the death of a young lady of five years of age



poem, let us be careful what our purposes are. Those who crusade may miss their target, their audience, their purpose, their best rewards. Zora Neale Hurston was a storyteller, pure and simple. Braithwaite and Wheatley were devoted to their art and experience as well. They are alongside-companions, not mentors or tutors, not accusing me from a podium or pedestal or yelling at me from the past.

When I judge poetry contests, I eliminate first all those that are too preachy, too didactic, too obvious. Give me the experience, I say, and I'll make my own point.

I HAVE LOOKED for many other elusive things

and people I never did find, and sleuthed out others, intentionally, and found them through the usual avenues of research.

So why did these other experiences occur? Those of us who look for meaning and purpose and plan in all we do, have no easy answers, only occasional stunning evidence.

That there is a design is apparent. It is the repeated mirroring, reflection, of the random flotsam in a kaleidoscope that gives symmetry to any otherwise chaotic arrangement of baubles, and holds our fascinated attention. It may be nothing more than to delight us, and keep us in the game. It is not an answer, but it is a start.

The Question is gift enough.

Go know them now,
go find them,
hear them, listen,
all you who think Art
must have
Messages.

Forget all politics and
propaganda.
Talewrights,
mystics,
all, in their own way,
taught us this
lesson:

there doesn't have to be
a lesson in it after
all!

It is the light that
matters, in the
dark.

HARRIET STOVALL KELLEY

Kelley '55 is an artist, writer and poet living in Texas, who spent the first 50 years of her life in Atlanta. An art major, she illustrated the Spring 1955 edition of *The Alumnae Quarterly*, and designed the sketches used on *Alumnae Association* letterheads and brochures for many years. Her husband works with IBM and they have

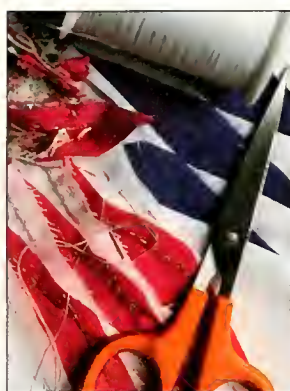
three grown children. Her works include an historical study, *The Rival Lovers of William Ferguson Smith 1845-1912*, published by Peachtree Publishers in 1980, and *My Flovilla*, published by HaSk in 1988. Recently she won the National Federation of State Poetry Societies Grand Prize for her poem *The Sand Bottle*.

The italicized excerpts at the beginning and end of this article are from "Three Figures Far: A Charcoal Sketch," by Harriet Stovall Kelley, reprinted courtesy of The National Federation of State Poetry Societies, *Prize Poems* of 1986.

WHEN CORPORATE PATTERNS DON'T FIT

Blithe spirit Erin Odom stitches a career from swatches of cloth.

Written by
Celeste Pennington
Photographed by Monika
Nikore and Mark Sandlin



Erin Odom shatters most stereotypes of a traditional quilter. "Lots of people perceive quilts as 'country' or 'old fashioned.' I try to dispel that idea. I try to re-educate each person I meet. I like people to put some of themselves in the design."

A SHORT, SILVERY NEEDLE. A heavy-duty thimble. Orange-handled scissors. A tangle of white threads on dark teal cotton. And an ample supply of hydrogen peroxide. At age 27, Erin Odom traded a promising corporate career for these quilting tools and a simpler life.

Under a soft light pouring through her dining room window, Odom '85, a slim, well-toned woman with roundish black-rimmed glasses and dark, shorn hair, sits alone at fabric stretched over a white PVC frame.

Carefully she loads up her needle with stitches: this day she traces her own patterns of soft dark plumes; on other days she has outlined golden starbursts or bear claws or pink flying geese and kelp-stitched corners and waves of sea-foam green.

Each night by lamplight she cuts shapes from scraps of colorful print and solid cottons, then with precision she stitches them into blocks and strips and lovely patterns.

"Today my fingers are pretty sore," she admits, examining a punctured, calloused thumb.

Etched in painful memory is her work on one quilt, straight through the night to 4 a.m. on the day of an art gallery exhibit deadline. "My fingers were bleeding." With hydrogen peroxide she completely erased the stains from the fabric. But her fingers remained tender.

"I didn't want to quilt again," she remarks, then stops herself and grins—"for a week, at least."

THE WHISPER of thread pushed and pulled through layers of cloth and cotton batting punctuates what for Odom is a solitary occupation.

Sewing by hand—cross-stitch and embroidery—Odom learned as a youngster. But she has never joined with other women around a large, wooden frame for a convivial quilting bee nor has she attended a quilting class. "Some real quilters might come in and say, 'Where did you learn your technique?'" What Odom knows, she has learned by trial and error or from books. She confesses, "I am a loner."

She often listens to jazz as she works. "I don't consider myself a patient person," she explains, "but for the most part I don't get impatient with this because I enjoy meticulously detailed work."

"I can sit and do these little bitty stitches every day, hour after hour."

On schedule, she's up and quilting by 9 a.m. With breaks for lunch, a walk, or exercising her fingers, she quilts until 5:30 or 6 p.m.

Often during those silent times, Odom mentally sketches quilt tops or plans her weekend or ponders life's problems. "Having a steady income. Making this successful. That's mostly it."

She laughs. "I am not wild in terms of going out and really living it up. But day by day, I'm living on the edge."

Less than two years ago Odom started thinking seriously about quilting full time. She paid off what she could, built up savings and began restructuring her finances.

Over seven months she began phasing out of a successful job as operations manager for an industrial real estate firm: "I had acquired a lot of skills. But as time went on, I knew it wasn't my niche. I didn't like the corporate atmosphere; it was too political for me. And my creative juices never came into play."

But to make that change of lifestyle requires "a lot of realism," admits Odom. "I spent a year of gut-wrenching kinds of thinking just to get myself ready to cut back to part-time."

For less than a year, quilting has been Odom's business. To insure a small, steady income she works as a wordprocessor/bookkeeper for a few hours a week. "Since quilting is really what I want to do, I am unwilling to sacrifice very much quilting time in order to make more money. I just don't want any job to cut into my quilting."

So she has established clear priorities. "My bills come first. Quilting supplies come second. Somebody's birthday—that's a priority. Sometimes I feel the need to buy a little something for myself every now and then, just to keep my hand in the consumer market. But I have a lot of will power. I want to become self-sufficient in this."

Her long-range goals include showing her quilts in more galleries. Eventually she wants to serve corporate clients with what she calls "more art pieces than functional quilts." But for now she relies on individual clients with advertising by word of mouth.

Since making her first quilt—a yard-square wall hanging with a broken ribbon border and bright pinwheels against black—she's completed nine. Bed-sized quilts start at \$650; wall hangings, \$300 and up. Some, like one patchwork quilt, she might love to sell but hates to part with: "I think I



Odom, a history and French major at Agnes Scott, grew up in a family of artists: both parents paint; her sister makes jewelry. Odom's gift for quilting is handed down from maternal grandparent Mamaw Grace Fowler: "It's in the blood."

subconsciously designed that with me in mind." She likes at least three projects going at once, each in a different stage of completion. From an armoire she pulls the beginnings of another quilt: small squares neatly hand-sewn together, 17-20 stitches per side with 1/4-inch seams all around. "Straight lines are easy to work with. Curved shapes are hard. Points," she warns, "are tedious."

BLOCKS OF TURQUOISE, black, hot pink, dark and what she calls light-teal green spill from the 2 x 4 portable frame onto shiny hardwood dining room floor. This quilt, commissioned as a coverlet for a Victorian bed and breakfast inn, is a rich juxtaposition of color and line, employing piece-work and appliqué. Colors she has chosen for this quilt complement a pre-existing scheme. So her real challenge was to combine them into a customized design for the client.

For ideas Odom usually combs books of quilts. She also borrows from images around her. "There is a big hutch at Mick's restaurant in Decatur. It has an interesting running pattern. It would make a great quilt border.

"Everything I look at turns into a possible quilt pattern."

Because quilt designing offers endless combinations of color and pattern, "the possibilities out there exceed what I have done or what I will ever be able to do," laments Odom. "The choices are hard to narrow down." For this project, Odom talked with the client and spent a night at the inn to gain a sense of the place. "I worked and worked at it, but I couldn't come up with the design. What epitomized this client? This project I had to set aside for a while."

Like colorful pieces in a turning kaleidoscope, finally the elements fell into place. Against a traditional block pattern Odom set several architectural details from the inn's Victoriana gable and weathervane: appliqués of stylized birds, stars (4-point, 8-point and royal stars), half moons and dancing ladies.

If quilting is an art, it is also a science. Before Odom ever begins to cut or stitch a project, she must translate her colored pencil sketch into inches and yards of fabric. She plans for each pattern to match, criss-cross or dovetail precisely with the next. All renderings and measurements she keeps on file. "The worst part of quilting for me is figuring out how big all the pieces should be. I hate math. It's agony."

ODOM SEEMS A STUDY in contrast with ancient seamstresses (from the days of poor knights and fair maidens) who once stitched together two layers of fabric, stuffed with wool, to warm their castle beds or to fashion into vests as substitutes for armour, or with the English and Dutch who brought quilt-making to the New World. By the 18th century Americans were quilting petticoats and patchwork comforters.

She treasures those old, soft and worn bedcovers. Some with their melange of fabrics and embroidered signatures hold family history, remembrances of a church missionary group or the bits and pieces of a larger community. And each recalls gentler times. "Most of us can remember a quilt in our lives, one that may have been ugly or pretty," she says. "My mother had a scrap quilt that my grandmother made that was always on someone's bed."

From their closets and attics, friends send scraps to Odom; she purchases traditional fabrics from New England. But scrap quilts and traditional fabrics provide merely a point of departure for her own artistry which reflects an imaginative sense of pattern, design and color. Often she cuts her own mylar stencils and templates. She moves quilt pieces around and around on the floor in different combinations to achieve unusual effects of prints and solids, of primary colors with others. For one project she pulled together hot pink, hot turquoise and bright yellow: "I like the colors to really do something.

"I especially like rarely seen, older quilt patterns," she says, yet insists, "I will never copy a quilt exactly. I don't like to make carbon copies."

FOUR TALL KARATE trophies stand on a white-painted windowseat in the living room. Odom, a black-belt karate instructor, removes the trophies and opens the lid. Inside is an "oddfellows" quilt made from an unfinished top handed down from her maternal grandparent, Mamaw Grace Fowler. "She started this not long after she was married, but she had never finished it. Each piece is a different fabric."

It was this unfinished quilt top that invited Odom's own first quilting efforts.

She carefully draws out the oddfellow, dancing with rows on rows of tiny prints and solids. She spreads it out on the floor and kneels over it. "When I was nine, my Mom made us all matching Easter dresses out of this fabric: the pink was



Piecing fabric is the first step, then the pieced cover is quilted (stitched)—in a pattern—to a backing material, with wool, cotton or other fabric in between for added warmth. Traditional quilting calls for at least 11 stitches per inch.

Mother's," she hunts and points, "the blue was mine, this green was my sister's."

Odom finds a bold pink-flowered pattern: "This was from a dress of my Grandmother."

She points again, "This peach fabric with the tennis player? That was from my mother's playsuit." She smooths another bright piece: "And this pink-orange-navy-brown ugly striped stuff—very '70s—was from one of my favorite outfits in the world."

She sighs. "These days, people don't sew so

they don't have the scraps with memories of their old dresses and playsuits. That's disappointing." She carefully folds up the quilt and puts it away. "I guess I have a nostalgic streak."

Quilting is her way to preserve a valued tradition, a sense of family, a reminder of another time. "I value this link with the past," says Odom running her hand along the folds of a favorite patchwork quilt. "To me, this is like comfort food. . . .

"It is something to wrap around you, while you eat chicken soup or watch an old movie."

THE MERITS OF SELF-SCRUTINY

Once a decade, Agnes Scott goes through the vital college accreditation process. For Dean Blanshei, it's an opportunity, not a "terrible burden."

One thing that is wrong with us and eats away at us: we do not know enough about ourselves.

—Lewis Thomas in an address at Douglas College

Agnes Scott's Dean of the College Sarah Blanshei takes off her wire-rimmed glasses and rubs her eyes. In a day filled with back-to-back appointments, once again she's switching gears. Her focus at this moment is college accreditation and SACS (Southern Association of Colleges and Schools).

In less than a year after arriving at Agnes Scott, Blanshei began laying groundwork for the institution-wide self-study and resulting report to be reviewed by a visiting SACS team in 1993.

It's a once per decade event. The self-study por-

tion of the review engages the entire college community and requires hours on hours of meetings, committee work, detailed research and the digestion of stacks of written and statistical reports. Recommendations for the College are distilled from task force and department reports. Some administrators might rely on assistants to organize the study. But Blanshei's concerns for the College are as wide-ranging as the study and her goal is to help the College achieve a holistic approach to liberal arts education. "I see this as an opportunity," she says, "instead of a terrible burden."

Ultimately the SACS review determines institutional accreditation.

THE REVIEW ITSELF involves analysis of numerous interrelated and complex issues. Recommendations from the self-study 10 years ago led to the newly arrived President Ruth Schmidt's immediate investigation into several philosophical and practical matters ranging from academic freedom to expansion of admission's Return-to-College program to hiring a full-time chaplain, to the structural integrity of the Hub (the Murphey Candler Building) as well as Rebekah, Main and Inman residence halls.

It's anticipated that the 1992-93 SACS recommendations will closely parallel plans already outlined and under way as a result of the recent strategic planning process. Blanshei, who played a key role in strategic planning, feels that that will certainly facilitate this review. As will, according to others, her approach and the experience she brings to the task.

Faculty members describe Blanshei as a quick study, "impeccably organized." Notes Michael Brown, professor of history and chair of the self-study a decade ago, "She has a wonderful head for detail. She has an appetite for work that is close to being awesome, I think."

Rock-ribbed intellectual intensity is how John Presley describes it. He served as associate provost to Blanshei when she was the first woman provost at Lafayette College in Easton, Pa. before coming to Agnes Scott two years ago. Blanshei organized the Lafayette self-study and served as chair for the Middle States Association of Colleges and Schools. "She set a pace," says Robert Kirkwood, retired director of Middle States, "that others admired and tried to keep up with." Through that,



Gathering information for the SACS study takes Dean Blanshei across campus several times each day.



she gained experience on both sides of the review process, handling what Kirkwood describes as delicate issues. "She was rigorous and demanding, while at the same time sympathetic to problems that perplex institutions."

Since migrating South, Blanshei has also served on a SACS review team.

She has weighed the advantages and pitfalls; she knows the intricacies of the reviews. She understands the Agnes Scott College faculty wariness concerning a new (1986) SACS requirement for each institution to gather evidence to show what it is doing for students. "The new buzzword is *assessment*," comments one faculty member. "That implies measuring outcomes. And this drives faculty right up the wall." While assessment does not require "precise measurements," it puts a gnarly spin on an already labor-intensive, time-consuming process. Time, notes Blanshei, "is most precious to faculty: time to prepare lectures, to grade papers, to meet with students, time to grow and reflect and not be crushed by routine."

AT THE SAME TIME, she knows that in recent years consumers have taken a more critical view of education. They want to know if a college is, indeed, providing the product described in its academic catalog and student recruitment materials.

Earlier evaluation of education in general and particularly higher education tended to be anecdotal, reminds Tom Maier, acting director of computer services. But today, he says, "People aren't

willing to take other people's words. They want hard evidence to be convinced that this education is a worthwhile investment. I think in general it has been good for education. But there is a concern. Do you spend so much time assessing it that you never get around to doing it?"

Blanshei reminds that the approach to handling the study itself and consequent recommendations is "not prescriptive—you find your own way." Some colleges have taken a statistical approach, relying on standardized tests to measure effectiveness. Others have experimented with more qualitative analysis.

Blanshei cites some conceptual abuse as institutions have dealt with self-study. Yet this process of soul-searching and self-scrutiny which first emerged in the late '60s/early '70s has also benefitted many. As a result of assessment, for instance, Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania decided to hire external examiners to evaluate the overall development of honors students. A small private college in Wisconsin has developed a series of portfolios to track the students' progress through the institution. Harvard University, beginning with leadership of then-president Derek Bok, has been involved in self-assessment for a number of years now. One result, notes Blanshei, is that "they have come up with some innovative learning curves."

Blanshei, who trained as an historian in the field of new social history at Bryn Mawr with David Herlihy, welcomes the entire review as

In one of the many meetings that consume her days, Dean Blanshei talks about library space with director Judith B. Jensen (above). The SACS study is difficult and time-consuming—meetings cut giant slices from everyone's schedules. Yet Blanshei feels the rewards are more than simply scholastic acceptance by the college's peers. It is not "prescriptive"—its findings offer insight into improvement and new direction.

As a new member of the Board of Directors of the Association of American Colleges, and as an educator/administrator, Blanshei is concerned with liberal arts learning and its central issue: What does it mean to be an educated person?

another way for Agnes Scott to gain a more holistic understanding of itself and the education it provides. "Where I get my intellectual satisfaction as an administrator is in understanding interdisciplinary relationships and in forging new ones.

"What this study means is we have an opportunity to see what we do well and how we can do things better. It will," she explains, using the analogy of blind men who see the elephant by touching only one feature or another, "help us see how all the pieces fit together."

And as to the assessment aspect of the self-

study, she reminds with a smile, "Scholarship says you *back up* generalizations."

Agnes Scott has a long history with SACS and the distinction of being the first college or university to receive regional accreditation from them (1907). When SACS later established a program of institutional self-study, the College became an early participant. Blanshei believes the College is positioned well to execute the current study. And notes John Pilger, professor of biology, Blanshei "has brought organization to it so we are not starting next year cold. She has us moving, she's minimizing the burden, spreading it out."

REFLECTIONS

The dean talks about Agnes Scott's past, present and future

Dean Sarah Blanshei had known Agnes Scott's academic reputation since high school. "When I came to Agnes Scott I felt there was a similarity with Wheaton [in Massachusetts], where I visited as an undergraduate. I also found here one-on-ones with faculty were so stimulating. There is a willingness here to listen to and engage the other. There was something else, that I found amazing. The absence of sexism. I didn't have to worry that I was a token woman and everything I said would affect all the other women."

Because Agnes Scott is small: "In a larger institution, one department may not care what happens to another. Because our departments are small, barriers between departments and disciplines are much smaller. Here, people of all disciplines talk with each other. I think that nourishes, so that teachers become the caliber of people we have here . . . The

place is so small; change affects everyone. Even a small change has a ripple effect."

Because Agnes Scott is well endowed: "With a high endowment comes high expectations. It's tough for this institution to make choices because of that legacy of resources. The fear of choices becomes more paralyzing."

Her administrative philosophy: "I try to prepare for each meeting the same way a faculty member prepares for a class. I feel I have to be the most prepared person present. That can be hard when you have several meetings all day. I try to reflect and anticipate issues. I try to do that, not so I'm simply putting my viewpoint

across, but so I am prepared to appreciate others' points of view."

To get away from it all she has a home in the hills overlooking Lake Burton. "Every time I look up, I feel refreshed in my soul." It provides her mini vacations and/or an opportunity for uninterrupted work.

To unwind at home, Blanshei reads for 30-minutes to an hour each evening. "I enjoy books in medieval history. I read novels voraciously."



The Life of the Party: A Look at Festive Fiction

With its jaunty double entendre, the title of Christopher Ames' new book, *The Life of the Party*, hints at his multifaceted approach to the ambitious topic further defined by its subtitle, *Festive Vision in Modern Fiction*. An inclusive readership of literary scholars and lay enthusiasts of 20th-century fiction should find these pages central to their interest. *The Life of the Party* is criticism that may change the way a reader looks at the works of the seven authors Ames closely elucidates, but its engaging central argument may indeed alter the way some experience life itself. His is the kind of book that might reasonably contend for the Christian Gauss award of Phi Beta Kappa—distinguished by its scholarship and significant in its scope.

Extravagant? Perhaps. But when I agreed to introduce this promising young colleague's work, I warned that my remarks would naturally be predicated on bias. Now in his seventh year at Agnes Scott, Chris Ames has already made consequential contributions to the department of English, which, with his support and flexibility, has been diversified on several exciting fronts.

This fall, for instance, Ames is teaching a lively course in postmodern world fiction, designed for Agnes Scott's first students in the new masters program in the



teaching of English.

His first book, rooted in his prize-winning dissertation at Stanford University, proclaims Ames a scholar of substance. Standing sturdily on the now well-trampled shoulders of such giants of literary theory as Northrop Frye and Mikhail Bakhtin—and building on the seminal sociological and anthropological studies of Emile Durkheim and others—Ames imaginatively presses old theory to new purpose in explaining the developing narrative patterns of modern fiction as a function of each literary generation's response to the celebratory habits of its culture.

Ames notes that the novel and the private party have grown up together. The party, which begins to develop as an important social activity in the 18th century, is the modern legatee of the ancient carnival. Like the ancient community festivals it displaces, the private party represents a brief stay and stand against death: the party encourages excesses of jollity that belie the darkness and separation that tremble at the chronological edges of the social event, itself a metaphor for human life.

Carnivals and festivals often featured a ritual confrontation with death; so, too, the modern party provides a veiled encounter with morality, though in the novels, like Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*, that track these modern versions of the ritual, the traditional catharsis and return to the normal social order are often frustrated.

Noting by a fascinating survey the extent to which the party scene is fundamental to modern fiction, Ames proceeds to focus on party texts that span the century—from the mortal celebrations of Joyce's wake to the misrule of Coover's *Gerald's Party*. Sorting 20th-century fiction into three distinct periods, Ames views the experimental narrative strategies of James Joyce and Virginia Woolf as exciting consequences of the excesses of control that contribute to the failed parties of modernist literature. The literature of F. Scott Fitzgerald, Evelyn Waugh and Henry Green describes the decadent parties between the world wars in structures that reflect resistance to experimentation and which represent "a collision of novelistic traditions;" and, with the party scenes of the postmodern writers Thomas Pynchon and Robert Coover, narrative experimentation resumes with intense vigor as "festivity turns chaotic."

The virtue of this study is not its accessibility. Even as Bakhtin contributes some of the principal premises for the relationship of festive visions to fiction, so, too, is he the source for the difficult jargon

that seems *de rigueur* for contemporary criticism: such terms as the "carnivalized novel," although efficient in encoding theory, elude dictionary definition.

However, Ames dazzles with his grasp of the seven authors he selects to illustrate his thesis—close readings that are all the more compelling because he considers featured works of fiction within the context of each author's entire canon—and each oeuvre with reference to a large body of modern British and American fiction.

Because parties and fiction are both forces to fight the darkness, this book promotes a doubly life-affirming endeavor.

My only regret is that ASC Professor George Hayes is not alive to enjoy it. The last author the 90-year-old Hayes studied during his estimable life of letters was the puzzling Thomas Pynchon, and he would have delighted in sharing Ames' remarkably lucid approach to Pynchon's texts. He would have taken supreme pleasure, too, in the knowledge that a teacher/scholar of Ames' stature was in place at Agnes Scott.

The Life of the Party is available from the University of Georgia Press, known among the university presses for fine design and quality publications.

Professor Ames is under way now with another fascinating study of the intersections of culture and literature—a comprehensive view of the Hollywood novel.

—Linda Lentz Hubert '62
ASC Professor of English

Black Cat: A Tradition in Wit vs. Wile

The "greening of freshies" is how early *Silhouette* yearbooks recorded it. Sophomores would creep up to a freshman's bedside; several would hold her down while one painted the green "F" on her forehead. That, unfortunately for the newcomers, was just the beginning. Each fall about the turn of the century, sophomores set aside an entire week for pranks (later known as Rat Week). Sometimes under the cover of darkness and cloaked in black, these upperclasswomen might tie together, then throw freshies in the swimming pool, or require them to lie on the ground and scramble like an egg, or skip backward across campus. Hairpulling often turned to duking it out in the dirt, leaving many a "middie"

tattered in the name of inter-class competition.

It was not a pretty picture. Enter Dr. Mary Frances Sweet (at ASC 1908-37), charged with student health and hygiene. She recognized the need for students to have physical and mental outlets. But many felt what had evolved was the antithesis of Southern womanhood.

About mid-way in her career, Sweet proposed an alternative to the humiliation and ridicule that had previously plagued each first-year class.

Perhaps Sweet's own black kitty whirling 'round her ankles sparked the idea for the bronze Black Cat trophy, but it was the sophomores in 1915 who chose new "weapons," then threw down the gauntlet: "Instead of the hand-to-hand fights with the new girls, we inaugurate a new method of deciding the championship." What they proposed was a battle of the

wits, with the two classes competing by writing original parodies of campus life in the forms of "stunts" or plays.

With this Thespian die cast, the curtain closed on the sophomore "reign of terror" and opened on a 77-year tradition that includes unforgettable theatrical performances such as *An Issue Concerning Miss Tishue* and *Romeow and Julicat*. Even the campus newspaper got in on the feline fun, parading such headlines as "Mystery Shrouds Campus; Annual Fur-ful Fray Nears."

"Most of what we did was brain work," says Caroline McKinney Clarke of Decatur, among the "stunt" writers for the Class of '27. She notes that the formal dance later marking the close

Bonnie Brown Johnson '70 (with Winnie the Pooh) and roommate Judy Maudlin Beggs '70.

of a Black Cat festival was not a part of their tradition. "Ours was the era when no men were allowed on campus so we didn't have a dance." She laughs. "It would surprise the men to know how much fun we had without them."

Fun they *did* have. Classes teamed up through the 1930s and '40s, first-year students with juniors, sophomore with seniors; class colors emerged in decorations and dress. Later on a rotation basis, either blue, yellow, red or



Plays, skits and Black Cat pranks: In 1924, a skit with cops and robbers from the class of '26; one year a marching band in front of Buttrick; two Black Cats ago, the kidnapping of the president. "It evolves every year," notes Merrick, "but the spirit of Black Cat continues."

green was assigned to a class to be retained as its color through all four years at ASC.

Musical competition upstaged the skit-to-skit duel by the close of the 1940s. That gave way to a single skit with each class presenting songs. Mortar Board, official sponsors, set the rules, enlisted judges and devised a system to determine song and spirit winners. Black Cat became a rite of passage for first-year students and the trophy a "symbol of the freshman class," recalls Mollie Merrick '57, associate dean of students and Black Cat authority.

Then late one night in 1953 in Rebekah Scott Hall, the Class of '55 cooked up the first mascot. Dorothy Sands Hawkins remembers classmates coaxing her into masking as their own crazy creation "Chief Yatilytch." Since then mascots from Pogo to the Blues Brothers have paraded across the Quad, along with three repeaters: Dennis the Menace, Raggedy Ann and Jiminy Cricket.

In Merrick's mind the most memorable mascot of the 1960s was the Yellow Pages. With yellow their assigned color, this class used the telephone directory motto "Let your fingers do the walking" and depicted it as a royal page in yellow garb. During those years Black Cat expanded to a multi-day festival including hockey matches, bonfire, community picnic, skit with songs, the unveiling of the first-year mascot and a party or dance following the evening skits. The 1967 skit afforded the only Friday the 13th Black Cat with partici-

pants dancing until midnight to music by a "purrfect" combo, The Black Cats.

Much of the modern battle of wits grew out of the 1960s when classes gathered clues to guess the identity of the first-year class's mascot before its campus debut. Bonnie Johnson '70, now ASC's vice president for development and public affairs, remembers how she and other classmates launched an offensive of "misinformation" with a decoy to draw conjecture away from the real class mascot, Christopher Robin. From her upstairs Hopkins room, Johnson plotted, then left a songbook open to the lyrics of "Little Red Riding Hood," by Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs, dropped the pattern for a hooded cloak in the trash and in slightly louder than normal telephone conversation dropped hints about the decoy. She believed the diversion would work. She bet her bellbottoms on it.

The competition (and the rigors of college life) landed Johnson in the College infirmary with mononucleosis. Today, she laughingly concedes the loss of a Black Cat trophy but claims, "It really pulled the class together."

Those beginnings for Johnson and others at ASC might have been dramatically different if Dr. Sweet's prescription for hazing had not brought a cure. Even today's first-year student might have found herself crawling the length of the hockey field as plebeian predecessors did, chanting and kissing the feet of sophomores.

—Mary Alma Durrett

She Expected the Best from Her Scotties

Lewellyn Wilburn '19, former chair of the ASC physical education department, was an Agnes Scott alumna and faculty member known for strong leadership and resonant voice.

She died June 20 at the age of 94.

"She had good rapport with the students and staff and was a whispering boss who could be heard across the athletic field," remembers Kay Manuel, retired professor of physical education at ASC. "She conducted business well, but was fun to work with."

After earning a history degree, Wilburn remained at ASC as an instructor of physical education. She received her physical education masters' degree at Columbia University in 1923, instructed at the University of Michigan and worked in Tennessee, before returning to ASC in 1926 as chair of the physical education department—a post she held until her retirement in 1967.

At Agnes Scott she introduced such activities as archery and tumbling to the curriculum and coached field hockey. "She really built the department up," says her niece, Lee Kennedy.

In addition to faculty responsibilities, she was president of the alumnae association, active in fundraising, a participant in faculty skits and director of May Day events.

Her commitment to improving women's athletic programs extended from local to



Coach Wilburn: Always concerned for her students's welfare.

national levels. She served as president of the Southern Association Directors of Physical Education for College Women, and was a member of the President's Council on Physical Fitness for Georgia, district chair of the National Section Women's Athletics and member of the National Basketball Committee.

Wilburn was concerned for each student's development. Bertie Bond '53, administrative assistant to the President at ASC, was a student in Wilburn's PE class. "I was very non-athletic and it was hard for me," Bond recalls. "And she expected us all to give full participation and our best. She kidded me that badminton was my sport and that I was her badminton star. She gave me an A—that was the only A I ever got for athletics."

"I admired and respected her," says Bond. "She entertained friends and I felt fortunate to be in that category."

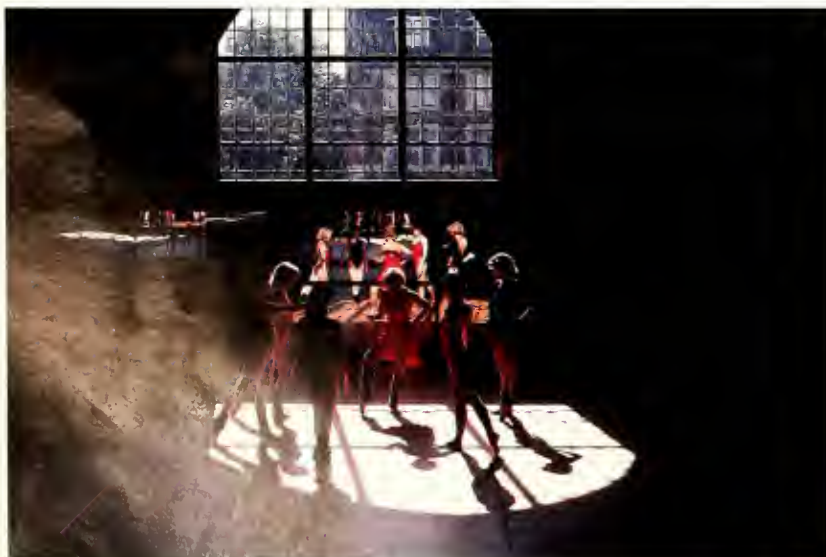
Wilburn is survived by three nieces, four nephews and two sisters-in-law. Burial services were held June 22 at Decatur Cemetery.

—Audrey Arthur

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The Last Dance?

Some seem to think women's colleges—where the art of dance intermingles with the art of science and both add to the dimensions of the educational experience—are anachronisms, institutions with a past but without a future. Yet a growing number of studies continue to indicate women's colleges offer their students significant opportunities for learning, personal growth, as well as career development. For a look at the latest research and the answers to questions relating to the advantages offered by women's colleges, see the next AGNES SCOTT ALUMNAE MAGAZINE.

FOR REFERENCE

Do Not Take From This Room

